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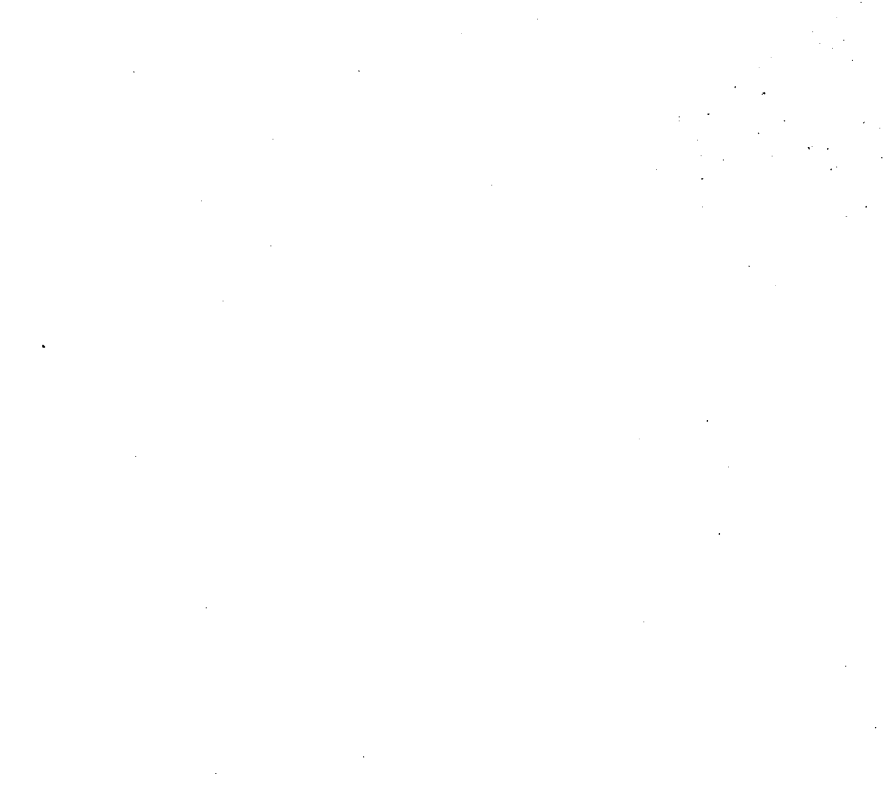
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THE CASKET OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL MELODIES, **COMPLETE.**

COMPILED FROM "CASKETS" NOS. 1 AND 2, WITH SEVERAL ADDITIONAL PIECES, BY
ASA HULL,
AUTHOR OF "VESTRY CHIMES," "CASKETS," No. 1 AND No. 2, "PILGRIM'S HARP," ETC.

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PREFACE.

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CASKET

In the original plan of publishing the "CASKET" in numbers was included the final consolidation of the two books, No. 1 and No. 2, into one volume; and the experiment of binding both together, under the title of the "DOUBLE CASKET," has been received with so much favor, that it is thought best to perfect the arrangement at once, and at the same time to arrange a scale of prices so low as to place the perfected edition within the reach of every Sunday-School in the land, even those of the most limited means.

"CASKET No. 1," "CASKET No. 2," and the "DOUBLE CASKET," will be published as heretofore; and those wishing to match either book can do so without trouble, if proper care is exercised in making the order,—naming the particular book and style of binding wanted.

It is believed that the "CASKET COMPLETE" will supply the demand for good, standard, Sunday-School music, which will not wear out in using a few times, but will improve by more intimate acquaintance. Thus the "CASKET COMPLETE" is most respectfully submitted for consideration and use to Sunday Schools everywhere.

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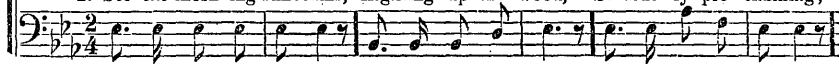
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THE CASKET.

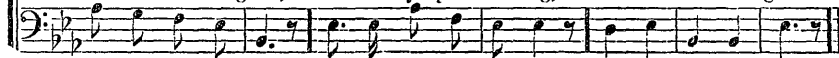
INFINITE GOODNESS.



1. See the shi - ning dew-drops, On the flow - ers strewed, Proving as they sparkle;
2. See the morn - ing sunbeams, Lighting up the wood, Si - lent - ly pro - claiming;



- God is ev - er good; Proving as they sparkle, God is ev - er good.
God is ev - er good; Si - lent - ly pro - claiming, God is ev - er good.



3. Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its rippling saying;
God is ever good.

4. In the lofty treetops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing;
God is ever good.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

Words by J. C. HASSON.

Music by A. B. HOAG.

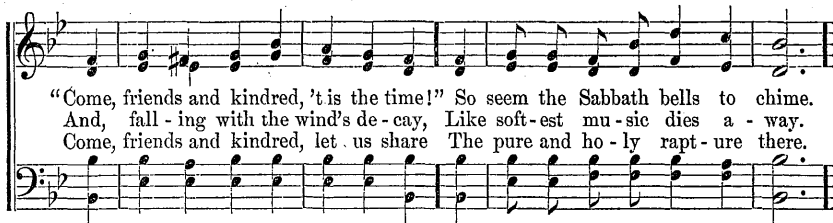
1 How sweetly through the lengthen'd dell, When wintry airs are mild and clear;
 2 Past are the week's distract - ing cares, And worldly ways and world - ly will;
 3 "And now," it says, "where heav'n resorts, Come with a meek and qui - et mind;

Floats chiming up the Sab - bath bell, In soften'd echoes, to the ear;
 And earth it - self an as - pect wears Like heav'n—so bright, so calm and still.
 Oh, wor - ship in these earthly courts, But leave your earth-born thoughts behind."

"Come, gentle neighbors, come a - way," So doth the welcome summons say;
 Hark! how, by turns, each mel - low note, Now low, now louder, seems to float,
 Come, neighbors, while the Sabbath bell Peals slow - ly up the winding dell;

THE SABBATH BELLS. *Concluded.*

5

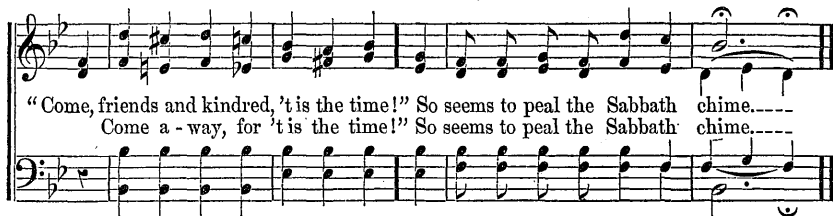


"Come, friends and kindred, 't is the time!" So seem the Sabbath bells to chime.
And, fall - ing with the wind's de - cay, Like soft - est mu - sic dies a - way.
Come, friends and kindred, let us share The pure and ho - ly rapt - ure there.

CHORUS.



"Come, gen - tle neighbors, come a - way," So doth the welcome summons say;
"Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come a - way,



"Come, friends and kindred, 't is the time!" So seems to peal the Sabbath chime.-----
Come a - way, for 't is the time!" So seems to peal the Sabbath chime.-----

COME, LET US SHOUT.

Allegro.

A. B. HOAG.

1 Come, let us shout the Saviour's praise! His glory let us sing, Who taught our hearts with lofty lays
 2 Too long, alas! our tuneless hearts, For music all unstrung, Have been, like Judah's ancient harps,
 3 But now by grace our bonds are riv'n, Tho' feeble yet, and weak, And in the ear of list'ning heav'n,

To make his temples ring; Come, let us fill Jehovah's courts With music loud and full! Join,
 On Babel's willows hung; A-las! that mu-sic God has given A prey to moth and rust Should
 Our hearts and voices speak; Come, join to fill Jehovah's courts With music loud and full! Join,

all, to swell the warbling notes, Join, all, to swell the warbling notes, Nor least the Sunday School.
 lie beneath the eye of heav'n, Should lie beneath the eye of heav'n, Deep buried in the dust.
 all, to swell the warbling notes, Join, all, to swell the warbling notes, Nor least the Sunday School.

SABBATH MORNING BELLS.

7

Words by Mrs. C. G. GOODWIN.

Music by J. A. KIEFER.

1 Holy Sabbath, hap-py morning! Joy-ful - ly the bells we hear; Sweetly pealing,
 2 Holy Sabbath! glad young voices Welcome us with joy - ous song, While the a - ged
 3 Basking in the ho - ly radiance Of this bless - ed Sabbath morn, May the blessed

gen - tly call - ing Us to praise and prayer. Ev - er say - ing Time is fleeting,
 heart re - joic - es With the youth - ful throng. May the light of this blest morning
 an - gels keep us Till an - oth - er dawn. And when earth's best, purest love-light

Rit. *A tempo.*
 As it floats up-on the air, Comes the dear, familiar greeting, Calling us to prayer.
 Ev'ry youthful heart illume, With a cheerful, sacred presence That shall banish gloom.
 Fadeth from our sight away, May our risen Saviour take us To his end - less day.

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

1 Christian, awake! the light breaks o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee;
2 Toss'd on the dark, proud waves of o - cean, Calmly composed, undaunted be;

Ting'd are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry— A bea - con light hung out for thee.
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread com - mo - tion, Thy God doth still re - member thee.

D. S. *Thy home is in the world of glo - ry, Where the Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.*

CHORUS.

Arise! the light breaks sweetly o'er thee, Thy name is gra - ven on the throne;

MY TITLE CLEAR.

9

ARMY MELODY.

Arranged.

1 { When I can read my title clear,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
When I can read my title clear,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
When
I'll
my title clear,
to every fear,
my title clear,
to every fear,

I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies. }
bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. }

2.

Should earth against my soul
engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

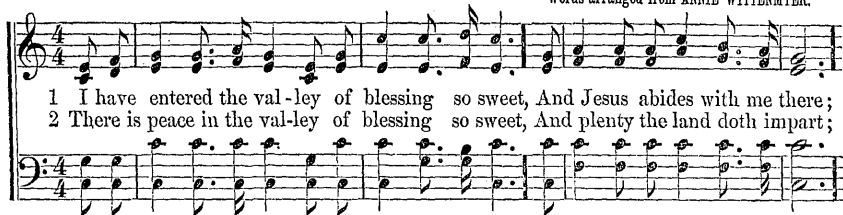
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3 Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
And the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
List! to the heavenly host now cheering;
See! in what throngs they range the shore.—*Cho.*

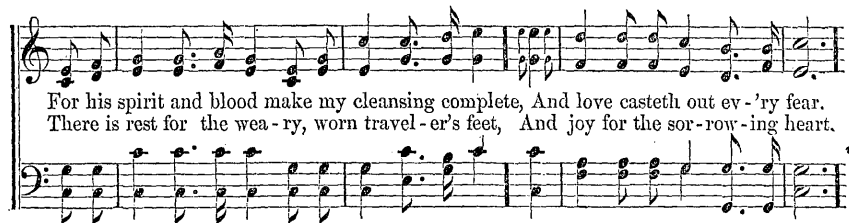
4 Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's mid-day ray;
A starry crown in realms of glory
Invites the happy soul away.—*Cho.*

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Words arranged from ANNIE WITTENMYER.

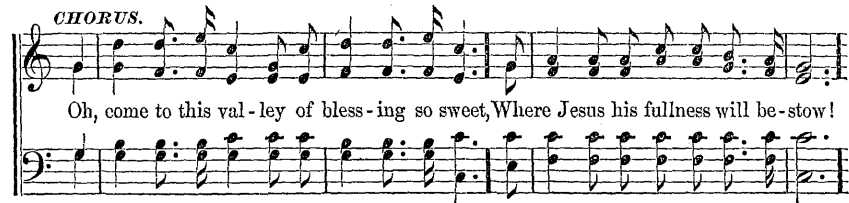


1 I have entered the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And Jesus abides with me there;
2 There is peace in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And plenty the land doth impart;



For his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete, And love casteth out ev-'ry fear.
There is rest for the wea-ry, worn travel-er's feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.

CHORUS.



Oh, come to this val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Jesus his fullness will be-stow!



Oh, believe and receive, and his praises repeat! For all his sal-va-tion may know.

- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such love but the blood-washed may feel,
When the heavens come down the redeemed to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—Oh, come to this valley, etc.
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain!—Oh, come to this valley, etc.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
<i>Cho.</i>—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.</p> <p>2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy livelong day.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their song of saving grace.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Soon we'll reach the silver river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE CITY OF GOD.

Words by Mrs. R. H. ALLEN.

f *p*

1 There's a home in the Cit-y of our God, So peaceful, so gold-en and bright;
 2 There are friends in the City of our God, We've mourn'd with hearts aching and sore;

The first system of the musical score for 'The City of God'. It features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the staff, with two verses of text.

DUET or SOLO.

There the am - a-ranth glows Where the glad river flows, And the Lord God give -
 We weep, but they rest, In that home of the blest; We die, but they

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff. The music is marked 'DUET or SOLO'.

*Rall.**A tempo.*

CHORUS.

eth it light.---- And the Lord God giveth it light. Dear Jesus, we too would be there;
 live evermore,---- We die, but they live evermore. Dear Jesus, we too would be there;

The third system of the musical score. It begins with a 'Rall.' (Ritardando) marking and transitions to 'A tempo.' (Allegretto). The section is labeled 'CHORUS.' The lyrics are written below the staff. The music is in 4/4 time.

Thou'st said, "Suffer children to come;" Oh, guide our feet ten - der - ly here,
Thou'st said, "Suffer children to come:" Oh, guide our feet ten - der - ly here,

As we march to that beau - ti - ful home, As we march to that beau - ti - ful home.
To our friends in that beau - ti - ful home, To our friends in that beau - ti - ful home.

3 There are songs in the City of our God,
And music triumphant and sweet;
With grateful accord,
The redeem'd of the Lord
Sing anthems of praise at his feet.
Cho.—Dear Jesus, we too would be there;
Thou'st said, "Suffer children to come;"
Oh, guide our feet tenderly here,
Till we sing in that beautiful home.

4 There is joy in the City of our God;
It swells like a broad summer sea;
Each face brightly glows
With bliss that o'erflows,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee.
Cho.—Dear Jesus, we too would be there;
Thou'st said, "Suffer children to come;"
Oh, guide our feet tenderly here
To the joy of that beautiful home.

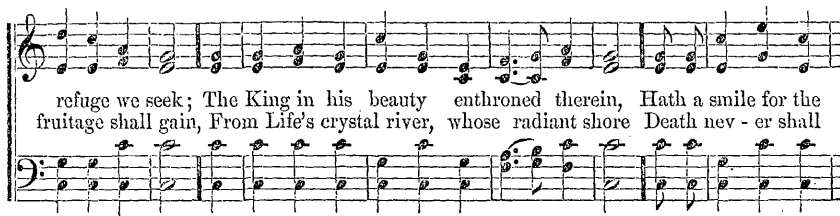
ALL GLORY TO JESUS.

Words by H. J. ANGELL.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.

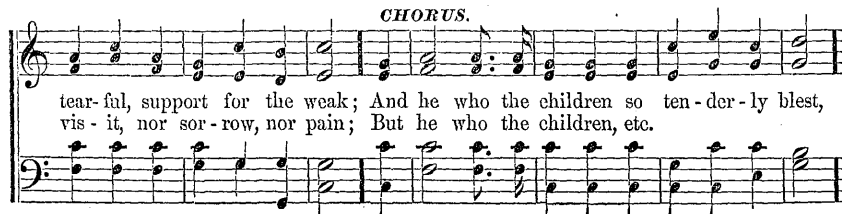


1 Oh, ver - y far off from all tri - al and sin Is the land of the love - ly, whose
2 The lonely and poor shall be friendless no more; There the hope-flow's that wither'd, full

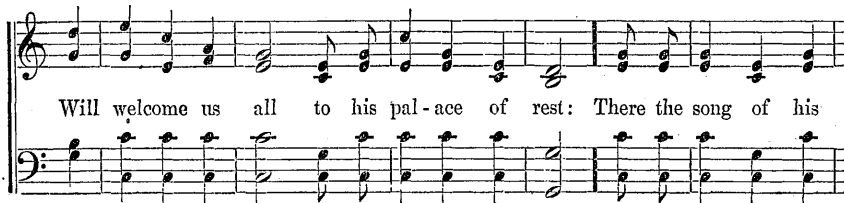


refuge we seek; The King in his beauty enthroned therein, Hath a smile for the
fruitage shall gain, From Life's crystal river, whose radiant shore Death nev - er shall

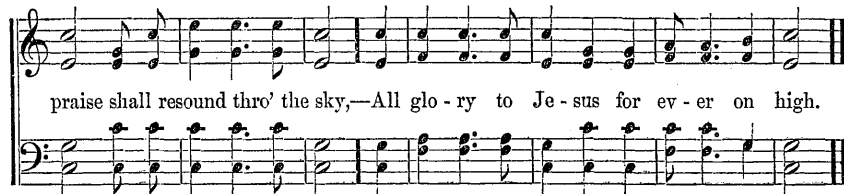
CHORUS.



tear - ful, support for the weak; And he who the children so ten - der - ly blest,
vis - it, nor sor - row, nor pain; But he who the children, etc.



Will welcome us all to his pal-ace of rest: There the song of his



praise shall resound thro' the sky,—All glo-ry to Je-sus for ev-er on high.

3 We shall not be weary, we can not grow old,
In the land whence the Holy hath banished the night;
There the King in his beauty our eyes shall behold:
'Tis the smile of the Saviour that leads us aright.

Cho.—Yes, he who the children so tenderly blest
Shall welcome us all to his palace of rest.
Then the song of his praise shall resound through the sky,—
All glory to Jesus forever on high.

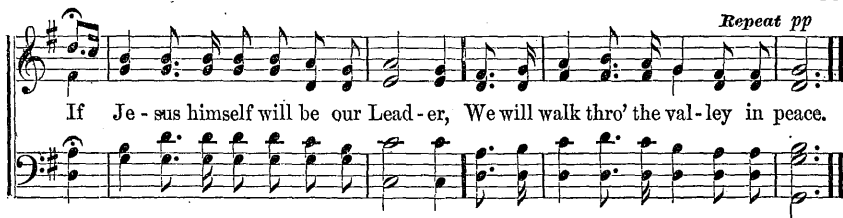
HEAVENLY VISION.

1 These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crown'd;
2 Far off, as yet, reserved in heav'n A - bove the veil - ing sky,

These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.
They spar - kle like the stars of ev'n To hope's far - pierc - ing eye.

CHORUS.

We will walk thro' the val - ley in peace, We will walk thro' the val - ley in peace,

Repeat pp

If Je - sus himself will be our Lead - er, We will walk thro' the val - ley in peace.

3 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which there we shall put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.—*Cho.*

4 With these in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles!
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And weak his varied wiles.—*Cho.*

5 Then welcome toil, and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.—*Cho.*

6 Come, crown and throne, and robe and palm!
Burst forth, glad streams of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!—*Cho.*

SECOND HYMN.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.—*Cho.*

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—*Cho.*

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Cho.*

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

THE LOVE THAT BOUGHT US.*



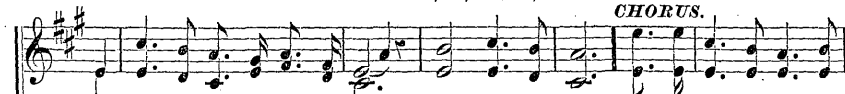
1 I know that my Redeemer lives; Oh, how he loves! What joy the blest assurance

2 He lives to bless me with his love, Oh, how he loves! He lives to plead for me a-



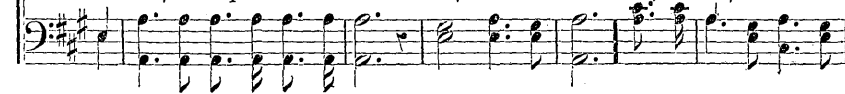
gives; Oh, how he loves! He lives, he lives who once was dead! Oh, how he loves!

bove; Oh, how he loves! He lives my hungry soul to feed; Oh, how he loves!



He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head. Oh, how he loves! Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

He lives, to help in time of need. Oh, how he loves! Oh, 'tis love, etc.



love that moves the mighty God, O, 'twas love, 'twas love that found out me, 'O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

love that moves the mighty God ; Oh, 'twas love, 'twas love that found out me !

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
 Oh, how he loves!
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;
 Oh, how he loves!
 He lives, my mansion to prepare;
 Oh, how he loves!
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
 Oh, how he loves.—*Cho.*

4 He lives—all glory to his name!
 Oh, how he loves!
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
 Oh, how he loves!
 What joy the blest assurance gives,—
 Oh, how he loves!
 I know that my Redeemer lives!
 Oh, how he loves!—*Cho.*

* The hymn may be sung by a single voice ; "Oh, how he loves" as a response, by four voices.

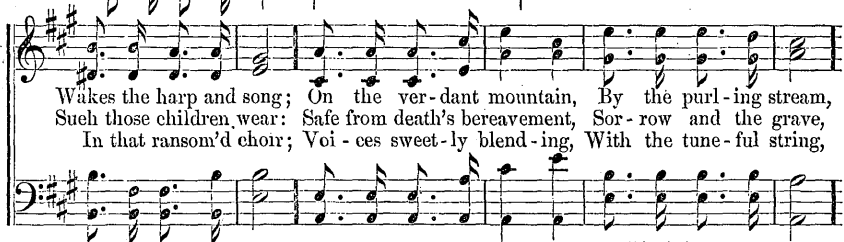
REDEMPTION'S SONG.

Words by A. A. GRALEY.

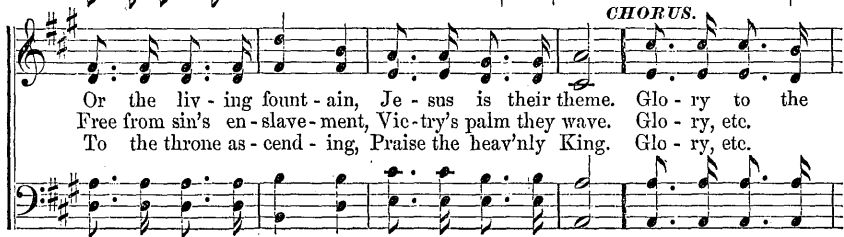
Arranged from H. F. WIGHT.



1 Round the throne in glory Hap - py children throng, And Redemption's sto - ry
 2 Robes of snowy whiteness, Beau - ti - ful and rare; Crowns of radiant brightness—
 3 Now the skillful fin - gers Sweep the golden lyre; Not a harper lin - gers



Wakes the harp and song; On the ver - dant mountain, By the purl - ing stream,
 Such those children wear: Safe from death's bereavement, Sor - row and the grave,
 In that ransom'd choir; Voi - ces sweet - ly blend - ing, With the tune - ful string,



CHORUS.
 Or the liv - ing fount - ain, Je - sus is their theme. Glo - ry to the
 Free from sin's en - slave - ment, Vic - try's palm they wave. Glo - ry, etc.
 To the throne as - cend - ing, Praise the heav'nly King. Glo - ry, etc.

REDEMPTION'S SONG. *Concluded.*

21

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody in the treble staff is a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Lamb, We'll praise him and a - dore! Glo - ry to the Lamb for ev - er - more!

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a more active line with many sixteenth notes, while the bass staff remains more rhythmic with chords.

Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb for ev - er - more.

The third system is marked 'ALTO.*' above the treble staff and 'Rit.' (ritardando) above the right side of the treble staff. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The bass staff continues with sustained chords.

Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb for ev - er - more.

4 Children now sojourning
In a world of sin,
From your follies turning,

Strive to enter in;
Let your young affections
Round the Saviour twine,

And 'mid heav'n's attractions
You shall sing and shine.
Glory to the Lamb! etc.

* The Tenor should be the leading part.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

"In my Father's house there are many mansion."

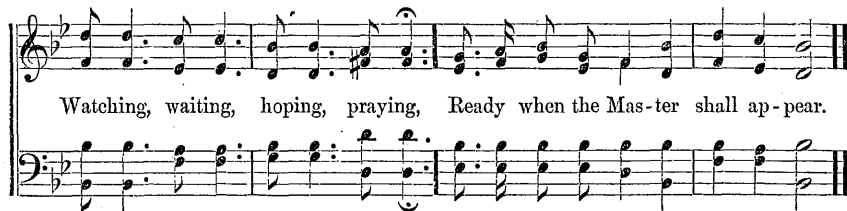
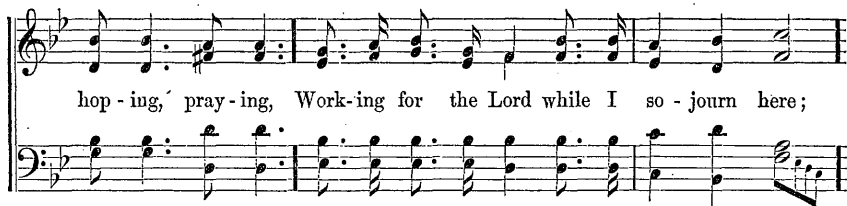
Cheerfully.

1 I've been thinking of my home, my heav'n-ly home, And its man - y
2 I've been thinking of that Ci - ty far a - way, Where the wea - ry

mansions fair; And my soul has had a fore-taste of joys to come,
may find rest; I can welcome toil and pain while on earth I stay,

CHORUS.

For my heart and my treas - ure are there. I'm watching, wait - ing,
If my home is se - cure with the blest. I'm watching, etc.

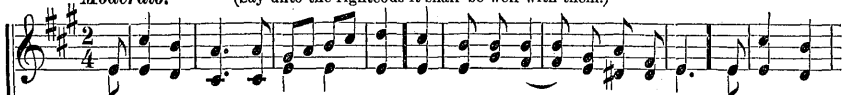


- 3 I've been thinking of the crowns, the robes, the palms,
Which the glorified shall wear;
Of those streets of shining gold and their jasper walls,
And I long in their glories to share.—I'm watching, etc.
- 4 I've been thinking of that home and loved ones there,—
Those with whom I've walked below;
They are beck'ning me away to those mansions fair,
And my spirit's impatient to go.—I'm watching, etc.

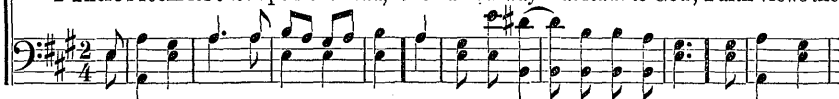
"COME TASTE AND SEE."

(Say unto the righteous it shall be well with them.)

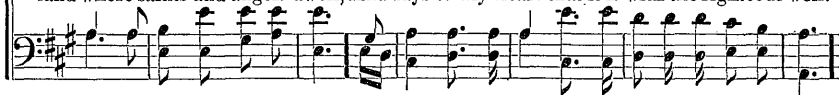
Moderato.



1 Dear children, why so tho'tless roam? This world is not your future home; Come view the
2 There's room for thee upon the road, The narrow way that leads to God; Faith views the



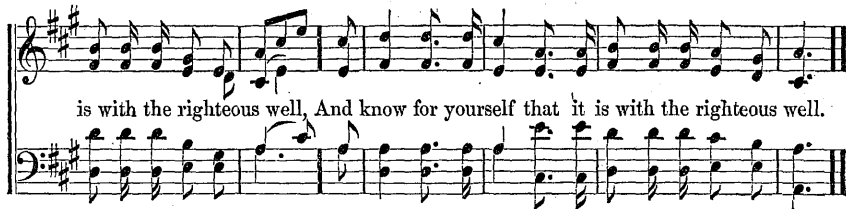
charms which in the Saviour dwell, And know for yourself that it is with the righteous well.
land where saints and angels dwell, And says to thy heart that it is with the righteous well.



CHORUS.

Come taste and see what beauties in the Saviour dwell, And know for yourself that it





is with the righteous well, And know for yourself that it is with the righteous well.

3 There richest fruits abundant grow ;
There living streams forever flow
For all who in those blissful regions dwell ;
And there you shall know that it is with the righteous well—*Cho.*

4 Repent, believe, and sin no more ;
And seek with us that radiant shore,
Where souls redeemed their earthly triumphs tell,
And then you shall know that it is with the righteous well.—*Cho.*

LAND OF BEULAH.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast ;
My race is nearly run ;
My strongest trials now are past,—
My triumph is begun.

Cho.—Oh, come, angel band,
Come and around me stand ;
||: Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home. :||

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,

For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks ;
The crossing must be near.—*Cho.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings ;
The holy ones, behold, they come !
I hear the noise of wings.—*Cho.*

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me ;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Cho.*

COME JOURNEY WITH US THERE.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Music by WM. G FISCHER.

1 As by kind teachers we are led, The love of Christ to see, We praise his name, that
2 Our youthful voices we will raise In sweet and happy songs, In earth and heav'n the

CHORUS.

he hath said, Let children come to me. We're go-ing up to see the King, And
noblest praise to Je- sus' name belongs. We're go-ing up to see the King, etc.

in his glories share. Where glittering hosts in triumph sing; Come journey with us there!

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

27

With energy.

Rev. E. H. NEVIN.

1 Live on the field of battle! Be earnest in the fight; Stand forth with manly courage,
 2 Watch on the field of battle! The foe is every where; His fiery darts fly thickly,

CHORUS.

And struggle for the right. Live, live, live! Live on the field of battle.
 Like light'ning thro' the air. Watch, watch, watch! Watch on the field of battle.

3 Pray on the field of battle!
 God works with those who pray;
 His mighty arm can nerve us,
 And make us win the day.
 Pray, pray, pray! Pray on the field of battle.

4 Die on the field of battle!
 'Tis noble thus to die;
 God smiles on valiant soldiers,
 Their record is on high.
 Die, die, die! Die on the field of battle.

Concluded from opposite page.

3 On earth his work was doing good
 To people every where;
 And when he fed the multitude,
 The children had their share.—*Cho.*

4 Let old and young with us unite,
 While of his love we sing;
 His service yields supreme delight,
 And choicest pleasures bring.—*Cho.*

COME TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Words by Mrs. E. J. PORTER.

Music by A. B. HOAG.

1 Come to the Sunday School, come, come, come, Ye children all to-day, come, come, come;
2 Come to the Sunday School, come, come, come, In meekness and in love, come, come, come;

The little ones whom Christ hath blest Should never stay away, But come with grateful,
Come, learn of life that never ends, Of bliss without al-loy; Accept your Saviour's

CHORUS.

loving hearts, His precepts to o - bey. Then come to the Sun - day School,
pard'ning love, His promis - es en - joy. Then come, etc.

Come, come, come, The bless - ed chil - dren's Sun - day School, Come, come, come.

OUR MANSION IN HEAVEN.

Words by M. E. HILL.

Music by A. B. HOAG.

1 We've a sweet rest when our life-work is o'er, A calm repose shall be ours evermore;
2 We love to think of that mansion so fair, Je - sus our Saviour has gone to prepare,

We've a blest mansion on yonder bright shore Whose builder and maker is God.
All are in - vit - ed its glo - ries to share, Whose builder and maker is God.

CHORUS.

Whose builder and maker is God, Whose builder and maker is God. Then

Whose builder and mak - er is God, is God, is God.

let us prepare for that mansion so fair, Whose builder and maker is God.

3 We'll find a home when life's journey is done,
 When toil is o'er, and our vic'try is won;
 In that bright home there's no need of a sun,
 For its builder and maker is God.—Its builder, etc.

4 The loved and lost who have gone on before,
 Have waited long on that glorified shore;
 From that dear home they shall wander no more,
 For its builder and maker is God.—Its builder, etc.

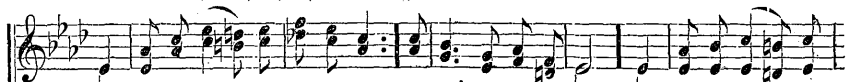
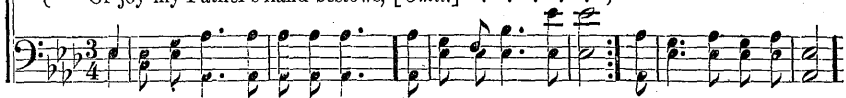
MY ANGEL-NAME IN HEAVEN.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

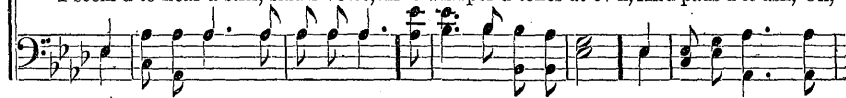
31



- 1 { There is a radiant, sunny clime, Where those who lov'd me here } Beside the river clear;
 Are waiting on the ro-sy banks, [Omit.] }
 2 { Sweet tho'ts came o'er me in a dream, Of pure, unclouded skies, } And love that never dies;
 Of joy my Father's hand bestows, [Omit.] }



And if I well have borne the cross, A crown will there be giv'n—Yet oft I wonder
I seem'd to hear a still, small voice, Like whisper'd tones at ev'n, And paus'd to ask, Oh,



what shall be My angel-name in heav'n.
what shall be My angel-name in heav'n.

- 3 I know there is a better land —
By faith I see it now ;
I almost reach the clust'ring vines
That grace the mountain's brow :
A robe of white, a harp of gold,
To me will there be giv'n,
And then, oh, then my soul shall know
Its angel-name in heav'n.



NO BOOK IS LIKE THE BIBLE.

DUET (Alto and Tenor).

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1 { No book is like the Bi - ble, For childhood, youth, and age; }
 Our du - ty, plain and sim - ple, We find on ev - 'ry page; }
 2 { It tells of man's cre - a - tion, His sad, pri - me - val fall; }
 It tells of man's re - demption, Through Christ, who died for all; }

QUARTETTE.

It came by in - spir - a - tion: A light to guide our way,
 In sa - cred words of wis - dom It bids us watch and pray,

A voice from him who gave it, Re - prov - ing when we stray.
 And ear - ly come to Je - sus, The Life, the truth, the Way.

CHORUS.



3 Love God, our Lord and Saviour,
Who reigns in heaven above,
And bids us all remember,
Our neighbors we must love;
For on these great commandments
To Christians here below
Hang all the law and prophets;
The Bible tells us so.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, let us love the Bible,
And praise it more and more;
Our life is like a shadow,
Our days will soon be o'er;
But if we closely follow
The counsel God has given,
We then may hope with angels
To sing his praise in heaven.—*Cho.*

CLOSING HYMN.

Sostenuto.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

We have glad - ly met to - geth - er, Now a - gain in peace we part,
And our faith and love grow stronger, Thinking of - that bless - ed day,
Praying God to send his blessing, Un - to ev - ry trusting heart: And as
When from eyes now dim with weeping God shall wipe all tears a - way: In that
we - - now journey onward To the land of life and light, Soon we'll reach the happy
fair and golden cit - y, On that bright and cloudless shore, May we meet, no more to

CLOSING HYMN. *Concluded.*

35

Coda.

country Where they nev - er say Good-night, } But while earthly ties are broken,
sev - er, All our lov'd ones gone be - fore.

Parting words must still be spok-en, And we now must say Good-night, we

now must say Good-night, good-night,----- we now must say Good-night.
we must say Good-night,

NONE LIKE JESUS.

Arranged from H. F. WIGHT.

1 Children, there is none like Je - sus, Fond and ten - der, gen - tle, kind,
2 Sweet the mother's fond ca - res - s - ings, Kind the anx - ious father's care;

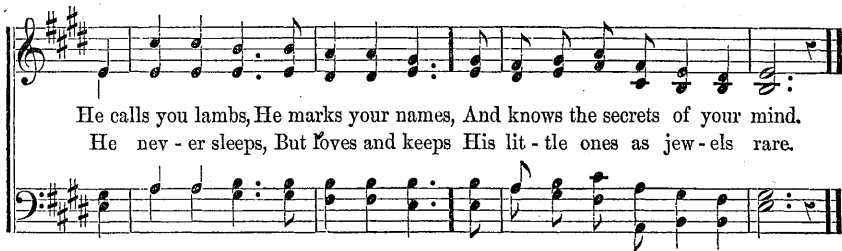
The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

'Mongst the friends on earth to please us, None like Je - sus can you find;
Sweet - er far are Je - sus bless - ings, And he numbers ev - 'ry hair:

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic support. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

He calls you lambs, He marks your names, And knows the secrets of your mind,
He nev - er sleeps, But loves and keeps His lit - tle ones as jew - els rare,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic support. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



He calls you lambs, He marks your names, And knows the secrets of your mind.
He nev - er sleeps, But loves and keeps His lit - tle ones as jew - els rare.

3 Tend'rest mother may forsake you,
Pitying father be unkind;
Then it is that Christ will take you,
And to his fond bosom bind:
||: He'll never leave
His lambs to grieve,
Forgotten, helpless, weak, and blind.:||

4 When you from his fold are straying,
To the wolf's or lion's den,
He is to his Father praying—
For he loves you even then:
||: Goes forth to see
Where you may be,
And yearns to bring you back again.:||

5 Spake the Lord to those around him,—
"Heaven's kingdom is of such;"
Men, not children, sold and bound him,
Children lov'd and prais'd him much;
||: They ran to meet,
To sing and greet,
And gain the Son of David's touch.:||

6 Ready thus for Christ's appearing,
Lambs he'll gather to his rest,
And be seen to heaven, bearing
All his children to his breast:
||: No sin, nor blight,
Nor cheerless night,
But day eternal—joys the best.:||

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

1 Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Help us now to learn of thee;
 2 Je - sus Christ, our Friend and Bro - ther, Now we lay our hand in thine.

Teach us all the bless-ed sto - ry, How thy grace can set us free:
 For our guide we need no oth - er; Thou art hu - man and di - vine;

Thou canst vanquish the law's ter - ror; Thou canst make us pure with - in.
 Help us bear with pa - tient meekness All the tri - als sent by God.

Free from doubt and free from er - ror, Free from self - ish - ness and sin,
 Thou canst pit - y all our weakness; Thou the self - same path hast trod;

JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

39

Music and 1st V. by MARY GILLETTE. (Aged 9 yrs.)

1 Je - sus, I love thee! be thou my Friend; Guide me, oh, guide me till life shall end;
 2 Je - sus, I love thee! tho' prone to sin, Cleanse me, oh, cleanse me, till pure within;
 3 Je - sus, I love thee! soon shall I go, Bidding a - dieu to all here be - low;

Je - sus, I love thee! dwell in my heart: Nev - er, oh, nev - er from me de - part.
 Je - sus, I love thee! oh, may I be Clad in the robe thou hast of - fered me.
 Oh, may I meet thee on that blest shore, Where sin and parting are known no more.

Concluded from opposite page.

3 Jesus, our own gracious Saviour,
 All our hope is fixed on thee,
 And 't is only by thy favor
 We at last can heaven see:
 May our faith in thee grow stronger,
 As we feel thy precious love;
 When we dwell on earth no longer,
 May we live with thee above.

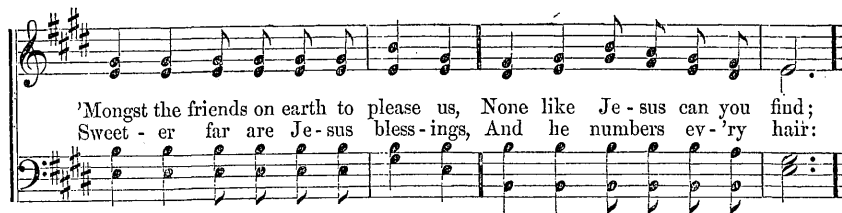
4 Jesus, blessed Mediator!
 Thou before the throne dost plead;
 Between man and his Creator
 Thou alone canst intercede:
 Trusting in thy free salvation,
 We at last shall ransom'd be;
 The redeemed of every nation
 Shall unite to worship thee.

NONE LIKE JESUS.

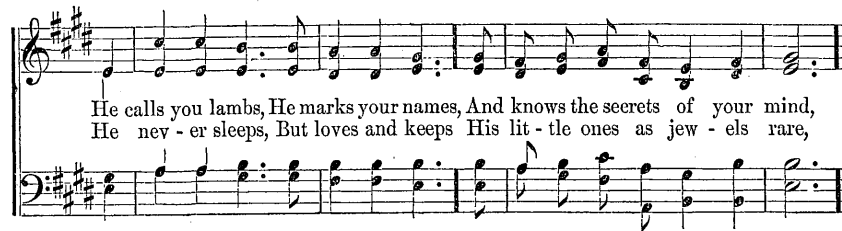
Arranged from H. F. WIGHT.



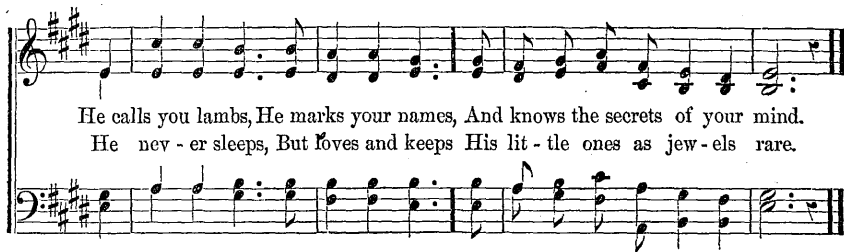
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2 Sweet the mother's fond ca - ress - ings, Kind the anx - ious father's care;



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Sweet - er far are Je - sus bless - ings, And he numbers ev - 'ry hair;



He calls you lambs, He marks your names, And knows the secrets of your mind,
He nev - er sleeps, But loves and keeps His lit - tle ones as jew - els rare,



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And to his fond bosom bind:
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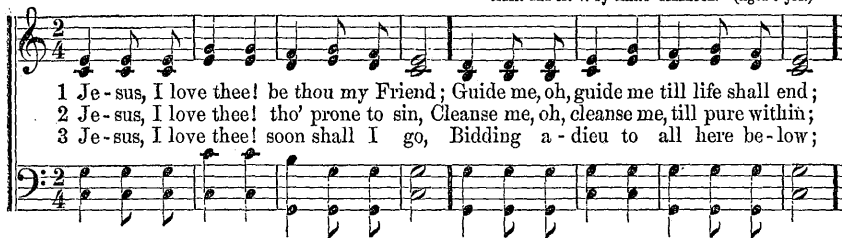
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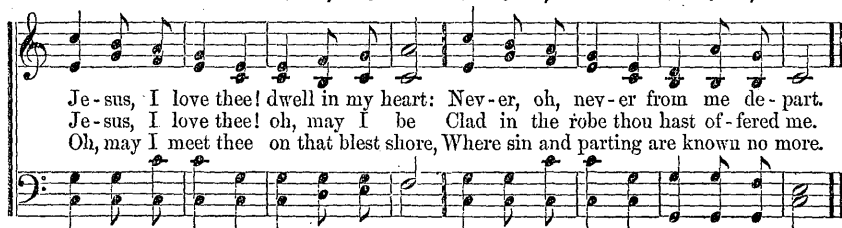
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39

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 3 Je - sus, I love thee! soon shall I go, Bidding a - dieu to all here be - low;



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 Oh, may I meet thee on that blest shore, Where sin and parting are known no more.

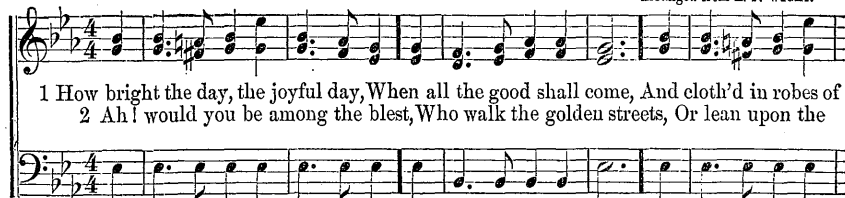
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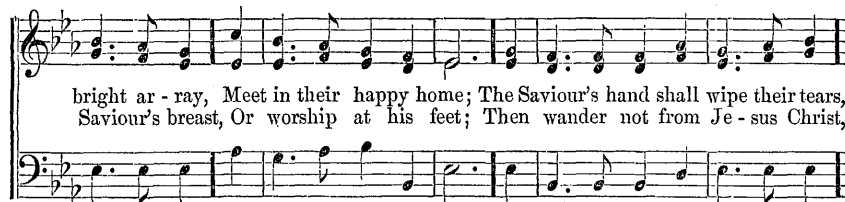
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 Shall unite to worship thee.

MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

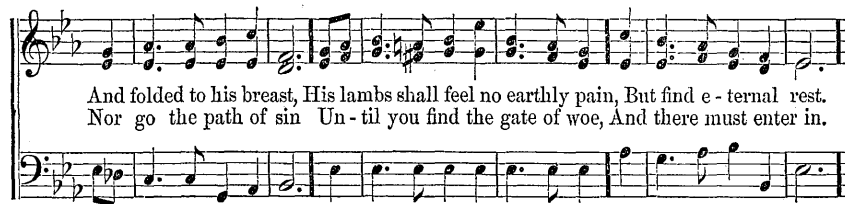
Arranged from H. F. WIGHT.



1 How bright the day, the joyful day, When all the good shall come, And cloth'd in robes of
2 Ah! would you be among the blest, Who walk the golden streets, Or lean upon the

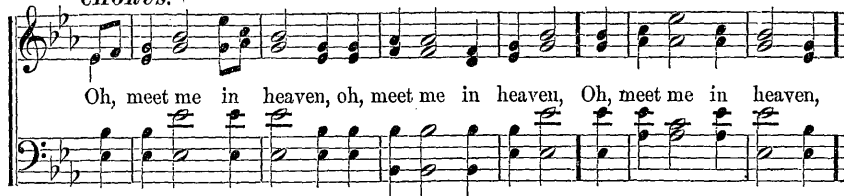


bright ar - ray, Meet in their happy home; The Saviour's hand shall wipe their tears,
Saviour's breast, Or worship at his feet; Then wander not from Je - sus Christ,



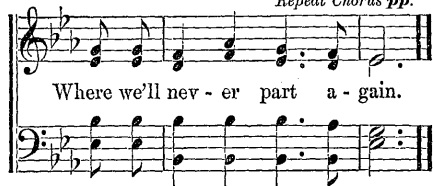
And folded to his breast, His lambs shall feel no earthly pain, But find e - ternal rest.
Nor go the path of sin Un - til you find the gate of woe, And there must enter in.

CHORUS.



Oh, meet me in heaven, oh, meet me in heaven, Oh, meet me in heaven,

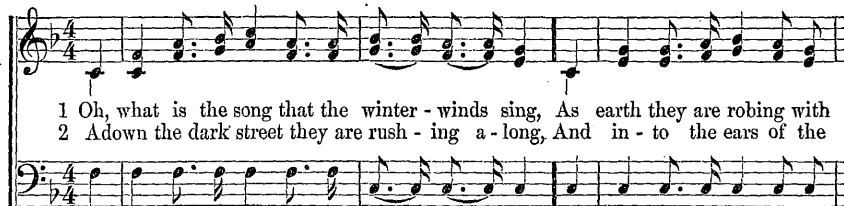
Repeat Chorus *pp.*



Where we'll nev - er part a - gain.

3 Your teacher can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and fearful brink
Of Ruin's sweeping tide:
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And join his own dear flock;
He'll hide you, when temptations come,
Beneath the cloven rock.—*Cho.*

OH, PITY THE POOR.



1 Oh, what is the song that the winter - winds sing, As earth they are robing with
2 Adown the dark street they are rush - ing a - long, And in - to the ears of the

snow that they bring From the crystal - line realms of the bold ice - king?
hur - ry - ing throng, They de - ter - min - ate - ly shout these, the words of their song:

REFRAIN.

"Oh, pit - y the poor, oh, pit - y the poor, Oh, pit - y the poor!"

- 3 They rattle the doors of the proud millionaire,
To knock for the mendicant shivering there,
And are whispering through on the cold, cold air,
"Oh, pity the poor, oh, pity the poor,
Oh, pity the poor!"
- 4 Oh! have you not heard it—this song born of love,
As sung by His messengers, sent from above
To tell us our duty and our stewardship prove;
Then pity the poor, oh, pity the poor,
Oh, pity the poor!

SAVE, SAVE ONE.

43

A. B. HOAG,

1 { Souls are perishing before thee; Save, save one! } { From the waves that would devour, }
 { It may be thy crown of glory— Save, save one! } { From the rag-ing lion's power, }

The first system of the musical score is written for a piano in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Fine. CHORUS.

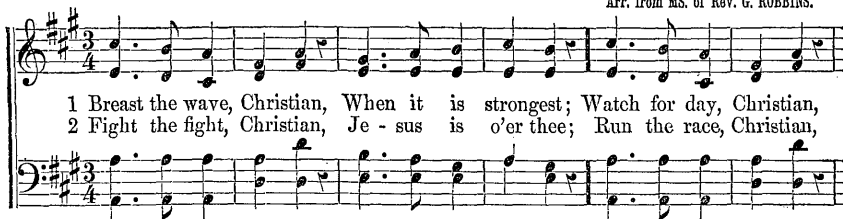
{ From destruction's fiery shower, Save, save one! Save one, save one, save, save one, }
 { From destruction's fiery shower, Save, save one! }

The chorus section of the musical score continues on a second system, maintaining the same 4/4 time and key signature. It also features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff includes some triplet markings and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

2 Who the worth of souls can measure? Save, save one!
 Who can count the priceless treasure? Save, save one!
 Like the stars shall shine forever
 Those who faithfully endeavor
 Dying sinners to deliver. Save, save one!
Cho.—Save one, save one, save, save one!
 Dying sinners, oh, deliver!—
 Save, save one!

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Arr. from MS. of Rev. G. ROBBINS.

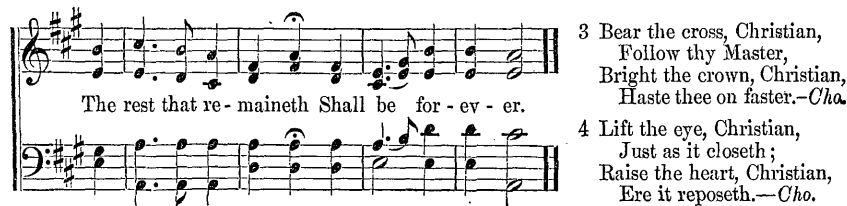


1 Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian,
 2 Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian,

CHORUS.



When the night's longest. On - ward and upward Still be thine en - deav - or;
 Heav'n is be - fore thee. On - ward and upward, etc.



The rest that re - maineth Shall be for - ev - er.

3 Bear the cross, Christian,
 Follow thy Master,
 Bright the crown, Christian,
 Haste thee on faster.—*Cho.*

4 Lift the eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
 Raise the heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth.—*Cho.*

WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

45

Words by W. H. BELLAMY, Esq.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.

1st time.

2d time.

1 { The home where changes never come, Nor pain, nor sorrow, toil, nor care;
 Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home;---[Omit]-----Who would not fain be resting there? }
 2 { Yet, when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n ordain'd thine earthly lot,
 Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode,---[Omit]-----Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not. }

CHORUS.

Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, and murmur not, and murmur not, Wait, meekly wait, and

murmur not, Oh, wait, and mur - mur not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
 Oh, think who bore them on his brow;
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
 They reach'd a holier than thou.—*Cho.*


4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
 One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;
 The day of rest will dawn for thee:
 Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.—*Cho.*

OUR MISSION.

Words by D. D. BUCK, D.D.



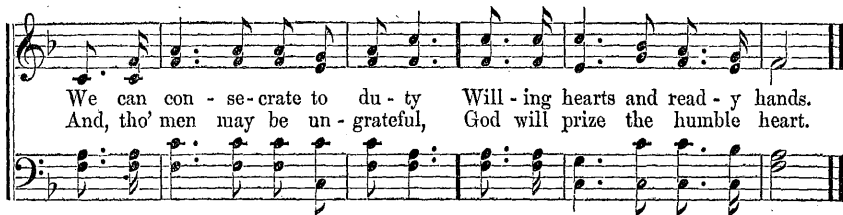
1 If we can not plant our cot-tage 'Mid an E - den's blooming bow'rs,
2 If we can not win a ti-tle To enwreath our humble name,



Whil-ing life's de-lightful summer Gai-ly 'mid un-fad-ing flow'rs,—
If we boast nor birth nor beauty, Wealth nor wis-dom, might nor fame;—



We with ho-ly love can la-bor, Till-ing Zi-on's fer-tile lands;
We can still be kind-ly heart-ed, Act-ing well our low-ly part,



3 If we can not cease from sorrow,
 Mingling prayer with sighing breath,
 If we can not keep our loved ones
 From the greedy grasp of death,—
 We can smile amid the weeping,
 As we fully trust in God,
 And, still leaning on the Saviour,
 Meekly kiss the chastening rod.

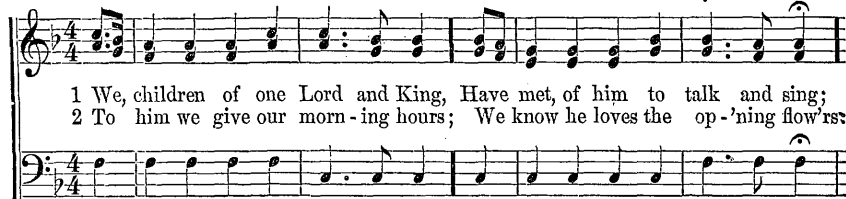
4 If we cannot mount the heavens,
 Where no cloud its shadow flings,
 Ranging through the bright Elysian,
 Soaring on angelic wings,—
 We with pilgrim-step can journey,
 Onward pressing day by day,
 Looking for our Leader's footprints
 All along the toilsome way.

5 If we can not read the future,
 Whether weal or woe betide,
 If within the veil of darkness
 Mercy from our vision hide,—
 We can understand our mission,
 What is here to do or bear;
 We can love and help each other,
 And the cross with Jesus share.

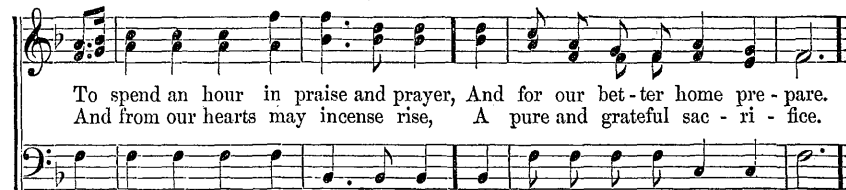
6 Let us, then, be ever doing;
 Day declineth, night is near;
 Short the time of toil and suff'ring;
 Jesus numbers every tear.
 See! the pearly gates are opening;
 Lo! the splendor from above;
 List to lov'd ones, yonder singing:
 Welcome to the land of love!

WE LOVE TO SING OF JESUS.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

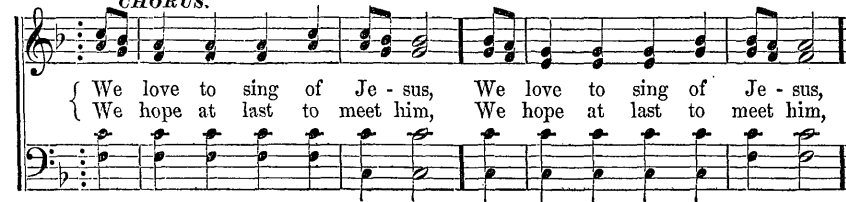


1 We, children of one Lord and King, Have met, of him to talk and sing;
2 To him we give our morn - ing hours; We know he loves the op - 'ning flow'rs;

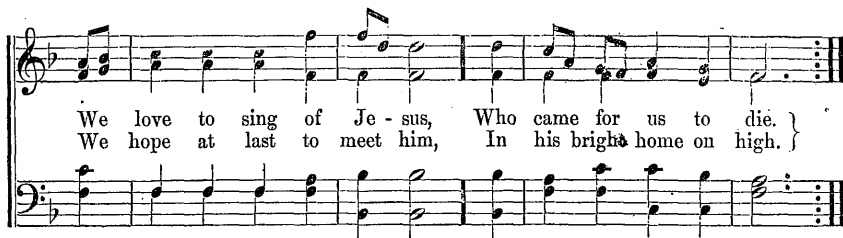


To spend an hour in praise and prayer, And for our bet - ter home pre - pare.
And from our hearts may incense rise, A pure and grateful sac - ri - fice.

CHORUS.



{ We love to sing of Je - sus, We love to sing of Je - sus,
We hope at last to meet him, We hope at last to meet him,



We love to sing of Je - sus, Who came for us to die.
We hope at last to meet him, In his bright home on high.

3 We thank our Father for the light
That makes this earth so glad and bright;
For all the blessings that he sends;
For life and health, for home and friends.
We love to sing, etc.

4. But we shall sing a sweeter song
When we have join'd the ransom'd throng,
And in the temple built above
We'll praise our Saviour's priceless love.
We love to sing, etc.

CHANT.—COME TO ME.



With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

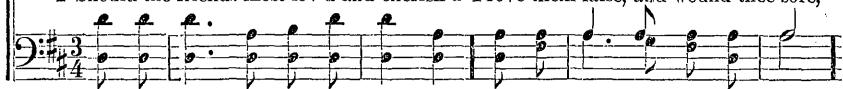
2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."
4 O Voice of mercy! Voice of love:
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me, from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Words by Miss J. C. THOMPSON.



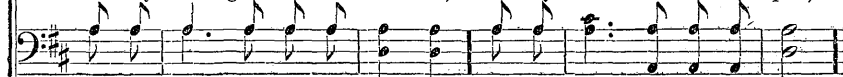
1 While a - cross life's o - cean sail - ing, Should thy sky ad - verse - ly low'r,
 2 Should the friends most lov'd and cherish'd Prove them false, and wound thee sore,

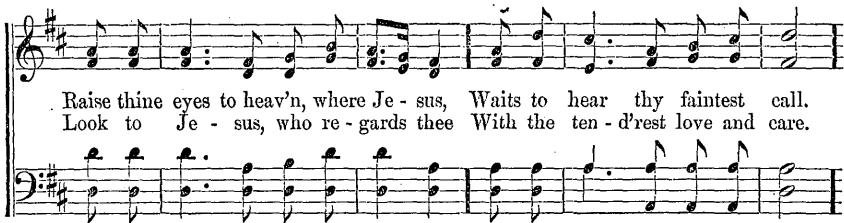


And temp - ta - tion's waves, as - sail - ing, Rock thee with re - sist - less pow'r;
 Should thy hopes most fondly nourished Fade, to blos - som nev - er more,



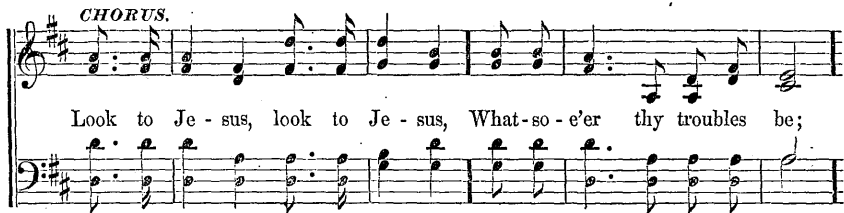
If thy faith be - gin to wa - ver, And thy strength be growing small,
 And thy heart grow sad with sor - row, And thy soul sick with de - spair,





Raise thine eyes to heav'n, where Je - sus, Waits to hear thy faintest call.
Look to Je - sus, who re - gards thee With the ten - d'rest love and care.

CHORUS.



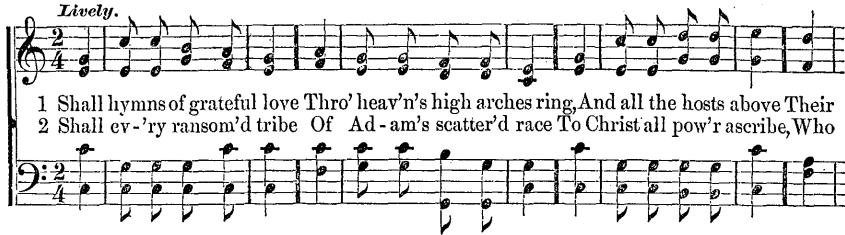
Look to Je - sus, look to Je - sus, What-so-e'er thy troubles be;

Rit.




Trust in Je - sus, trust in Je - sus! He will prove a Friend to thee.

SEND THE ECHO BACK AGAIN.

Lively.


1 Shall hymns of grateful love Thro' heav'n's high arches ring, And all the hosts above Their
2 Shall ev-'ry ransom'd tribe Of Ad-am's scatter'd race To Christ all pow'r ascribe, Who

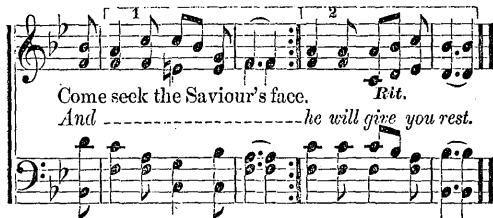
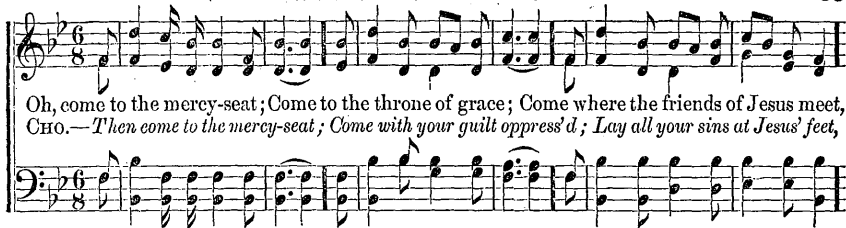


songs of triumph sing? And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back a - gain?
sav'd them by his grace? And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back a - gain?

pp, in imitation of an echo. *SOLI. f* *TUTTI.*



And send the echo back again? And send the ech - o, Send the ech - o back a - gain?



2 Leave thoughts of worldly strife,
Leave all your cares behind;
Come, taste the stream of endless life,
And joys celestial find.—*Cho.*

3 The world can never give
The bliss for which you sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.—*Cho.*

4 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.—*Cho.*

5 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!—*Cho.*

Concluded from opposite page.

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God?
And shall not we take up the strain, etc.

4 Oh, spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name,
Till the whole world take up the strain, etc.

"HOW GOES THE BATTLE."

SOLI (Traveler).

1 "How goes the battle?" O watchman, tell! Look from yon heights, where the pilgrims dwell!
 2 "How goes the battle?" O watchman, tell! Look, look again where the pilgrims dwell!
 3 "How goes the battle?" Has *love* grown cold? Has *faith* been barter'd for worthless gold?

Rit.

Are they walking humbly where Jesus trod, And faithfully keeping the truths of God?
 From the thorny highway of woe and sin, Do they lead the err - ing wand'ers in?
 Or has *hate* crept in, and a guilty *pride* Borne some far away on its roll - ing tide?

SOLI (Watchman).

Trav'ler, be - hold the pilgrim band! See! they are nearing the heav'nly strand!

Some fall out by the way, but the host press on; In Jesus' strength they conquer, when the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

TUTTI.
vic-to-ry is won. In Jesus' strength they conquer, In Jesus' strength they conquer,

This system contains the second two staves of music. It begins with the instruction 'TUTTI.' in italics. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

In Je-sus' strength they con-quer, when the vic-to-ry is won.

This system contains the third two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The system ends with a double bar line.

- 4 "How goes the battle?" Does heartfelt prayer
And praise arise on the grateful air?
Do their lamps gleam bright o'er the darken'd plain?
Are they trusting still in the Saviour's name? Trav'ler, behold! etc.

HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

Words by R. TORREY, JR.

Contributed by PHILA. PRAYING BAND.

1 A - bove the blue, e - the - real skies Thousands of stately mansions rise;
 2 There tears shall nev - er dim the eye; No aching breast shall breathe a sigh;

Built by the great Je - hovah's hand, Through all e - ter - ni - ty they stand.
 But peace and love and songs of joy Fill ev - 'ry heart, each tongue employ.

CHORUS.

I am glad there's a mansion in the sky, Where my soul will be hap - py when I

die; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad there's a man-sion in the sky.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

3 No pain nor sorrow enters in;
The weary heart is freed from sin;
And though on earth the cross we bear,
Eternal rest awaits us there!—*Cho.*

4 There never more is night nor noon,
No sun e'er shines, no star nor moon;
The glory of our father's throne
Gives light to mortal eyes unknown!—*Cho.*

5 There bright perennial flow'rets grow;
There crystal streams forever flow;
And through these mansions ever ring
The praises of our Saviour-King.—*Cho.*

6 Ah, who shall own these mansions fair?
Who to these grand estates be heir?
All, all who own the Saviour's name,
And on his love will rest their claim.—*Cho.*

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Poetry by COOKMAN.

Music written by A. HULL.

1 I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray;
2 Lord, now indeed I find Thy blood, and thine alone, Can change the leper's spots,

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Find in me thy all in all. Je - sus paid it all; All to him I owe!
And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all, etc.

Sin had left a crim - son stain; He washed it white as snow.

- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*
- 4 Then down beneath his Cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul;
For nought have I to bring—
Thy grace must make me whole.—*Cho.*
- 5 And then complete in him,
My robe his righteousness,

- Close sheltered 'neath his side,
I am divinely blest.—*Cho.*
- 6 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*
- 7 And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

59

CHAS. H. KENT.

1 The way to heav'n is narrow, And its blessed entrance strait; But how safe the little
 2 The sunbeams of the morning Make the narrow path so fair, And these early lit - tle
 3 They pass o'er rugged mountains, But they climb them with a song; For these early little

CHORUS.

pil-grims, Who get within the gates. We will take the nar-row way, We will
 pil-grims Find dewy bless-ings there. We will take the nar-row way, etc.
 pil-grims Have sandals new and strong. We will take the nar-row way, etc.

take the narrow way, We will take the narrow way.

4 They do not greatly tremble,
 When the shadows night foretell;
 For these early little pilgrims
 Have tried the path so well.—*Cho.*

5 They know it leads to heaven,
 With its bright and open gates,
 Where for happy little pilgrims
 A Saviour's welcome waits.—*Cho.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

A. B. HOAG.

1 I am a lit - tle pil - grim, One of a no - ble band; With all God's ho - ly
 2 I am a lit - tle pil - grim; Earth's dangers I will shun; And for my home in

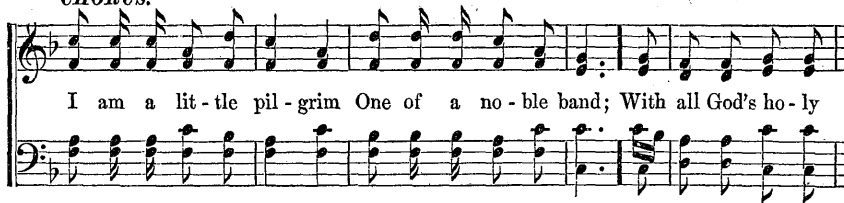
chil - dren I seek the bet - ter land; I leave this world of sigh - ing, Of
 glo - ry, The nar - row road I run; I leave De - struction's cit - y, Whose

sor - row, pain and strife, To go where none are dy - ing, To gain, e - ter - nal life.
 crimes to heav'n a - rise; I seek a brighter dwelling, A home beyond the skies.

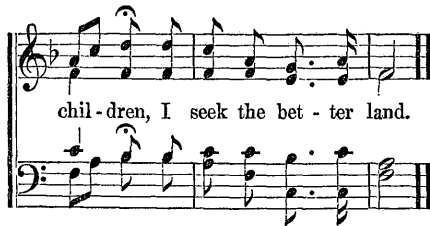
THE LITTLE PILGRIM. *Concluded.*

61

CHORUS.



I am a lit - tle pil - grim One of a no - ble band; With all God's ho - ly



chil - dren, I seek the bet - ter land.

3 I am a little pilgrim,
Come, go along with me,
And, like God's ancient children,
A pilgrim stranger be;
And though the way be dreary,
The journey soon shall end,
And we shall see our Saviour,
Our Father, and our Friend.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

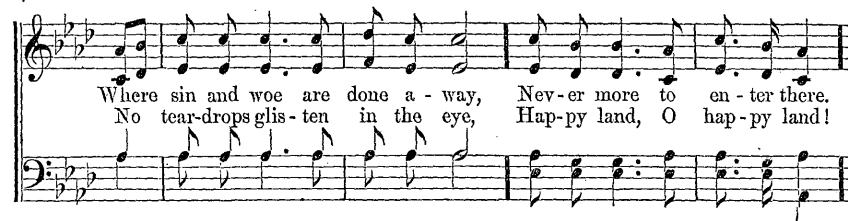
1 "Remember thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before, with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

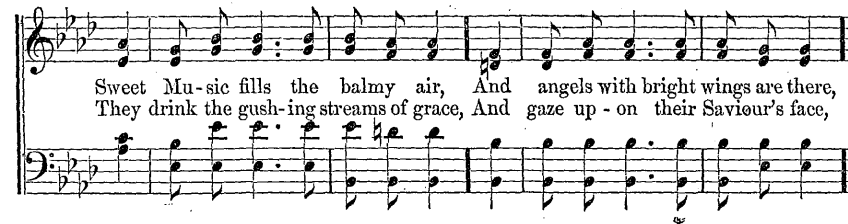
THE BETTER LAND.

Lively.


1 There is a bet - ter world, they say, Oh, so bright, so bright and fair,
 2 No clouds e'er pass a - long its sky, Hap - py land, O hap - py land,



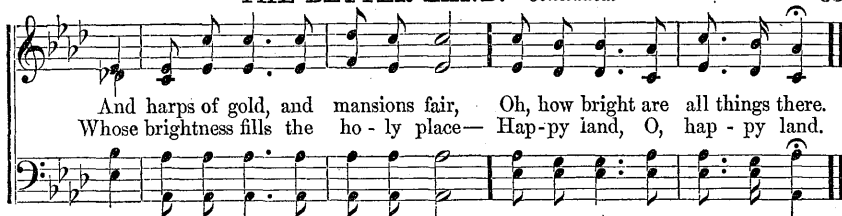
Where sin and woe are done a - way, Nev - er more to en - ter there.
 No tear-drops glis - ten in the eye, Hap - py land, O hap - py land!



Sweet Mu - sic fills the balmy air, And angels with bright wings are there,
 They drink the gush - ing streams of grace, And gaze up - on their Saviour's face,

THE BETTER LAND. *Concluded.*

63



And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, how bright are all things there.
Whose brightness fills the ho - ly place— Hap - py land, O, hap - py land.

3 Though we are sinners, every one,
Every one, yes, every one;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died for every one.
We may be cleansed from ev'ry stain,
We may be crown'd with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died for every one.

4 Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away, oh, come away!
We soon will reach our heavenly home,
Come away, oh, come away!
Oh, listen to the music sweet!
It comes so rich from yonder seat,
Where all the good in glory meet;—
Come away, oh, come away.

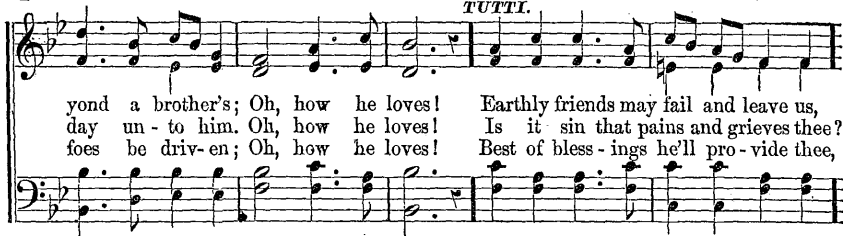
A FRIEND ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

SOLI.

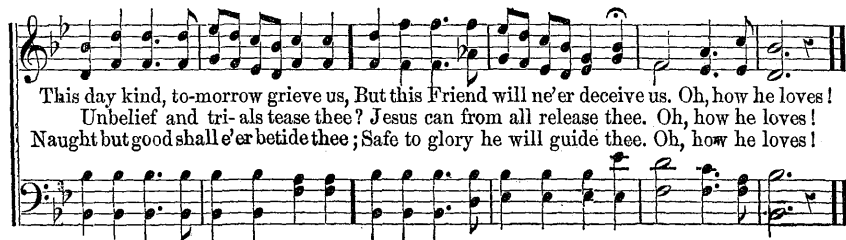
Musical score for 'A Friend Above All Others'. The score is written for a treble and bass clef in 4/4 time. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1 There's a Friend a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be-
2 Bless - ed Jesus! wouldst thou know him? Oh, how he loves! Give thy - self this
3 All thy sins shall be for - giv - en, Oh, how he loves! Backward all thy

TUTTI.



yond a brother's; Oh, how he loves! Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
 day un - to him. Oh, how he loves! Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
 foes be driv-en; Oh, how he loves! Best of bless - ings he'll pro - vide thee,



This day kind, to-morrow grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er deceive us. Oh, how he loves!
 Unbelief and tri-als tease thee? Jesus can from all release thee. Oh, how he loves!
 Naught but good shall e'er betide thee; Safe to glory he will guide thee. Oh, how he loves!

4 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
 Oh, how he loves!
 Naught can cleave this love asunder;
 Oh, how he loves!
 Neither trials nor temptation,
 Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
 Can bereave us of salvation.
 Oh, how he loves!

5 Let us still this love be viewing,
 Oh, how he loves!
 And though faint, be still pursuing;
 Oh, how he loves!
 He will strengthen each endeavor,
 And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
 This shall be our song forever.
 Oh, how he loves!

PRAISE TO JESUS.

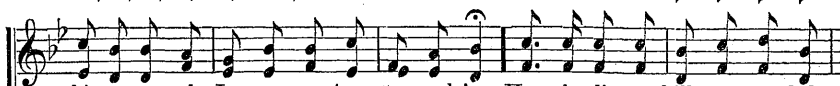
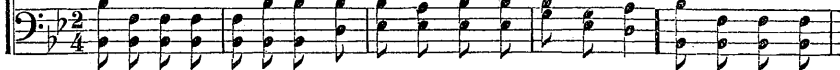
65

Sprightly.

Words by Mrs. F. E. PLATT. Music by M. W. HANCHETT.



1 Children, sing a Christmas carol; Sing how shining angels came, Once, in glorious,
2 Ah! no more the lowly manger Pillows that dear, sacred head; Beams no more that
3 Tho' no sudden light burst o'er, Such as shone on Bethle'm's plain, We can join the

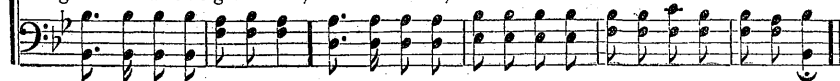


white appar - el, Je - sus coming to proclaim; How the distant hills re-sounded,
star - ry stranger That the eastern sag - es led; But we'll tell the pleasing sto - ry,
heav'nly chorus, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Sing we, then, the glad ho - san - na,



Rit.

Echoing back th'angelic song; How the shepherds were astounded As the music roll'd along.
To the aged and the young, And we'll sing that "Glory, glory!" That the herald angels sung.
Sing of Him who reigns above; Praise to Jesus, for his banner O'er the children waves in love.



FAR, FAR AWAY.

Arranged from A. B. HOAG.

1 There is a home where all is bright, Far a-way, far a-way; There is no dark and
2 Then let the storm be wild and long, Jesus loves, Jesus loves; And this shall be my

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Far, Far Away'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 6/8 time and B-flat major. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with two verses of the song.

storm-y night, Far, far a-way. For Je-sus said, I will prepare The
dai-ly song, Je-sus loves. He loves, he loves, I know, I feel, Just

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue with the same two verses.

child of God a mansion fair,—Oh, may I have a dwelling there, Far, far a-way.
as I am, he loves me still; Oh, may I do his blessed will, Je-sus loves.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the song. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics conclude with the same two verses.

FAR, FAR AWAY. *Concluded.*

67

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*

A tempo.

Far a-way, far a-way, far, far a-way, Oh, may I have a

The musical score for the chorus is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

dwelling there, Far, far a-way.

The musical score continues on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

3 And there at home I soon shall be,
 Far away, far away,
 From care and pain shall soon be free,
 Far, far away;
 For tears of grief are never known
 In that bright world I call my own,
 And swiftly I am passing on,
 Far, far away.—*Cho.*

THE PEACEFUL SHORE.

A. B. HOAG.

1 When we pass thro' yonder riv - er, When we reach the far - ther shore.

The musical score for 'The Peaceful Shore' is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

THE PEACEFUL SHORE. *Concluded.**Fine.*

There's an end of strife for - ev - er, We shall see our foes no more.
 D.S. *All* our con - flicts then shall cease, Fol - lowed by e - ter - nal peace.

All our conflicts then shall cease, Followed by e - ter - nal peace,

2 When we gain the heavenly regions,
 When we touch that peaceful shore,
 Blessed thought! no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more.
 ||: Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose. :||

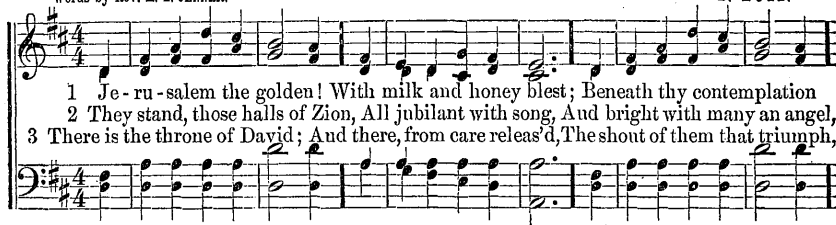
3 Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious!
 'T is his people's blest reward;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 ||: In his kingdom they shall rest;
 In his love be fully blest. :||

THE CITY GOLDEN.

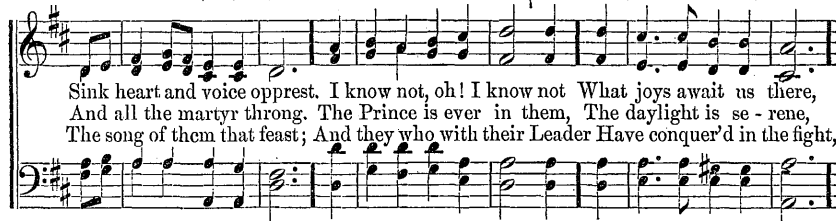
69

Words by Rev. H. L. JENNER.

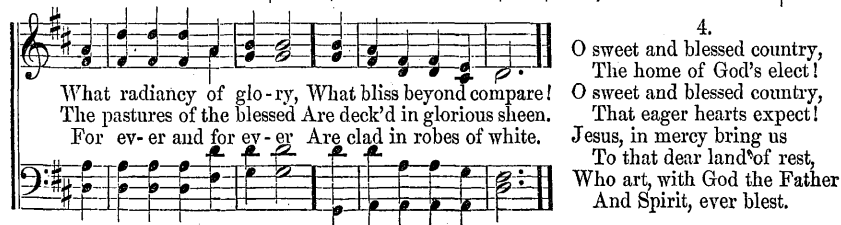
A. HULL.



1 Je-ru-salem the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy contemplation
 2 They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel,
 3 There is the throne of David; And there, from care releas'd, The shout of them that triumph,



Sink heart and voice oppress. I know not, oh! I know not What joys await us there,
 And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is se - rene,
 The song of them that feast; And they who with their Leader Have conquer'd in the fight,



4.
 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest.

OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

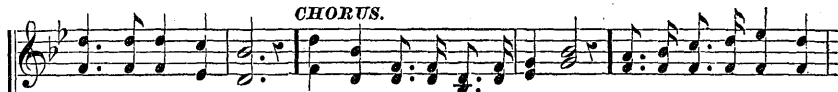
From "Sabbath Carols." Arr. from W. H. DOANE.

1 On - ly just across the riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er side, Where the
2 On - ly just across the riv - er, Are the friends we lov'd below, Clad in

an - gels are in waiting, And the pure in heart abide; Where there is no pain or
pure and spotless garments That are whiter than the snow; They have brav'd cold Jordan's

sor - row To intrude on heav'nly rest, On - ly just across the riv - er Stand the
billows, And have pass'd thro' death's alarms, And are ev - er safe and happy In the

CHORUS.



mansions of the blest. On - ly just across the riv - er, Where the saints are passing
Saviour's loving arms. On - ly just across the riv - er, etc.



o - ver, On - ly just across the riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er side.



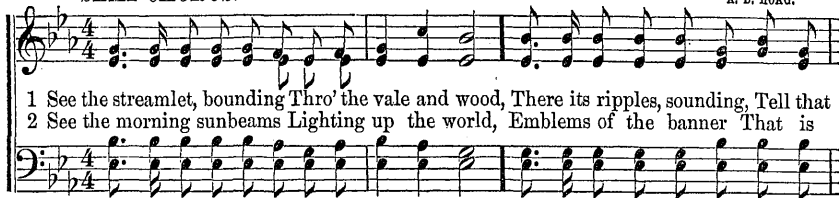
3 Only just across the river,
Where the hills of glory shine,
There the pearly gates stand open
Wide that lead to joys divine:
There the tree of life is blooming,
And the living waters glide,—
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side.—*Cho.*

4 Only just across the river
Are the robes of spotless white;
Only just across the river
Are the crowns of glory bright;
And the saints and angels, joining
In the songs with one accord,
Only just across the river,
Sing the praises of the Lord.—*Cho.*

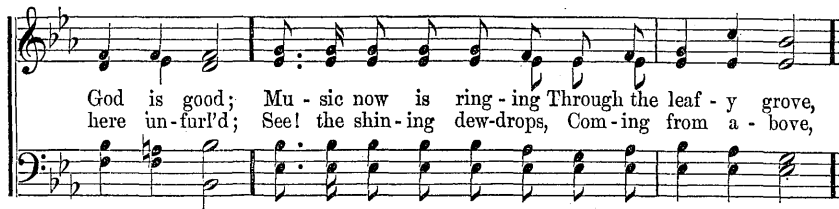
GOD IS LOVE.

SEMI-CHORUS.

A. B. HOAG.



1 See the streamlet, bounding Thro' the vale and wood, There its ripples, sounding, Tell that
 2 See the morning sunbeams Lighting up the world, Emblems of the banner That is



God is good; Mu - sic now is ring - ing Through the leaf - y grove,
 here un-fur'd; See! the shin - ing dew-drops, Com - ing from a - bove,

FULL CHORUS.



Feathered songsters warble, Saying, "God is Love." Lo! the heav'ns are breaking,
 In their stillness are proclaiming, "God is Love." Lo! the heav'ns, etc.



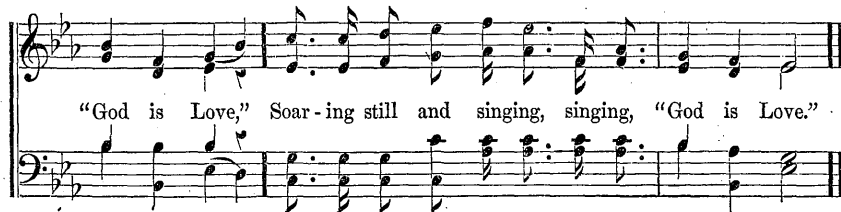
pure and bright, a - bove, Light and life, a - wak - ing, Murmur, "God is Love."

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains three measures of music, each with a repeat sign at the end. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains three measures of music, also with a repeat sign at the end. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.



Wake my heart, and springing, Spread thy wings above, Soaring still and singing, singing,

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains three measures of music, each with a repeat sign at the end. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and contains three measures of music, also with a repeat sign at the end. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.



"God is Love," Soar - ing still and singing, singing, "God is Love."

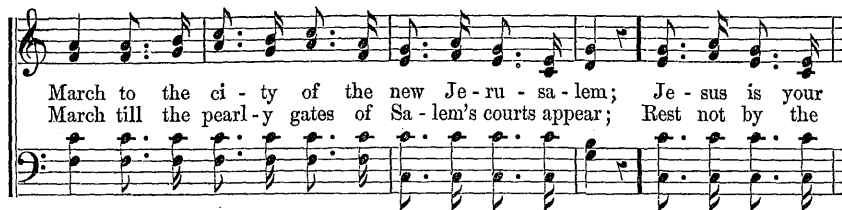
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SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

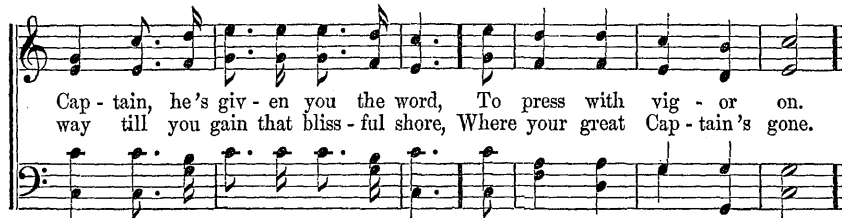
Words by A. HULL.



1 Ye sol - diers of the cross in the ar - my of the Lord,
2 Gird on the gos - pel ar - mor, the bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

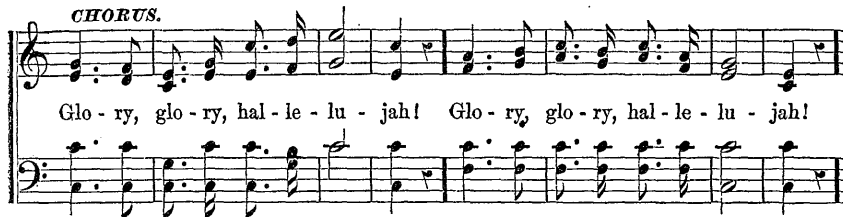


March to the ci - ty of the new Je - ru - sa - lem; Je - sus is your
March till the pearl - y gates of Sa - lem's courts appear; Rest not by the

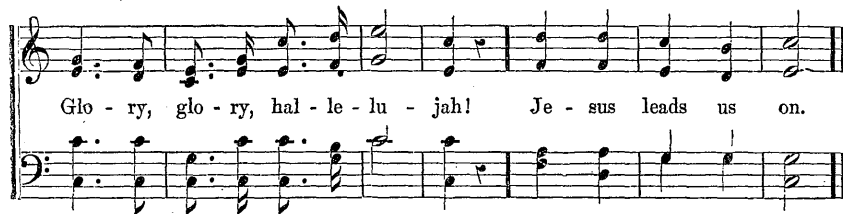


Cap - tain, he's giv - en you the word, To press with vig - or on.
way till you gain that bliss - ful shore, Where your great Cap - tain's gone.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



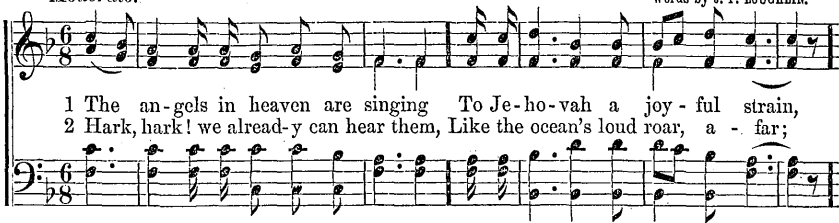
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus leads us on.

- 3 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; ever keep thy armor bright;
March on in duty, and thy sure reward shall be
Crowns of dazzling splendor in yonder world of light,
And palms of victory.—*Cho.*
- 4 Ne'er think the vict'ry won, nor lay thy armor down;
Fight on in faith till thou obtain a starry crown;
Faith, and hope, and love must be ever kept in mind,
Till we arrive at home.—*Cho.*

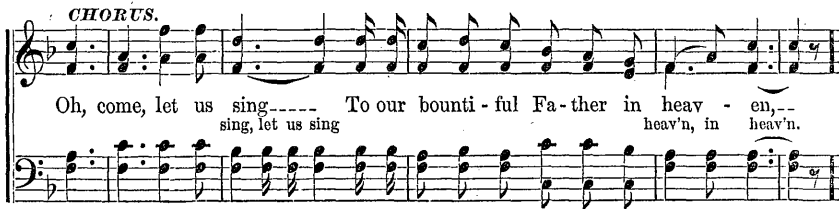
THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN ARE SINGING.

Moderato.

Words by J. F. LOUGHLIN.



CHORUS.





- 3 Behold! we, the heirs of temptation,
The repriev'd from the scourging flood,
The chosen of God to salvation,
Are redeem'd by Immanuel's blood.
Oh, come, etc.

- 4 Then let us together our voices
In sweet harmony now upraise,
While nature with heaven rejoices,
And the Lord of the universe praise.
Oh, come, etc.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

- 1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
Cho.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
By the green fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;

- For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.—*Cho.*
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.—*Cho.*
- 5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.—*Cho.*

THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN ARE SINGING.

Moderato.

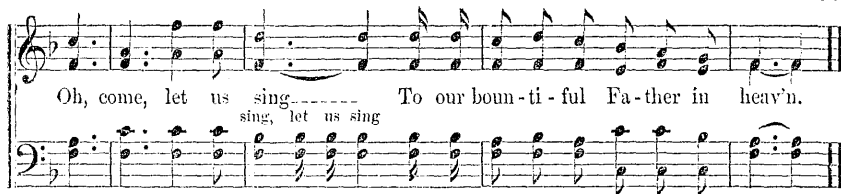
Words by J. F. LOUGHLIN.

1 The an-gels in heaven are singing To Je-ho-vah a joy-ful strain,
2 Hark, hark! we alread-y can hear them, Like the ocean's loud roar, a - far;

CHORTS.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, let us sing----- To our bounti - ful Fa - ther in heav - en,--
sing, let us sing heav'n, in heav'n.



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 The repriev'd from the scourging flood,
 The chosen of God to salvation,
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 Oh, come, etc.

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 You shall find an entrance thro'.—*Cho.*

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

H. F. WIGHT

1 I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glo-ry; So precious his love his com-
 2 I have a Father; to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,

mands are but few; And now he is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me;
 pre-cious and true; And soon will my spir-it be with him in heav-en;

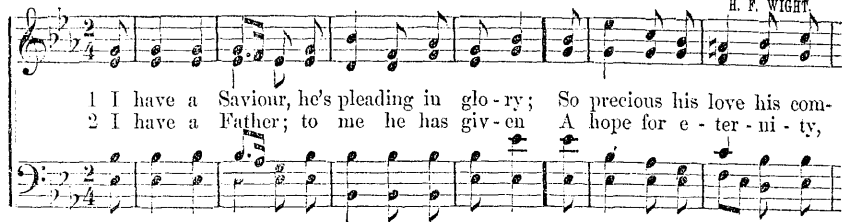
But O, that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, I'm
 But O, let me lin-ger to take you there too! For you I am praying, etc.

Rit.

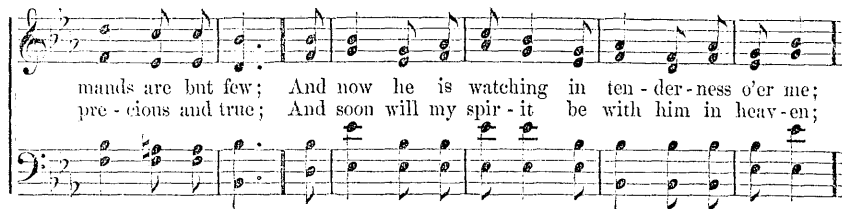
- 3 I have a harp in those regions all glorious—
 Away, far away, in that ocean of blue,
 And there shall it breathe out its music melodious;
 But O, could I know one was tuning for you!—For you, etc.
- 4 I have a crown—and I'll wear it forever—
 Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue:
 'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;
 But O, could I know one was purchased for you!—For you, etc.
- 5 I have have a robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness,
 Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
 O, when I'll receive it, all shining in brightness,
 Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—For you, etc.
- 6 I have a rest, and the earnest is given,
 Though now for a time 'tis concealed from my view;
 'Tis life everlasting—'tis Jesus—'tis heaven;
 And O, dearest friend, let me meet you there too!—For you, etc.
- 7 I have a Peace, and it's "calm as a river,"
 A peace that a friend of the world never knew;
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;
 But O, that I knew it was given to you!—For you, etc.

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

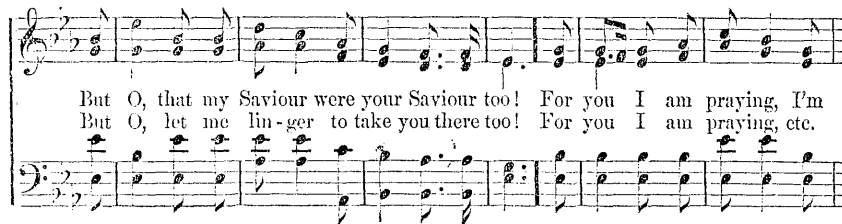
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But O, that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, I'm
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 A peace that a friend of the world never knew;
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;
 But O, that I knew it was given to you!—For you, etc.

ANGEL GUARDIANS.

E. H. BAILEY.

From "Spiritual Harp."

1 When laughing joy makes glad our way,---- And mirth invites---- to harmless
 When laughing joy makes glad our way, And mirth invites

play,----- More fair than eve's----- bright stars ap - pear,-----
 to harmless play, More fair than eve's bright stars ap - pear,

CHORUS.

Our an - gel guards are hov'ring near. They ho - ver near,----- They hover
 They hover near,

near,----- Our an - gel guards----- are hov'ring near,-----
 they hover near, Our an - gel guards are hov'ring near,

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music. The first measure has a half note G#4. The second measure has a quarter note G#4, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note B5. The third measure has a half note G#4. The fourth measure has a half note G#4. The bass staff also has a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music. The first measure has a half note G#2, a half note G#3, and a half note G#4. The second measure has a quarter note G#2, a quarter note G#3, and a quarter note G#4. The third measure has a half note G#2 and a half note G#3. The fourth measure has a half note G#2 and a half note G#3.

More fair than eve's bright stars ap - pear, Our angel guards are hov'ring near.

The second system of musical notation consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music. The first measure has a half note G#4. The second measure has a quarter note G#4, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note B5. The third measure has a half note G#4. The fourth measure has a half note G#4. The bass staff also has a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music. The first measure has a half note G#2, a half note G#3, and a half note G#4. The second measure has a quarter note G#2, a quarter note G#3, and a quarter note G#4. The third measure has a half note G#2 and a half note G#3. The fourth measure has a half note G#2 and a half note G#3.

2 When dark despair doth rule the hour,
 And make us feel its gloomy power,
 Our guardians come in sympathy,
 To set us from our bondage free.

3 With blessings to each earthly home,
 These messengers of heaven come,
 Inspiring thoughts of higher life,
 Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife.

Cho.—They hover near, they hover near,
 Our angel guards are hov'ring near,
 More fair than eve's bright stars appear,
 Our angel guards are hov'ring near.

Cho.—They hover near, they hover near,
 Our angel guards are hov'ring near,
 More fair than eve's bright stars appear,
 Our angel guards are hov'ring near.

THE GLORIOUS TIME COMING.

Words by J. D. VINTON.

Lively. 1st time. 2d time.

1 { Oh, the glorious time is coming When the righteous hence will go,
Where the Saviour, gently calling,-----[*Omit.*]-----Crowns immortal will bestow. }

2 { There the happy, happy spirit Feels an ev-er-lasting joy;
Singing angels, hov'ring near it,-----[*Omit.*]-----Blest redemption's songs employ. }

SEMI-CHORUS.

There are garments white and shining, Golden harps and joyous song; These, in beauty
Oh, the world of beauty blazing, Where the happy spir-its go! Mortal tongue, with

Repeat Full Chorus.

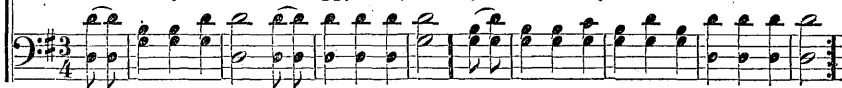
3 Yes, the glorious time is coming!
Trumpets soon will sound the day
When this world shall cease its humming,
And the righteous flee away.
Flee away? yes, up to Jesus,
Round his throne to stand and sing,
Who from death's dominion freed us,
Where eternal anthems ring.

THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

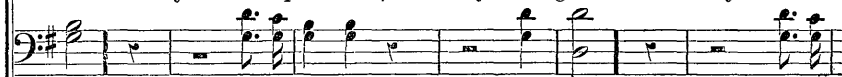
83



1 My God, I am thine: what a comfort divine, What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am, And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his----



name. Hallelujah! we will praise him; Hallelu-jah a - gain! Halle-lu-jah! we will



praise him for-ev-er. A - men.



2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,—
This is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.—*Cho.*

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love.—*Cho.*

TO THE SAVIOUR FLY.

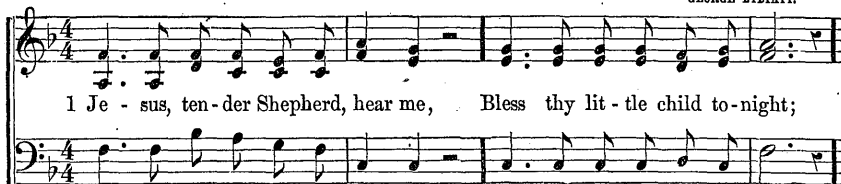
Dolce e legato.

A. B. HOAG.

1 Like mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea, So swiftly the years of our
 2 How sweet are the flow'rets in A - pril and May— Yet often the frost makes them

pilgrimage flee: In the graves of our fathers how soon shall we lie—Dear children, to-
 wither a - way: Like flow'rs you may fade; are you ready to die? While yet there is

day to the Sa - viour fly, Dear children, to-day to the Saviour fly.
 room, to the Sa - viour fly, While yet there is room, to the Saviour fly.



2 Through this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast cloth'd and warm'd and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love as well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Concluded from opposite page.

3 Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden and weary find rest;
In the valley of death you in triumph will cry,
||: "If this be called dying, 't is pleasant to die!" :||

STAND TO THE RIGHT.

Words by B. A. PERRIGO.

Music by FONDO.

1 Young hearts and true hearts, led boldly on By teachers in - vin - ci - ble, whose
2 Time was when mighty ones laugh'd you to scorn, But now they for knowledge most

work is nev - er done, Mustering each Sab - bath, they stand to the right,
hum - bly to you turn, Learning the sim - ple truth from lips untouch'd by guile,

CHORUS.

The foremost in the bat - tle, the brav - est in the fight. Young hearts and true hearts
Taught by the feeblest word,--- a tear or childish smile. Young hearts, etc.

stand to the right, The foremost in the bat-tle, the brav-est in the fight.

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Young hearts and true hearts, stand to the right, The foremost in the bat-tle, the

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the staves.

brav-est in the fight.

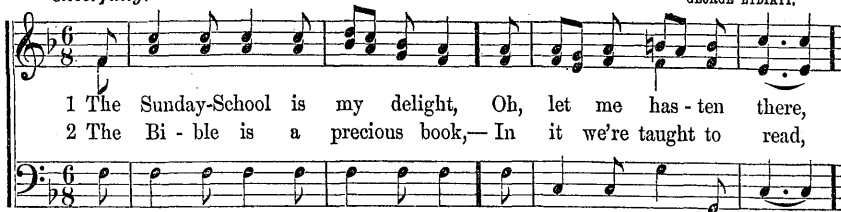
3 Little ones, whom Jesus loved when here below,
Patterns for the mockers thy virtues he did show,
When to the murm'ring crowd he mildly, sweetly said,
Suffer them to come to me, of such is heaven made.—*Cho.*

4 Still by the Saviour stand; work for his cause,
With love on your banner, the crown and shining cross,
And mottoes that will brighter grow, tho' years decay:
In God our strength, in God our trust, when time shall
pass away.—*Cho.*

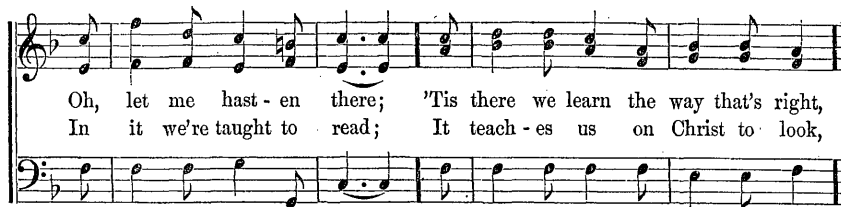
The third system of musical notation, concluding the song. It includes the final line of the first verse and the beginning of the second verse. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Cheerfully.

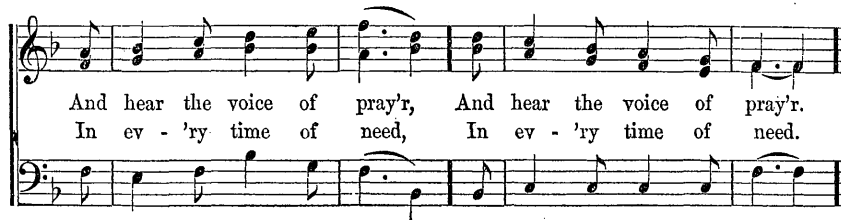
GEORGE LYDIATT.



1 The Sunday-School is my delight, Oh, let me hasten there,
2 The Bible is a precious book,— In it we're taught to read,

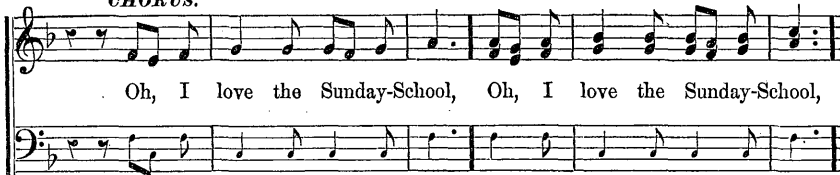
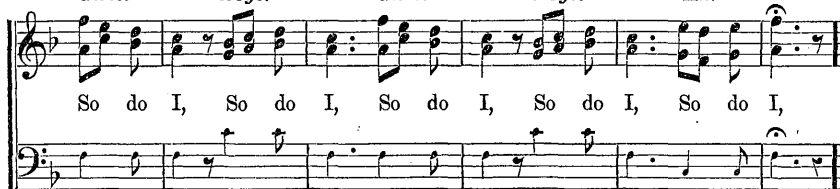


Oh, let me hasten there; 'Tis there we learn the way that's right,
In it we're taught to read; It teaches us on Christ to look,



And hear the voice of pray'r, And hear the voice of pray'r.
In every time of need, In every time of need.

CHORUS.

*Girls.**Boys.**Girls.**Boys.**All.*

3 They say that heaven's a happy place,
And there we hope to go,
If we repent and seek God's grace
While here on earth below.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, may we sing in joy and peace
With them who're gone before;
Grant us, O Lord, in heaven a place,
Where parting is no more.—*Cho.*

NO TEAR IN HEAVEN.

SOLO. (Sop. or Ten. ad lib.)

Chanting style.

J. W. HUTCHINSON.

1 No tear shall be in heav'n; no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glo-rious
2 No tear shall be in heav'n; no sorrow's reign; No se-cret an-guish

landscape ev-er come; No tear shall fall in sad-ness o'er those flow'rs, That
no cor-po-real pain, No shivering limbs, no burn-ing fe-ver there, No

breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bow'rs.
soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

3 No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

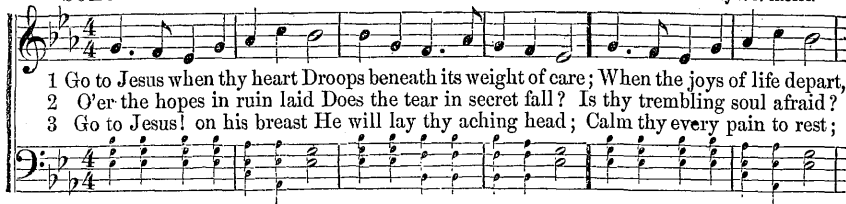
4 No tear shall be in heaven, no darken'd room,
No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

GO TO JESUS.

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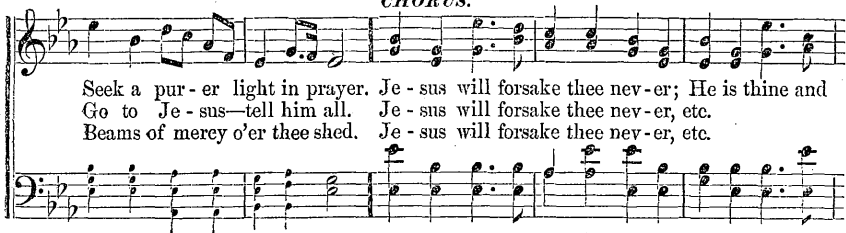
SOLO. Andante.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.



1 Go to Jesus when thy heart Droops beneath its weight of care; When the joys of life depart,
 2 O'er the hopes in ruin laid Does the tear in secret fall? Is thy trembling soul afraid?
 3 Go to Jesus! on his breast He will lay thy aching head; Calm thy every pain to rest;

CHORUS.



Seek a pur - er light in prayer. Je - sus will forsake thee nev - er; He is thine and
 Go to Je - sus—tell him all. Je - sus will forsake thee nev - er, etc.
 Beams of mercy o'er thee shed. Je - sus will forsake thee nev - er, etc.



thine for ev - er; By the cooling stream that flows, Thou shalt find a sweet re - pose.

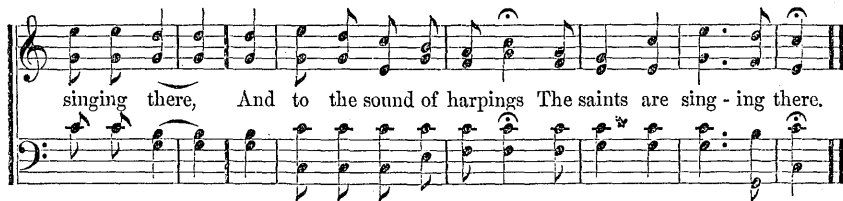
THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Moderato.

1 I know her walls are jas - per, Her pal - a - ces are fair, And to the sound of
2 Read on the sa - cred story; What more doth it unfold, Be - sides the pearl - y

harpings The saints are singing there; I know that living waters Flow under fruitful trees;
gateways And streets of shining gold? No temple hath that ci - ty, For none is needed there;

CHORUS.
But ah! to make my heaven, It needeth more than these. I know her walls are
Nor sun nor moon enlight'neth; Can darkness, then, be fair? I know, etc.



3 Ah! now the glad revealing,
The crowning joy of all;
What need of other sunlight,
Where God is all in all?
He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all his own,
He whom my soul adareth—
The Lamb amid the throne.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me;
Dark were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea;

He gilds earth's darkest valley
With light and joy and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease?—*Cho.*

5 Speed on, O lagging moments!
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth;
The hours, how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride!
And when my eyes behold him,
I shall be satisfied.—*Cho.*

JESUS BY THE SEA.

Reverentially.

From "Chapel Gems." G. F. ROOT.

1 Oh! I love to think of Je-sus, as he sat be-side the sea, Where the
 2 Oh! I love to think of Je-sus, as he walked be-side the sea, When the

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/4 time and key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

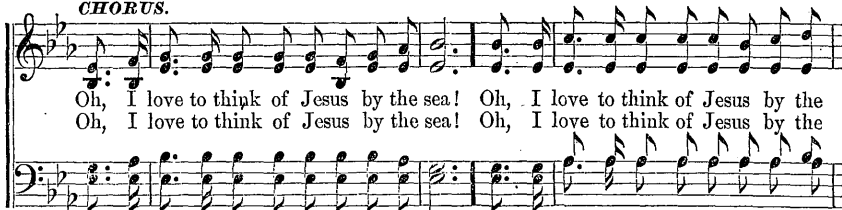
waves were on - ly murm'ring on the strand; When he sat within the boat, on the
 waves were rolling fear - ful - ly and grand; How the wind and waves were still at the

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

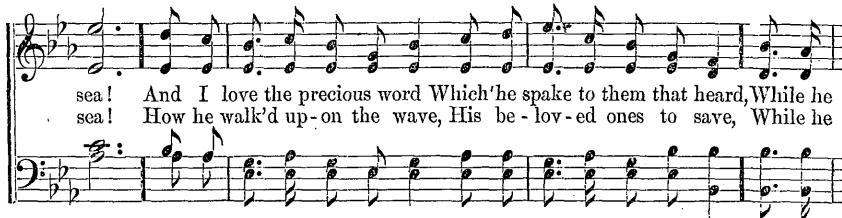
sil - ver wave a - float, While he taught the wait - ing peo - ple on the land.
 bid - ding of his will, While he brought his lov'd dis - ci - ples safe to land.

The third system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

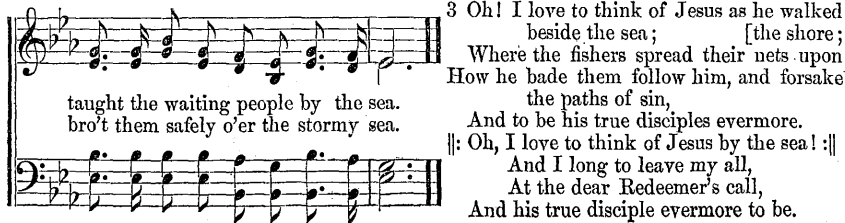
CHORUS.



Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea! Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the
 Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea! Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the



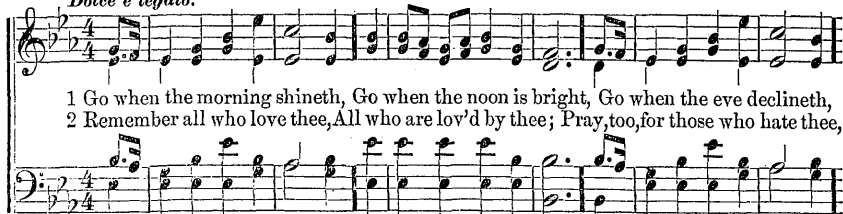
sea! And I love the precious word Which he spake to them that heard, While he
 sea! How he walk'd up-on the wave, His be-lov-ed ones to save, While he



taught the waiting people by the sea.
 bro't them safely o'er the stormy sea.

3 Oh! I love to think of Jesus as he walked
 beside the sea; [the shore;
 Where the fishers spread their nets upon
 How he bade them follow him, and forsake
 the paths of sin,
 And to be his true disciples evermore.
 ||: Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea! :||
 And I long to leave my all,
 At the dear Redeemer's call,
 And his true disciple evermore to be.

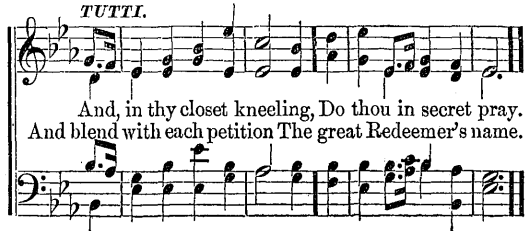
MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

Dolce e legato.


1 Go when the morning shineth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve declineth,
2 Remember all who love thee, All who are lov'd by thee; Pray, too, for those who hate thee,

SOLI.


Go in the hush of night; Go with pure mind and feeling, Fling earthly care a-way,
If an - y such there be; Thou for thyself, in meekness, A blessing humbly claim,

TUTTI.


3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
And, in thy closet kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.
E'en then, the silent breathing,
And blend with each petition The great Redeemer's name.
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

Whence came the armies of the sky John saw in visions bright? Whence came their crowns, their
Cho.—They look'd like men in uniform, They look'd like men of war; They all were clad in

robes, their palms, Too pure for mortal sight!
 armor bright, And conq'ring palms they bore

- 2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross,
 Victorious in the fight?
 Were these the trophies they had won,
 Reserved in worlds of light?—*Cho.*
- 3 Once they were mourners here below,
 And poured out cries and tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins and doubts and fears.—*Cho.*

- 4 They saw the star of Bethlehem
 Arise in splendor bright;
 They followed long its guiding ray,
 Till beamed a clearer light.—*Cho.*

- 5 From desert waste and cities full,
 From dungeons dark they've come,
 And now they claim their mansion fair;
 They've found their long sought home.—*Cho.*

*Second Chorus.**

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
 And ever faithful be;
 And when thou sittest on thy throne,
 Dear Lord, remember me!

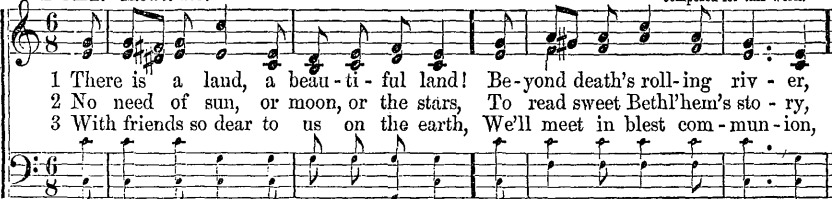
- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
Cho.—Help me, etc.

* May be used with any appropriate common metre hymn.

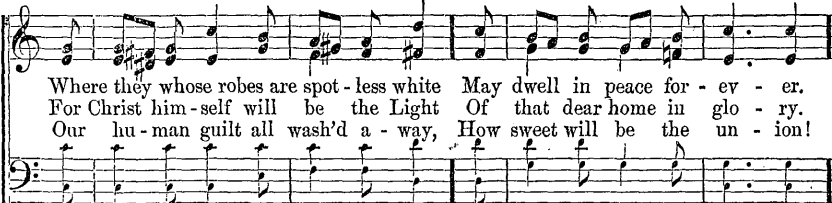
THE HEAVENLY LAND.

DUET.* *Moderato.*

Composed for this work.



1 There is a land, a beau-ti-ful land! Be-yond death's roll-ing riv-er,
 2 No need of sun, or moon, or the stars, To read sweet Beth'hem's sto-ry,
 3 With friends so dear to us on the earth, We'll meet in blest com-mun-ion,



Where they whose robes are spot-less white May dwell in peace for-ev-er.
 For Christ him-self will be the Light Of that dear home in glo-ry.
 Our hu-man guilt all wash'd a-way, How sweet will be the un-ion!

CHORUS.



In that fair land O may I stand, A child of grace at God's right hand,

And loud ho-san-nas sweet-ly sing To Christ, our Sa-viour, Lord, and King!

This system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

And loud ho-san-nas, loud ho-san-nas, Loud ho-san-nas sweet-ly sing;

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff maintains a steady accompaniment.

And loud ho-san-nas, loud ho-san-nas. To Christ, our Saviour, Lord, and King!

This system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a final chord and a double bar line. The bass staff also concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

* First four lines may be sung as a Solo or Quartette.

"THERE IS A STREAM."

Duet and Chorus, arranged for this work.

VOICE.

INST.

1 There is a stream,
2 That sacred stream,

There is a stream, There is a stream whose gen-tle flow Supplies the ci - ty
That sacred stream, That sac-cred stream thine ho - ly word, That all our rag - ing.

of our God,
fear con - trols.

Life, love, and joy still glid - ing through
Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford



Life, love, and joy still gliding thro, And wat'ring, And wat'ring, And wat'ring, And wat'ring,
Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength, And give new strength,



CHORUS.



And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.
And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.



Fine.



Sweet peace, Sweet peace thy promis-es, thy promis-es af - ford.



HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

Slowly and with expression.

From Anthem Thanksgiving.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with his arms,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

And car - ry them in his bosom, And car - ry them in his bosom.

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, flock like a shepherd,

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shepherd, And gath - er the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

lambs in his arms,----- And gath - er the lambs in his
And gath - er the lambs in his arms,----- And

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a melodic line in the treble staff and a supporting bass line. The lyrics are split across the two staves, with long horizontal lines indicating the continuation of the vocal line.

p arms,----- And gather the lambs in his arms, the lambs in his arms.
gather the lambs in his arms,-----

pp Rit. molto.

The final system concludes the piece. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music ends with a double bar line. Above the final measures, the instruction *pp Rit. molto.* is written, indicating a very soft, decelerating ending.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

J. P. TRUITT.

Cheerfully.

1 Oh, list to the peals of the merry Christmas bells! Glad tidings of great joy they bring, har-
2 The merry Christmas bells! they are telling of the night When shepherds saw an angel throng ar-

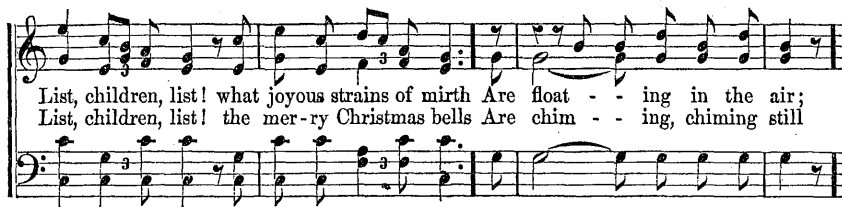
The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

monious - ly they swell; The mer - ry Christmas bells are sounding thro' the land,
rayed in splendor bright; They chanted as they came, and thus the cho - rus ran:

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has lyrics, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fine.
As har - bin - gers of peace and love, how glo - rious and how grand!
All glo - ry be to God on high, on earth good will to man!

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and the word 'Fine.' above it. The bass staff also ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.



First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

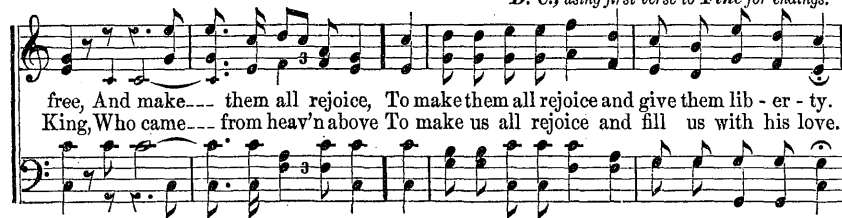
List, children, list! what joyous strains of mirth Are float - - ing in the air;
List, children, list! the mer-ry Christmas bells Are chim - - ing, chiming still



Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

They sing---- of royal birth, Of Salem's blessed King. He comes-- our hearts to
Their mu - - sic on the air Our hearts with rapture thrill. Oh, bless - ed be our

D. C., using first verse to Fine for endings.



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

free, And make---- them all rejoice, To make them all rejoice and give them lib - er - ty.
King, Who came--- from heav'n above To make us all rejoice and fill us with his love.

With expression.

Arranged from "New Lute of Zion."

1 Meet again! meet again! Words of faith how beau-ti-ful! By a lov'd one sweetly
2 Meet again! meet again! Balmy words at parting hour, When, the paths of life di-

spok - en, When the trembling heart is brok - en; How they cheer the fainting
verg - ing, We our diff'rent ways are urg - ing; Faith in Je - sus gives them

soul, How they cheer the fainting soul.
pow'r, Faith in Je - sus gives them pow'r.

3 Meet again! meet again!
When we're called to weep alone,
When the grave some friend hath taken,
These blest words shall joys awaken:
||: Meet again, with joys unknown. ||

4 Meet again! meet again!
Light divine the soul to cheer,
When the heart is filled with anguish,
When in death the frame doth languish,
||: Heavenly home and friends are near. ||

OUT IN THE WORLD.

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Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Music by FONDO.

1 My Mas-ter has giv'n me work, And I must be dil-i-gent, too,
2 Where sin its de-filement has wrought, And mis-er-y taint-ed the air,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/4 time and key of D major (two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For why should the har-vest be white? And why should the la-b'ers be few?
Where sorrow and sick-ness are rife, I know that my mis-sion is there.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

There's sure-ly a place in the field Where I may ac-complish some good;
It may be a smile, or a word That I in my fee-bleness speak,

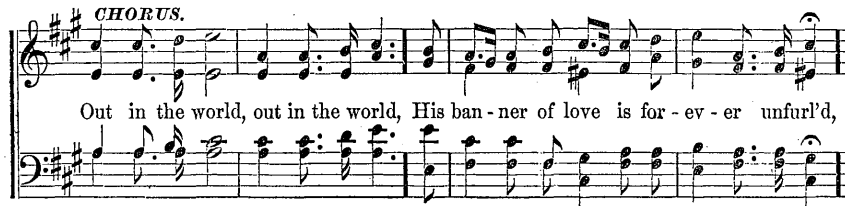
The third system of musical notation. It concludes the song with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Too long have I linger'd at ease, While oth - ers in i - dle-ness stood!
Will win back a soul from de-spair, And send a new glow to the cheek.

This musical system consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

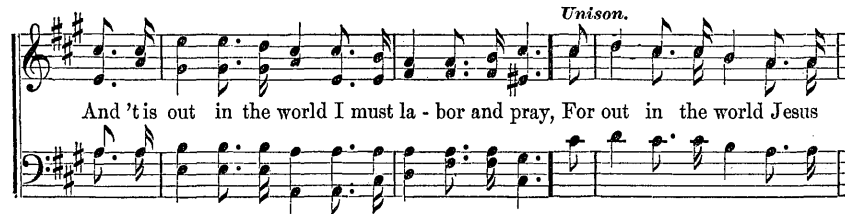
CHORUS.



Out in the world, out in the world, His ban - ner of love is for - ev - er unfurl'd,

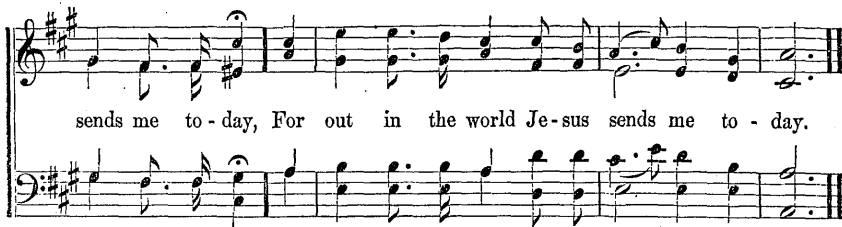
This musical system continues the piece with a chorus section. It features the same treble and bass staff arrangement in G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Unison.



And 'tis out in the world I must la - bor and pray, For out in the world Jesus

This musical system concludes the piece with a unison section. It features the same treble and bass staff arrangement in G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



sends me to - day, For out in the world Je - sus sends me to - day.

3 When Jesus descended in love,
To rescue a world from its sins,
Among all the outcast and poor
His wonderful work he begins;

He gave unto those who, with scorn,
His work and his wisdom denied,
And oh! for a world that he loved,
He cheerfully suffered and died.—*Cho.*

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1 A beautiful land, by faith, I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.

Cho.—Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;

The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.—*Cho.*

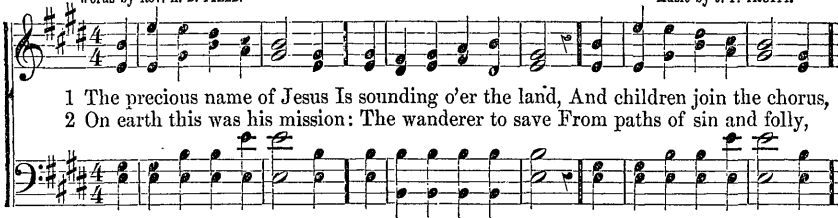
3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
Th'ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.—*Cho.*

4 The heavenly throng, arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.—*Cho.*

THE PRECIOUS NAME OF JESUS.

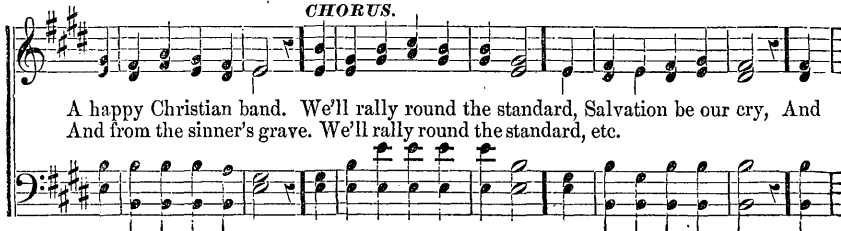
Words by Rev. A. D. FIELD.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.



1 The precious name of Jesus Is sounding o'er the land, And children join the chorus,
2 On earth this was his mission: The wanderer to save From paths of sin and folly,

CHORUS.



A happy Christian band. We'll rally round the standard, Salvation be our cry, And
And from the sinner's grave. We'll rally round the standard, etc.



wave the gospel banner Triumphantly on high.

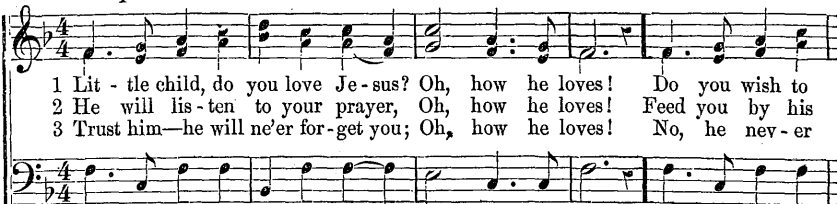
- 3 We love the blessed Saviour,
Who came on earth to die;
That all who will receive him
May reign with him on high.—*Cho.*
- 4 We'll join the glorious army
Who sing a Saviour's love,
And march along the pathway
That leads to joys above.—*Cho.*

LITTLE CHILD, DO YOU LOVE JESUS?

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With spirit.

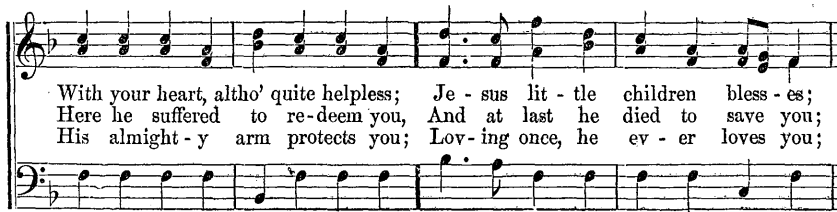
G. L.



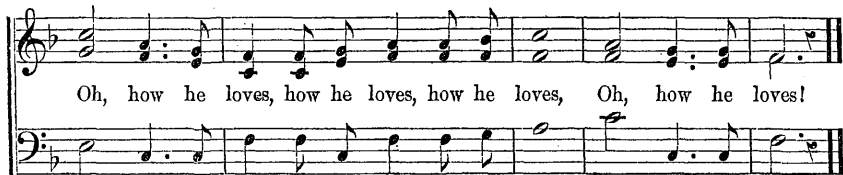
1 Lit - tle child, do you love Je - sus? Oh, how he loves! Do you wish to
 2 He will lis - ten to your prayer, Oh, how he loves! Feed you by his
 3 Trust him—he will ne'er for - get you; Oh, how he loves! No, he nev - er



go to heaven? Oh, how he loves! First of all, ask his for-give-ness
 tender care; Oh, how he loves! He became a child, juss like you;
 will forsake you; Oh, how he loves! None from his strong hand can pluck you;



With your heart, altho' quite helpless; Je - sus lit - tle children bless - es;
 Here he suffered to re-deem you, And at last he died to save you;
 His almight - y arm protects you; Lov - ing once, he ev - er loves you;



Concluded from opposite page.

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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3 How many dear children gently were laid
Down in the cold grave thro' the year that is
past!
So oft we heard them, as sweetly they played,
Wishing Happy New-Year—but are gone, gone
at last!—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 Oh, happy are they who strive to do well,
And seek the dear Lord ere he calls them
away;
Yes, happy souls, and above they shall dwell
With the angels at home, thro' a bright, endless
day.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HAPPY TO-DAY.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 How pleasant it is to hear the sweet song
Of children who sing their Redeemer's praise;
Oh, come and join such a light-hearted throng,
And be happy to-day, singing loud, cheering
lays!
<i>Cho.</i>—Come, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Teachers and classmates dear;
Our voices are strong for a Sabbath-School song,
And we all will be happy to-day,
Be happy to-day, : be happy to-day, :
And we all will be happy, yes, be happy to-day.</p> | <p>2 Come hither, ye pilgrims, weary and worn,
Who seek for repose from confusion and care;
Oh, hear those songs, on the soft breezes
borne,
And be happy to-day, while you meet with
them there.—<i>Cho.</i>
3 I know the bright angels listen above,
And clap their glad wings as they view the
fair sight,
And soon will come with a message of love,
Bearing us away to a mansion of light.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
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A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

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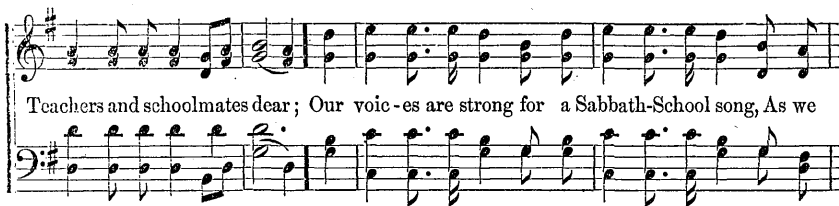
Words and Music by J. D. VINTON.

Lively. SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.

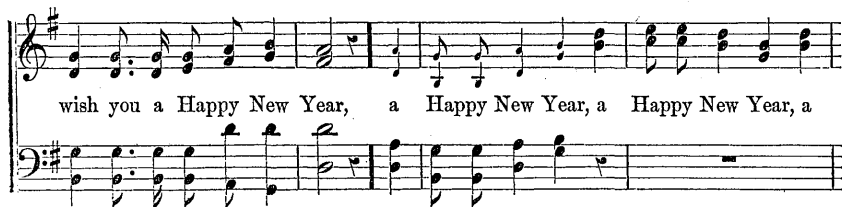
1 An - other bright year has flitted a - way, And with the long Past to e -
2 Its sorrows and joys like visions have flown, And man-y fair names the dark

ter - ni - ty gone; But hark! glad voic - es are hail - ing the day, With their
rec - ord contains; But still a - round us are voic - es well known, Wishing

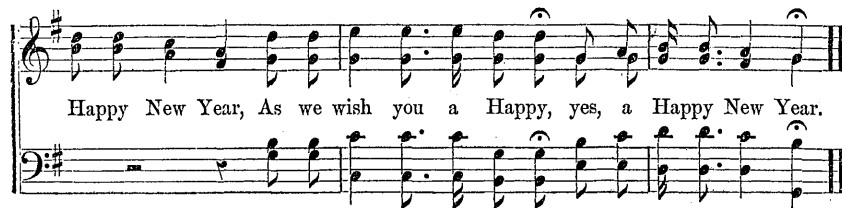
CHORUS.
Happy New-Year in the bright early dawn. Come, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy New-Year, with their loud, cheering strains. Come, fathers, mothers, sisters, etc.



Teachers and schoolmates dear; Our voices are strong for a Sabbath-School song, As we



wish you a Happy New Year, a Happy New Year, a Happy New Year, a

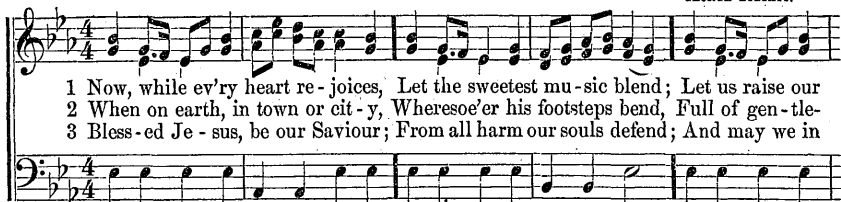


Happy New Year, As we wish you a Happy, yes, a Happy New Year.

JESUS IS THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

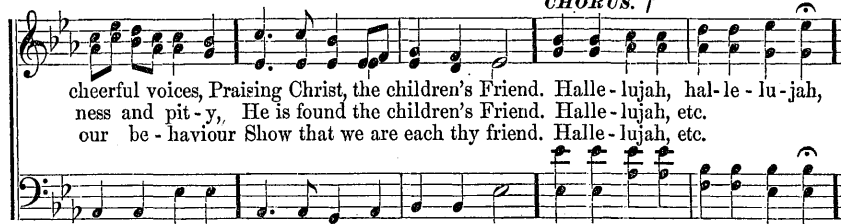
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GEORGE LYDIATT.



1 Now, while ev'ry heart re-joices, Let the sweetest mu-sic blend; Let us raise our
2 When on earth, in town or cit-y, Wheresoe'er his footsteps bend, Full of gen-tle-
3 Bless-ed Je-sus, be our Saviour; From all harm our souls defend; And may we in

CHORUS. *f*



cheerful voices, Praising Christ, the children's Friend. Halle-lujah, hal-le-lu-jah,
ness and pit-y, He is found the children's Friend. Halle-lujah, etc.
our be-haviour Show that we are each thy friend. Halle-lujah, etc.



p Je-sus is the children's Friend, *ff* Je-sus is the children's Friend.

LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY.

Andante.

Words by W. TEARNE.

1 Lord of life and glory, hear us; Let our pray'rs before thee rise; Only thou hast
 2 Lord, behold, our sins confessing, We approach thy mercy-seat: Give to each thy

3 When our hearts to folly lead us,
 When the foe of man is near,
 Be thy word a lamp to lead us,
 And our path thy Spirit clear.

4 May we follow Christ the lowly
 Through the humble vale of love;
 Every thought and word be holy,
 Till we reach our home above.

pow'r to save us Thro' th'Atoning Sacrifice.
 grace and blessing; Send us pardon'd from thy feet.

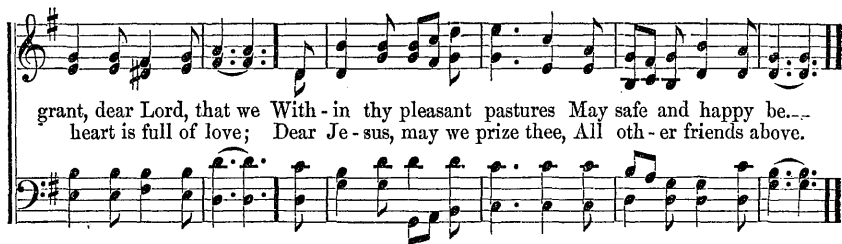
THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

Words and Music by JULIA B. GADY.

1 There is a ten-der Shepherd Who watches o'er his sheep, And they need fear no
 2 There is a Friend most tender, A Friend that's ever near; To all our wants and



e - vil, Who in his pastures keep; Christ Je - sus is that Shepherd—Oh!
sor - rows He bows a list - 'ning ear. That Friend is Christ, our Saviour; His



grant, dear Lord, that we With - in thy pleasant pastures May safe and happy be—
heart is full of love; Dear Je - sus, may we prize thee, All oth - er friends above.

3 There is a glorious heaven,
A sinless, happy home,
Where death can never enter,
And sorrow never come:
And to that blessed heaven
Christ only is the Way;
While keeping close to Jesus
We cannot go astray.

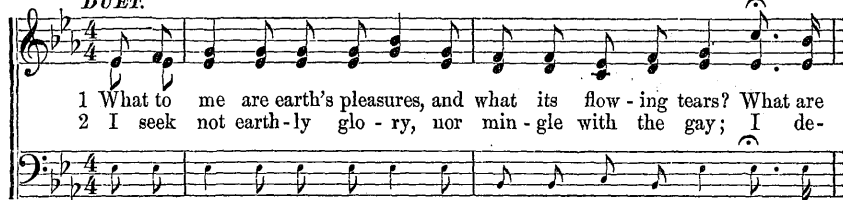
4 O blessed, holy Jesus,
Thou Shepherd kind and strong,
Thou Friend so true and loving,
May we to thee belong;
Our only Hope of heaven,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
May we, with sins forgiven,
Praise thee in endless day.

SORROW IS O'ER.

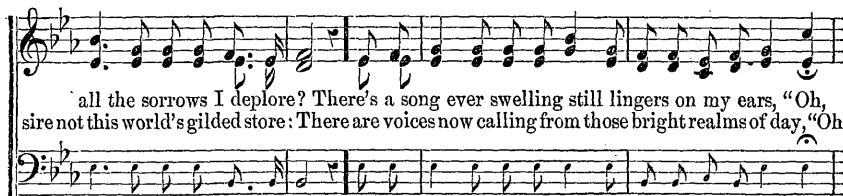
Music by S. C. FOSTER.

From "Happy Voices."

DUET.



1 What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flow - ing tears? What are
2 I seek not earth - ly glo - ry, nor min - gle with the gay; I de -

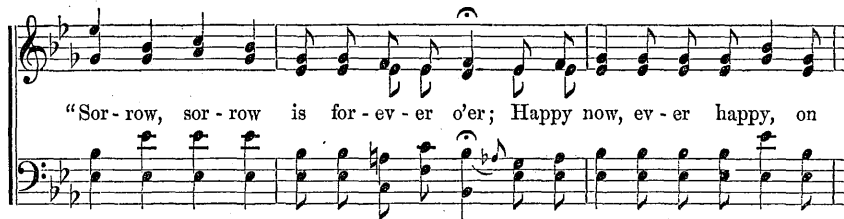


all the sorrows I deplore? There's a song ever swelling still lingers on my ears, "Oh,
sire not this world's gilded store: There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day, "Oh

CHORUS.



sorrow shall come a - gain no more." 'Tis a song from the home of the wea - ry:
sorrow shall come a - gain no more." 'Tis a song from the home, etc.



“Sor - row, sor - row is for - ev - er o'er; Happy now, ev - er happy, on



Canaan's peaceful shore; Oh, sor - row shall come a - gain no more.”

- 3 'T is a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'T is a song I've heard upon the shore;
'T is a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:
“Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.”—*Cho.*
- 4 'T is the loud-pealing anthem, the victor's holy song,
Where the conflict and the strife are o'er;
When the saved ones forever in joyous notes prolong:
“Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.”

CROWNED WITH LIGHT.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by W. T. PORTER.

1 Crown'd with light in a home of glo - ry, We shall sing with the an - gel band,
2 If we work in the world's great vineyard, If we la - bor and ne'er give oer,

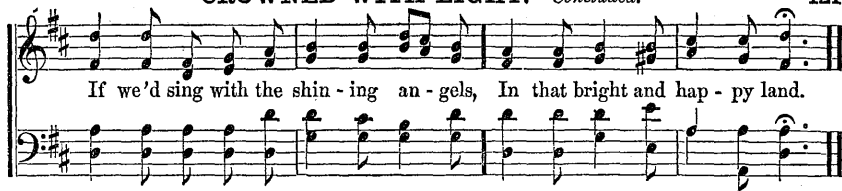
The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of the lyrics, and the second line corresponds to the second line of the lyrics.

If on earth we are on - ly faith - ful, As we march to the heav'nly land,
Sowing seed for the gold - en har - vest We shall reap on the oth - er shore.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.
Then, oh, then, let us all be faith - ful, Loving God and the blessed Saviour;

The chorus section of the song. It begins with the word 'CHORUS.' in bold. The musical notation continues with the same treble and bass staves. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



If we'd sing with the shin - ing an - gels, In that bright and hap - py land.

3 Let us pray for the Saviour's blessing,
Let us practice the golden rule;
Pleasant words and the deeds of mercy
We have learned in the Sabbath School.
Then, oh, then, etc.

4 Crown'd with light in the saints' sweet haven,
Robed in white in the better land,
If on earth we are only faithful,
We shall sing with the angel band.
Then, oh, then, etc.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er, our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

FOREVER WITH JESUS.

Words by E. A. AYARD.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.

1 For - ev - er with Je - sus, how bliss - ful the thought,— For - ev - er with
 2 For - ev - er with Je - sus! yes, aft - er a while, We'll dwell in his

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Jesus, by whom we are bought! No purchase so costly; no time can re - cord
 presence, and bask in his smile; We'll en - ter the Cit - y undarkened by night,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a longer melodic line with some ties. The bass staff continues with block chords and moving lines.

CHORUS.

A price half so precious—the life of our Lord. For - ev - er with Je - sus, how
 And praise him forev - er, in end - less delight. For - ev - er with Je - sus, etc.

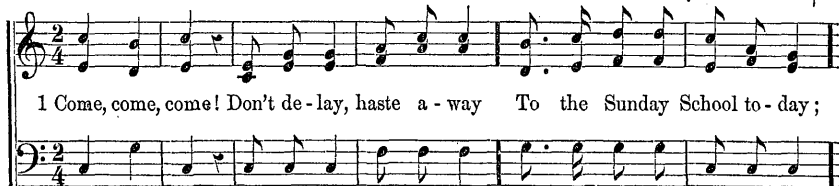
The chorus section begins with a new musical phrase. The treble staff starts with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth notes. The bass staff features a steady accompaniment of chords.



- bliss-ful the thought! For-ev-er with Je-sus, by whom we are bought.
- 3 If death shall come to us, by day or by night,
Our passports from Jesus will guide us aright;
No chance nor mishap then our entrance can bar,
For the bright, pearly gates stand forever ajar.—*Cho.*
- 4 We'll walk through its pathways, all goldenly paved,
With nations and kings of the earth that are saved;
And blossoms unfading we'll cull from the sod,
And drink bliss eternal from rivers of God.—*Cho.*
- 5 Each moment some action our time shall employ;
We'll speed on each mission with transports of joy;
We'll mingle our songs with the song of the spheres,
And lose in God's presence our mem'ry of tears.—*Cho.*
- 6 Forever with Jesus—oh, promise secure!
Forever with Jesus while heav'n shall endure;
These blest words shall cheer me, tho' rugged the road,
Till I enter the beautiful City of God.—*Cho.*

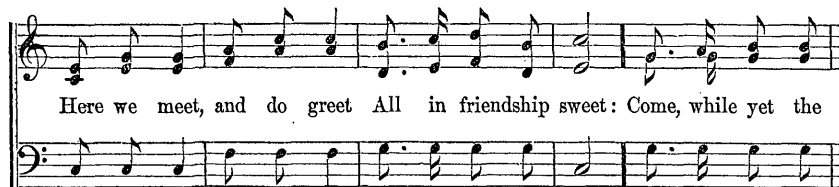
THE HAPPY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Contributed by GEORGE LYDIATT,



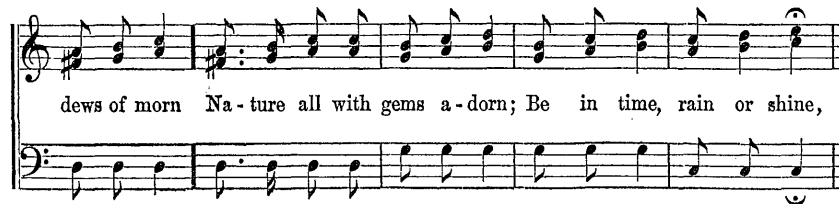
1 Come, come, come! Don't de-lay, haste a-way To the Sunday School to-day;

The first system of musical notation is in 2/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter rest. The accompaniment begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a quarter note C4.



Here we meet, and do greet All in friendship sweet: Come, while yet the

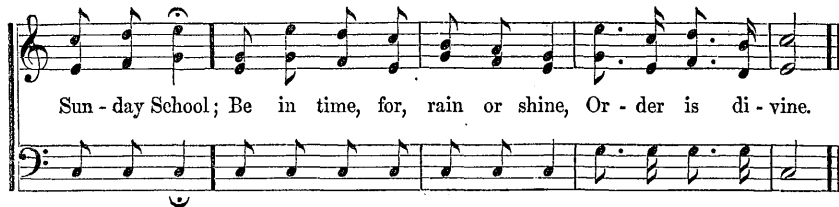
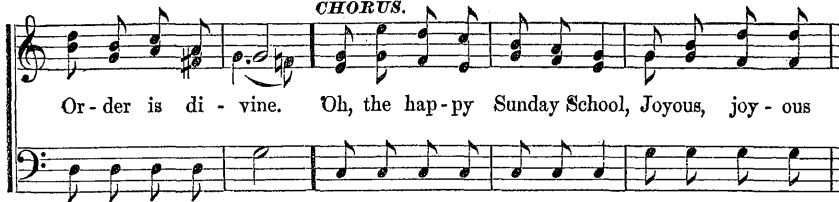
The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The bass staff accompaniment continues with a quarter note D4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note G4.



dews of morn Na-ture all with gems a-dorn; Be in time, rain or shine,

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff melody ends with a half note G5, and the bass staff accompaniment ends with a half note G4. The key signature changes to one sharp (F#) in the final measure of the treble staff.

CHORUS.



2 Come, come, come!
 Not a tear, nought of fear
 Nor of sorrow is found here;
 Faces bright, tempers right,
 Oh, the happy sight!
 Health and beauty all around,
 And no harsh or jarring sound,
 Light and free, full of glee,
 All is harmony.—*Cho.*

3 Come, come, come!
 Keep the way, do not stray—
 'T is the holy Sabbath day;
 Hie along, join the throng,
 In their grateful song:
 Hither come! who would decline
 Bliss so rare, and joys divine?
 Pleasures pure that endure,
 All may here secure.—*Cho.*

STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

SOLO.

PUCITTA.

{ Strike the cymbal, roll the tymbal, Let the trump of triumph sound;
From the riv-er, re-ject-ing quiver, Judah's he-ro takes the stone,

CHORUS.

Pow'rful slinging! headlong bringing Proud Go-li-ah to the ground: }
Spread your banners, shout ho-san-nas Bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone. }

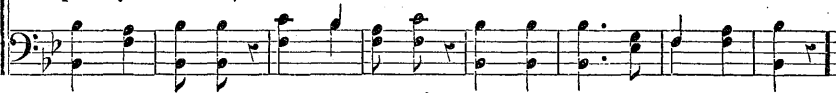
SOLO (Alto or Boy's).

See! ad-vances, with songs and dances, { All the band of Israel's daughters; }
Catch the sound, ye hills and waters! }

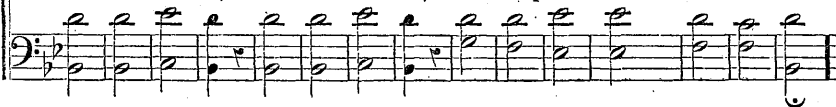
CHORUS.



Spread your banners, shout ho - sannas! Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.



God of thunder, rend a - sun - der, All the pow'r Phil - is - tia boasts!



What are nations? what their stations? Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.



STRIKE THE CYMBAL. *Concluded.*SOLO. *Slowly.**Faster.*

CHORUS.

What are haughty monarchs now? } Pride of princes, strength of kings, To the dust Jehovah
 Low before Je-hovah bow! }

brings. Praise him, praise him, ex-ult-ing nations, praise, Praise him, praise him, ex -

ult-ing nations, praise: Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na---

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.



1 The breaking waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a
When a band of ex - iles
2 Not as the cong'ror comes They, the true-hearted came: Not with the roll of the
They shook the depths of the

Fine.
stormy sky Their giant branches toss'd, And the heavy night hung dark The hills and waters o'er,
moor'd their bark On the wild New-England shore.
stirring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame; Not as the flying come, In silence and in fear;
desert gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd,—
This was their welcome home!</p> | <p>4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They've left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE OTHER SIDE.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission.

Words by S. L. CUTHBERT. Music by J. E. GOULD.

1 We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shin-ing beam
 2 The oth-er side! ah, there's the place Where saints in joy past times re-trace,

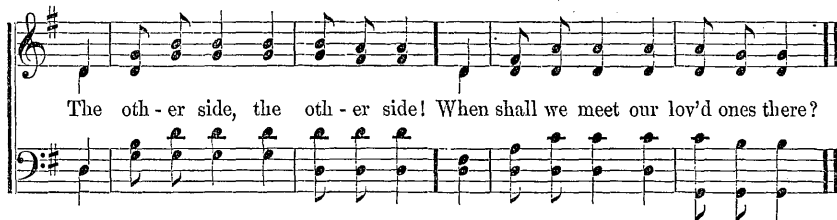
A - cross from yonder shore, A - cross from yonder shore; While vis-ions of a
 And think of tri - als gone, And think of tri - als gone; The veil withdrawn, they

ho - ly throng, And sound of harp and ser-aph song Seem gen-tly waft-ed o'er,
 clearly see That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safely home,

CHORUS.



Seem gently wafted o'er. O Zi-on, cit-y fair! O Zi-on, cit-y fair,
To bring them safely home. O Zi-on, cit-y fair! etc.



The oth-er side, the oth-er side! When shall we meet our lov'd ones there?

3 The other side, oh, charming sight!

Upon its banks, array'd in white,

||: For me a lov'd one waits; :||

Over the stream he calls to me,—

Fear not! I am thy Guide to be

||: Up to the pearly gates. :||—*Cho.*

4 The other side, the other side!

Who would not brave the swelling tide

||: Of earthly toil and care :||

To wake one day, when life is past,

Over the stream, at home at last,

||: With all the blest ones there. :||

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Words arranged.

Music by A. HULL.

1 My soul with rapture waits for thee, Beautiful vale of rest! My home beyond the
 2 Thy radiant fields and glowing skies, Beautiful vale of rest! Too pure and bright for

TRIO.

rolling sea, Beautiful vale of rest; I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The beauties
 mortal eyes, Beautiful vale of rest; Beside the living stream that flows The wea-ry

of thy tranquil shore, Where pain and sorrow come no more, Beautiful vale of rest.
 heart shall find repose; Thy pearly gates shall never close, Beautiful vale of rest.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful vale----- of rest, Beau-ti - ful vale----- of rest,
 Beau-ti - ful vale of rest, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest,

My soul with rap-ture waits for thee, O beau-ti - ful vale of rest,
Rit. poco.

3 The joys of earth, how soon they fade!
 Beautiful vale of rest;
 Like morning dew or evening shade,
 Beautiful vale of rest;
 Yet when we reach thy golden strand,
 Our gentle Saviour's promised land,
 We'll sing with all the angel band,
 Beautiful vale of rest.

4 Oh, who would dwell for ever here,
 Beautiful vale of rest;
 With joy, unfading joy, so near?
 Beautiful vale of rest;
 Oh, may I live, that I may wear
 A starry crown for ever there,
 And breathe thy sweet and balmy air,
 Beautiful vale of rest.

RESTING BY AND BY.

Words by Rev. SYDNEY DYER.

Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1 { When faint and weary toiling, The sweat drops on my brow, I long to rest from labor,
There comes a gentle chiding To quell each mourning sigh : -- [Omit]-----
2 { This life to toil is giv-en, And he improves it best Who seeks, by patient labor,
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary, Press on! the goal is nigh; -- [Omit]-----

To drop the burden now— } “Work while the day is shining, There’s resting by and by.”
To en-ter in-to rest; } The prize is straight before thee; There’s resting by and by.

CHORUS.

Resting by and by, There’s resting by and by,— We shall not always la-bor,

We shall not always cry; The end is drawing nearer, The end for which we

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

sigh; We'll lay our heav-y burdens down—There's resting by and by.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and harmony. It also consists of a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

3 Nor ask, when, overburdened,
 You long for friendly aid,—
 "Why idle stands my brother,
 No yoke upon him laid?"
 The Master bids him tarry,
 And dare you ask him why?
 "Go, labor in my vineyard;
 There's resting by and by."—*Cho.*

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,
 Let this thy strength sustain,—
 Each sheaf that fills the garner
 Brings you eternal gain.
 Then bear the cross with patience;
 To fields of duty hie;
 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
 There's resting by and by.—*Cho.*

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Lively.

1. To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, That they should do to me;
 2. I know I should not steal, or use The smallest thing I see, The smallest thing I see;
 3. But any kindness they may need, I'll do, whate'er it be, I'll do, whate'er it be;

Will make me honest, kind and good, As children ought to be; We never should behave amiss,
 Which I should never like to lose, If it be - longed to me; Nor others should I treat with spite,
 As I am very glad indeed When they are kind to me. Then let me ne'er at home or school,

Ritard a little.

Nor need be doubtful long, As we may al - ways tell by this If we are right or wrong.
 Or strike an angry blow; Because I should not think it right If they should treat me so.
 In ac - tion or in word, Appear not to have learned this rule Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

LET IT PASS.

137

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS. SOLO, *First time.*

1. Be not swift to take offence; Let it pass, let it pass. An-ger is a foe to sense;

D. S. Rather sing this cheery song—

SEMI-CHORUS. FINE. DUET, *Ad lib.* D. S. *Full Chorus.*

Let it pass, let it pass. Brood not darkly o'er a wrong, Which will disappear ere long;

Let it pass, let it pass.

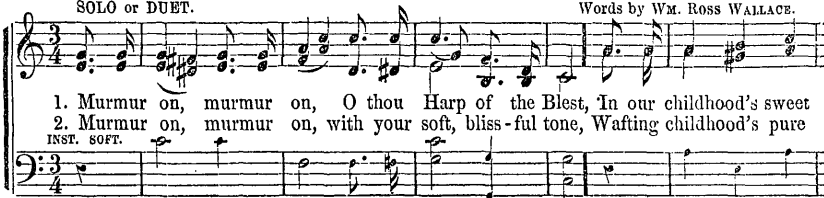
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| 2. | 3. | 4. |
| Strife corrodes the purest mind, | Echo not an angry word; | Bid your anger to depart, |
| Let it pass, let it pass. | Let it pass, let it pass. | Let it pass, let it pass. |
| As the unregarded wind, | Think how often you have erred; | Lay those homely words to heart, |
| Let it pass, let it pass. | Let it pass, let it pass. | Let it pass, let it pass. |
| Any vulgar souls that live | Since our joys must pass away, | Follow not the giddy throng— |
| May condemn without reprieve; | Like the dew drop on the spray, | Better to be wronged than wrong, |
| 'Tis the noble who forgive, | Wherefore should our sorrows | Therefore sing the cheery song, |
| Let it pass, let it pass. | Let it pass, let it pass. [stay? | Let it pass, let it pass. |

THE CELESTIAL HARP.

Music by A. HULL.

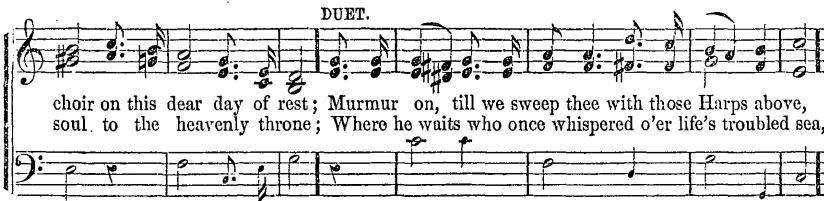
SOLO or DUET.

Words by WM. ROSS WALLACE.



1. Murmur on, murmur on, O thou Harp of the Blest, In our childhood's sweet
 2. Murmur on, murmur on, with your soft, bliss-ful tone, Wafting childhood's pure
 INST. SOFT.

DUET.



choir on this dear day of rest; Murmur on, till we sweep thee with those Harps above,
 soul to the heavenly throne; Where he waits who once whispered o'er life's troubled sea,

CHORUS. *P*



That the angels sweep ev-er for mer-cy and love. Mur-mur on, sweet Harp,
 "Suffer dear lit-tle chil-dren to come unto me." Mur-mur on, &c.

Murmur on, sweet Harp,

THE CELESTIAL HARP. (Concluded.)

139

mp *RITARD.*

Murmur on, sweet Harp, Murmur on, sweet Harp, O thou Harp of the blest.

Murmur on, sweet Harp, Murmur on, sweet Harp, &c.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the concluding part of 'THE CELESTIAL HARP'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in G major, marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a 'RITARD.' (ritardando) instruction. The lyrics are written below the staves.

3.

Murmur on, murmur on, all your sanctified lore,
Wreathing harmonies over that "Beautiful Shore."
"O, 'tis glorious" thus to be soothed by the hymn,
Singing bliss never-fading, and stars never dim.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Moderato.

1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for 'THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.' It is in 2/2 time and G major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a 'Moderato' tempo marking. The lyrics are written below the staff.

2.

To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

3.

To-day the Saviour calls!
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4.

The Spirit calls to-day—
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

THE ANGEL BAND.

Allegro. DUET or TRIO.

1. Ho - ly angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight,
 2. Tho' their forms we cannot see, They attend and guard our way, Till we join their company,

SEMI-CHORUS. Repeat Full Chorus.

Winged with mercy as they fly. { Don't you hear the angels coming? O - ver hill and plain;
 In the fields of heavenly day. } O, don't you hear them coming? Singing as they come;

Seat'ring heav'nly mu - sic in their train;
 (Omit this line in the repeat.) O, bear me, angels bear me to your home.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

141

1. Nothing, either great or small, Remains for me to do; Je - sus died and paid it all,
 2. When he from his lofty throne, Stooped down to do and die, Ev - ry thing was fully done;

D. S. *Jesus died and paid it all,*

FINE. CHORUS. *Rit.* D. S.
 Yes, all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all, Paid all the debt I owe;
 "'Tis finished!" was his cry. Je - sus paid it all, Paid all the debt I owe;

Yes, all the debt I owe.

3. Weary, working, plodding one,
 O, wherefore toil ye so?
 Cease your "doing"—all was done,
 Yes, ages long ago. *Chorus.*

4. When to Jesus' work you cling,
 By simple faith alone;
 Trusting him will pardon bring,
 Since Jesus all hath done. *Chorus.*

THE ANGEL BAND. *Concluded.*

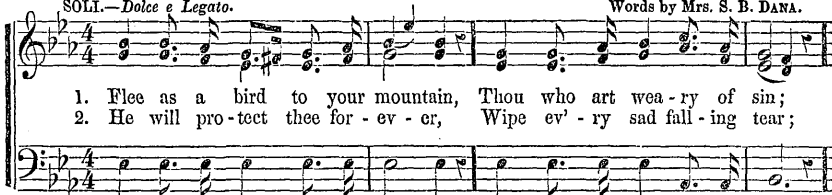
3. Had we but an angel's wing,
 And an angel's heart of flame,
 O, how sweetly would we ring,
 Thro' the world the Saviour's name. *Cho.*

4. Yet methinks if I should die,
 And become an angel too,
 I, perhaps, like them might fly,
 And the Saviour's bidding do. *Chorus.*

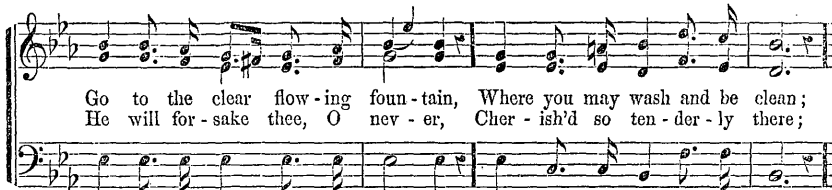
FLEE TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

SOLI.—*Dolce e Legato.*

Words by Mrs. S. B. DANA.

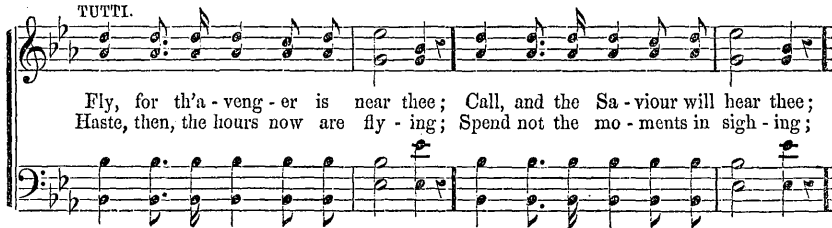


1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;
 2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev' - ry sad fall - ing tear;



Go to the clear flow-ing foun-tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
 He will for - sake thee, O nev - er, Cher - ish'd so ten - der - ly there;

TUTTI.



Fly, for th'a - veng - er is near thee; Call, and the Sa - viour will hear thee;
 Haste, then, the hours now are fly - ing; Spend not the mo - ments in sigh - ing;

FLY TO YOUR MOUNTAIN. (Concluded.)

143

SOPR. and ALTO. — *Ral - len - tan - do.*

He on his bo - som will bear thee, O thou, who art wea - ry of sin,
Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing; The Saviour will wipe ev' - ry tear,

O thou, who art wea - ry of sin.
The Sa - viour will wipe ev' - ry tear.

3. Come, then, to Jesus thy Saviour,
He will redeem thee from sin;
Bless with a sense of his favor,
Make thee all glorious within :
Call, for the Saviour is near thee,
Waiting in mercy to hear thee;
And by his presence to cheer thee,
O thou, who art weary of sin,
O thou, who art weary of sin.

Tune—THE PROMISED LAND.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. : I have a Father in the promised land, :
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land. | 3. : I have a crown in the promised land, :
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land. |
| Cho. : I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :
My Father calls me, &c. | Cho. : I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land, :
When Jesus calls me, &c. |
| 2. : I have a Saviour in the promised land, :
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land. | 4. : I hope to meet you in the promised land, :
At Jesus' feet a joyous band :
We'll praise him in the promised land. |
| Cho. : I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :
My Saviour calls me, &c. | Cho. : I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :
At Jesus' feet, &c. |

BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky; One star alone, of
 2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawn'd and

all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. Hark, hark! to God the cho-rus breaks,
 rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark. Deep horror then my vi - tals froze,

SOLI. TUTTI.

From ev'-ry host, from ev'ry gem; But one a - lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem; When sudden-ly a star a - rose, It was the Star,

BETHLEHEM'S STAR. (Concluded.)

145

Cres.

Legato.

Dim.

It is the Star, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.
 it was the Star, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.

pp

3. It was my guide, my life, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forever more,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Illumes the distant earth, And cheers the sol - emn
 2. There's not a cloud whose dews distill Upon the parching clod, And clothe with verdure

gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth.
 vale and hill, That is not sent by God.

3. There's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,
 For God is everywhere.
4. Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There Heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with goodness blends.

DARE TO BE RIGHT!

SEMI-CHORUS. *With Energy.*

Words by G. L. TAYLOR.

1. Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do.
 2. Dare to be right! dare to be true! Oth - er men's failures can nev - er save you.

Retard a little.

Do it so brave - ly, so kind - ly, so well, Angels will hasten the sto - ry to tell.
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, Stand like a he - ro, and battle till death.

CHORUS. *A Tempo.*

Then dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;

DARE TO BE RIGHT. (Concluded.)

147

Ritard a little.

Then dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do.

3. Dare to be right! dare to be true!

God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head. *Cho.*

4. Dare to be right! dare to be true!

Cannot omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right. *Cho.*

THE GOLDEN THRONE.

1. There is a place where angels dwell, There is a place where angels dwell, There is a place where
2. It takes a ver - y humble child, It takes a ver - y humble child, It takes a ver - y

CHO. Then always go to the Sunday school, Then always go to the Sunday school, Then always go to the

angels dwell, 'Tis close by the golden throne.
humble child, To stand by the golden throne.

Sunday school, And learn the golden rule.

3. We'll mingle with the angels bright, &c.
Around the golden throne.

4. We'll wander by the river of life, &c.
That flows from the golden throne.

5. There' room enough for all to stand, &c.
Around the golden throne.

6. Dear parents will you meet us there, &c.
Around the golden throne.

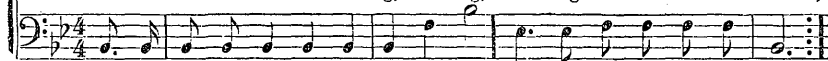
THE TREE OF LIFE.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.



1. There's a tree that's ev - er growing, growing, Growing on the heav'nly shore ;
Where the stream of Life is flow - ing, flow - ing, Flowing on for - ev - er - more !



D. C. There the tree of Life is growing, &c.

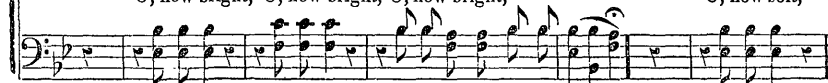
FULL CHORUS.

Cres.

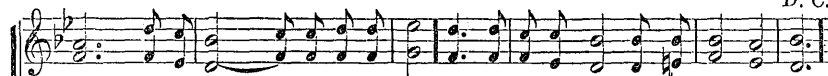
Cres.



O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how bright... the flowers grow, O, how soft, O, how
O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how soft,



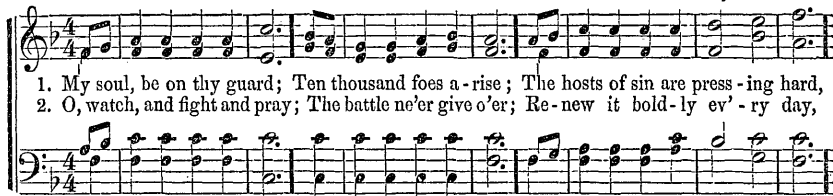
D. C.



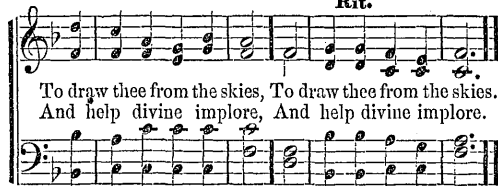
soft, O, how soft..... the waters flow, On that heav'nly shore, On that heav'nly shore.
O, how soft, O, how soft,



From "Vestry Chimes."



Rit.



3. Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.
4. Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

THE TREE OF LIFE. *Concluded.*

2.

Its bright flowers are ever flinging, flinging,
 Flinging perfume on the air,
 While angelic harps are ringing, ringing,
 Ringing heav'nly music there!
 Oh, how sweet the angels sing,
 Oh, how loud their glad harps ring,
 In those regions fair!

3.

Its green leaves are for the healing, healing,
 Healing of the nations all;
 Send the glorious tidings pealing, pealing,
 Pealing like the trumpet's call!
 Tell all men this wondrous tree
 From all pain shall set them free,
 If on Christ they call!

THE SONG OF HEAVEN.

(Christmas Hymn.)

SOLO or DUET.

Three beats to a measure.

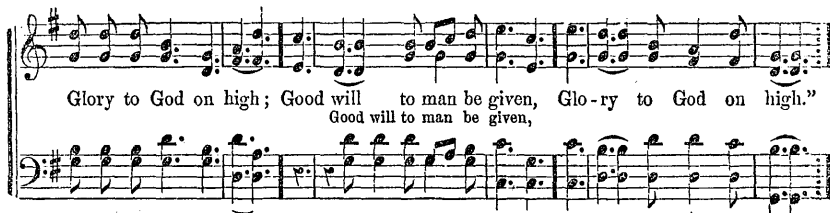
1. Sweet is the song of heaven, The an-them of the sky; Good will to man be giv-en,
2. While ev'ry heart re-joices, To sing of peace on earth; We'll tune our cheerful voices,

INST.

FULL CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God on high. Sweet is the song of heaven, The an - - them of the sky,
To sing a Saviour's birth. Sweet is the song of heaven, The anthem of the sky;

"Good will to man be giv-en, Glo-ry to God on high." Glory to God on high,
Good will to man be giv-en,



3. Publish the great salvation ;
 Repeat the joyful strain,
 Through every land and nation,
 O'er every hill and plain.
 Sweet is the song, &c.

4. Let notes of joy and gladness
 The cheerful strain prolong,
 Nor let one note of sadness
 Be mingled with the song.
 Sweet is the song, &c.

TUNE, "HEAVEN IS MY HOME," p. 64.

Thy favor is Life.
 Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine !
 Break, every tender tie,
 Jesus is mine !
 Dark is this wilderness ;
 Earth has no resting place
 Jesus alone can bless ;
 Jesus is mine !
 2.
 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine !

Here would I ever stray,
 Jesus is mine !
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away ;
 Jesus is mine !
 3.
 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine !
 Lost in this dawning bright,
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried,

Left but a dismal void ;
 Jesus has satisfied ;
 Jesus is mine !
 4.
 Farewell, mortality
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, eternity,
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, O loved and blest ;
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest ;
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast ;
 Jesus is mine !

THE BEST FRIEND.

SOLO, *by a Boy.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

SOLO.

1. Schoolmates, while we sojourn here, Strive we must, but never fear, Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 2. In the world a thousand snares, Lie to take us un-a-ware; Satan, with malicious art,

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

One who loves us to the end; Forward then, with courage go, Long we shall not dwell below;
 Watches each unguarded heart; But from Satan's malice free, We shall soon victorious be;

UNISON.

Soon the joyful news will come, Child, your Father calls, come home.

3.

But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet—
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls, come home.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

153

SOLO, DUET or TRIO.

CHORUS.

1. { Be - yond life's raging fever, Beyond life's troubled dream, }
 { Beyond death's surging river, Beyond that sullen stream; } The Saint shall dwell in glory,

Rit.
 In beau - ty fading not; Oh! Pil - grim are you praying, That this may be your lot.

2.

Beyond this land of sighing,
 Where countless tears are shed,
 Beyond the sick and dying,
 Beyond the mouldering dead;
 The saint shall dwell, &c.

3.

Beyond this scene of trial,
 Where heart and flesh do fail;
 Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
 Beyond the gloomy vale;
 The saint shall dwell, &c.

4.

Beyond the thought of grieving,
 A kind and gracious God;
 Beyond the fear of sinning,
 Beyond the chast'ning rod;
 The saint shall dwell, &c.

5.

Beyond Earth's weary burden,
 The cross, the scourge, the rod;
 The saint shall dwell in glory,
 The saint shall dwell with God,
 The saint shall dwell, &c.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

DUET.—Repeat first verse Full Chorus.

1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watch - ing on the shore,
 2. Though the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud - ly roar;

On - ly wait - ing for the boat - man, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
 Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.

2.
 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
 And its billows loudly roar;
 Yet we hear the song of angels,
 Wafted from the other shore.
 We are waiting, &c.

3.
 And the bright celestial city,
 We have caught such radiant gleams,
 Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
 With its sweet and peaceful streams.
 We are waiting, &c.

4.
 He has called for many a loved one,
 We have seen them leave our side,
 With our Saviour we shall meet them,
 When we too have crossed the tide.
 We are waiting, &c.

5.
 When we've passed that vale of shadows
 With its dark and chilling tide;
 In that bright and glorious city
 We shall evermore abide.
 We are waiting, &c.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

155

SEMI-CHORUS.—*Moderato.*

Poetry By R. TORREY, JR.

1st. 2d.

1. { Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a - - (omit) - - round thy soul!
2. { Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall - - (omit) - - own him Lord!

FULL CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Unison.

Stand up for Je - sus, nobly stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand! Stand up, his righteous

cause defend; Stand up for Jesus your best friend.

3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry. *Chorus.*
4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on Heaven's bright
shore. Stand up for Jesus, &c.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

DUET.—Repeat just verse Full Chorus.

1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watch - ing on the shore,
 2. Though the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud - ly roar;

On - ly wait - ing for the boat - man, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
 Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.

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 We are waiting, &c.

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Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall - - (omit) - - own him Lord!

FULL CHORUS. *A little faster.*

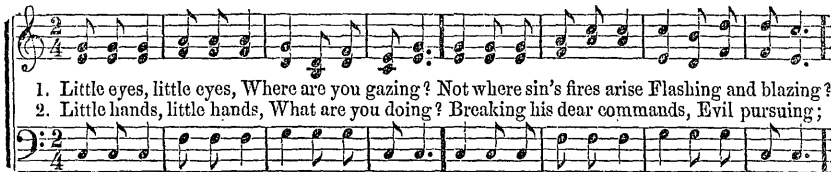
Unison.

Stand up for Je - sus, nobly stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand! Stand up, his righteous

cause defend; Stand up for Jesus your best friend.

3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry. *Chorus.*
4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on Heaven's bright
shore. Stand up for Jesus, &c.

LITTLE ONES, LISTEN.



3.
Little tongue, little tongue,
What are you saying?
Speak ne'er a word of wrong
Working or playing.
Speak but for love and truth—
Holy and winning:
In the sweet bloom of youth,
Heaven's song beginning.

4.
Little feet, little feet,
Where are you moving?
Let not the tempter meet
Steps idly roving!

Walk where the good have trod,
Heavenward before you;
Christ's feet have pressed the sod,
He watches o'er you.

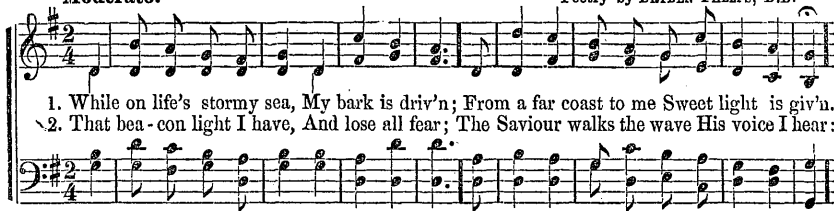
5.
Little heart, little heart,
Seeking God's altar—
Choosing the better part—
O, do not falter!
Gentle, and wise, and pure,
All to him given;
Thine is the promise sure
"Written in heaven."

THE BEACON LIGHT.

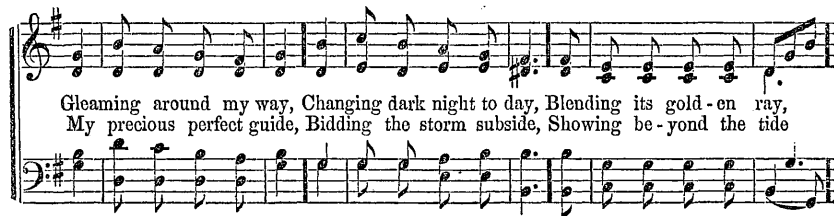
157

Moderato.

Poetry by DRYDEN PHELPS, D.D.



1. While on life's stormy sea, My bark is driv'n; From a far coast to me Sweet light is giv'n.
 2. That bea-con light I have, And lose all fear; The Saviour walks the wave His voice I hear:



Gleaming around my way, Changing dark night to day, Blending its gold-en ray,
 My precious perfect guide, Bidding the storm subside, Showing be-yond the tide

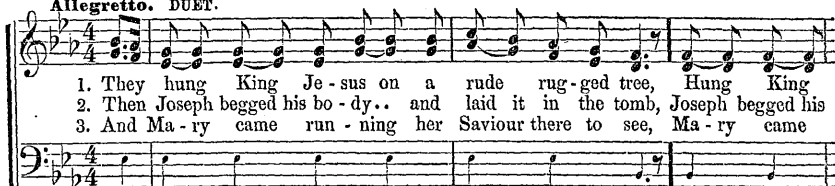


With hues of heaven, With hues of heaven.
 Skies heav'nly clear, Skies heav'nly clear.

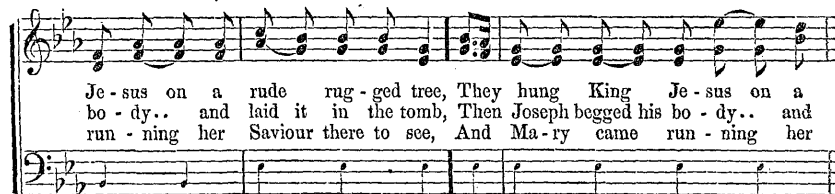
3.
 I feel thy magnet powers,
 Bright world to come;
 Faith sees thy glorious bowers,
 Where angels roam:
 Where loved ones gone before,
 Now beckon from the shore,
 And make me long the more
 For them and home,
 For them and home.

THE RESURRECTION.

Allegretto. DUET.



1. They hung King Je - sus on a rude rug - ged tree, Hung King
 2. Then Joseph begged his bo - dy.. and laid it in the tomb, Joseph begged his
 3. And Ma - ry came run - ning her Saviour there to see, Ma - ry came



Je - sus on a rude rug - ged tree, They hung King Je - sus on a
 bo - dy.. and laid it in the tomb, Then Joseph begged his bo - dy.. and
 run - ning her Saviour there to see, And Ma - ry came run - ning her



rude rug - ged tree, But the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.
 laid it in the tomb, But the Lord conveyed his spi - rit home.
 Saviour there to see, But the Lord had ris - en from the tomb.

THE RESURRECTION. (Concluded.)

159

CHORUS.

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead;

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead;

He rose, he rose, he rose, &c. He rose, he rose, he rose, &c.

He rose, he rose, he rose, from the dead, But the Lord conveyed his spi-rit home.

He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead, But the Lord conveyed his spi-rit home.

He rose, he rose, he rose, &c.

4.

Go tell my disciples I've gone to Galilee,
For the Lord had risen from the tomb.
He rose, &c.

5.

Go preach to every nation and tell to dying men,
That the Lord was dead but lives again.
He rose, &c.

OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

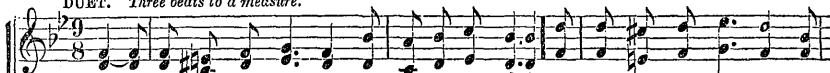
Allegretto.—DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Tho' fierce the howling winds may blow, While o'er life's ra - ging sea we go, we go,
2. Tho' ly - ing to with close-reefed sail, While o'er us beats the fu - rious gale,....

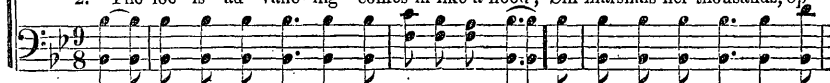
CHORUS.

And heave our vessels to and fro, Our Father's at the helm, Our Father's at the helm.
Our childlike faith will never fail, Our Father's at the helm, Our Father's at the helm.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3. Tho' mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies,
Our Father's at the helm.</p> <p>4. Tho' down we plunge, deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save,
Our Father's at the helm.</p> <p>5. Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say,
Our Father's at the helm.</p> | <p>6. Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near.
The child can sing without a fear,
Our Father's at the helm.</p> <p>7. O, blessed consolation given
To saints while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heaven,
Their Father's at the helm.</p> <p>8. Then let us join our cheerful song,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,
For Father's at the helm.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

DUET. *Three beats to a measure.*

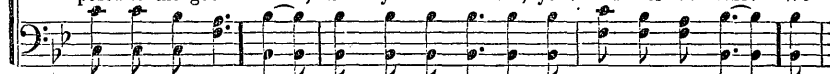
1. The Sunday school ar-my, unflinching and brave, Pre-par-ing for du-ty, this
2. The foe is ad-vanc-ing—comes in like a flood; Sin marshals her thousands, op-



CHO.—Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, who died on a tree, To o-pen a fountain for



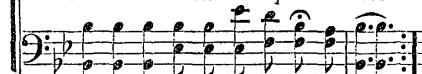
country shall save. The tac-tics of warfare they're learning to-day; The posed to the good. Then, Sunday school children, your ban-ner un-furl! We



chil-dren like me; Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus—Sal-va-tion is free—And

Repeat, Full Chorus.

foe they shall conquer, for God is their stay.
read in its motto the hope of the world.



in this great army I'm happy to be.

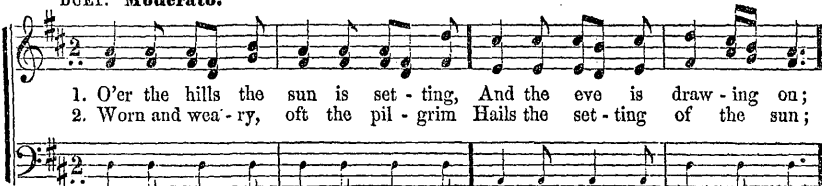
3.

'Neath the love of God's word take a firm, noble stand,
Then rally around you all, all that you can;
Yes, fill each division, till aged and youth
Shall join this great army to study the truth.

4.

Then arm and equip—'tis free, without cost;
Prepare for the battle, nor fear the dark host
Of sin and delusion—you need not dismay;
Choose Jesus your Captain, he'll sure win the day.

NEARER HOME.

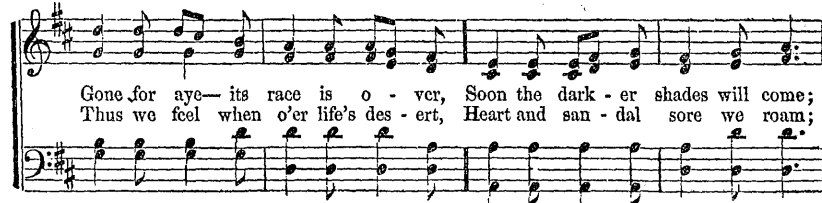
DUET. *Moderato.*


1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw - ing on;
2. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;



Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For a - noth - er day is gone;
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.

CHORUS.



Gone for aye— its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come;
Thus we feel when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal sore we roam;

Still, 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.
As the twi - light ga - thers o'er us, We are one day near - er home.

3.
Nearer home! yes, one day nearer,
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

4.
"One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

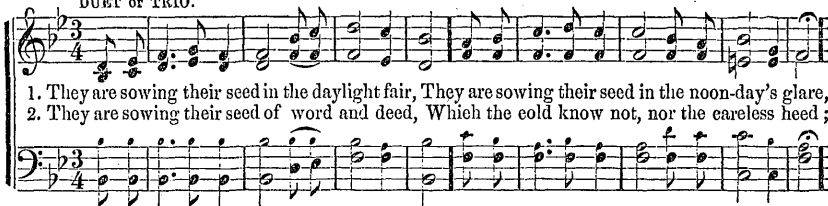
LITTLE THINGS.

1 Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the beauteous land.
2. And the little moments, Humble tho' they be, Make the mighty ages Of e - ter - ni - ty.

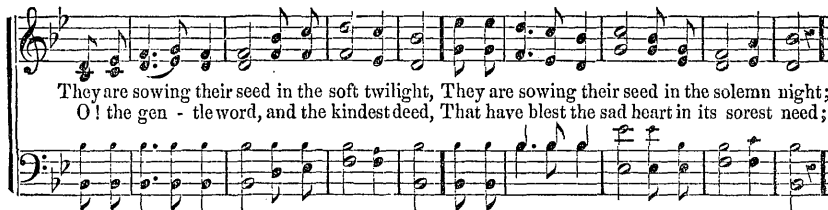
3. So our lit - tle errors Lead the soul away From the paths of virtue, Oft in sin to stray.
4. Little deeds of kindness, Little deeds of love, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heav'n above.
5. Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

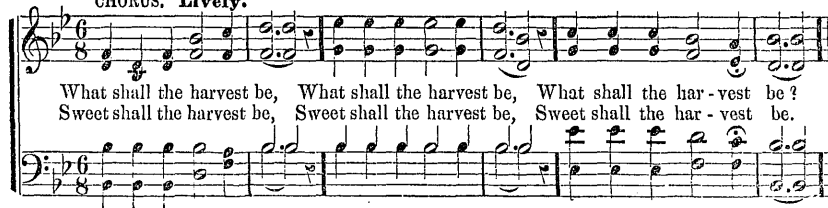
DUET or TRIO.



1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair, They are sowing their seed in the noon-day's glare,
2. They are sowing their seed of word and deed, Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;



They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight, They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
O! the gen - tle word, and the kindest deed, That have blest the sad heart in its sorrest need;

CHORUS. *Lively.*


What shall the harvest be, What shall the harvest be, What shall the har - vest be?
Sweet shall the harvest be, Sweet shall the harvest be, Sweet shall the har - vest be.

Moderato.

1. Rock of a-ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; }
 Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd; } Be of sin the double cure,

2. Could my tears forever flow, While I draw this fleeting breath,
 Could my zeal no languor know, When my eyes shall close in death,
 Save me Lord and make me pure. These for sin could not atone, When I rise to worlds unknown,
 Thou must save and thou alone; And behold thee on thy throne—
 In my hand no price I bring, Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Simply to thy cross I cling. Let me hide myself in thee.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST, *Concluded.*

3.
 Some are sowing the seed of noble deed,
 With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed,
 With a ceaseless hand in the earth they sow,
 And the fields are all whitening where'er they go,
 Rich will the harvest be!

4.
 And there's many yet standing with idle hands,
 Still they're scattering seed throughout the land,

And some are sowing the seeds of care,
 Which their soil long has borne and it still must
 Sad will the harvest be! [bear;

5.
 Whether sown in darkness or sown in light,
 Whether sown in weakness or sown in might,
 Whether sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
 In the broadest highway or the shadowy path;
 Sure will the harvest be.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Moderato.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee ; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me ;
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone ; Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone ;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

3.
There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

4.
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise ;
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

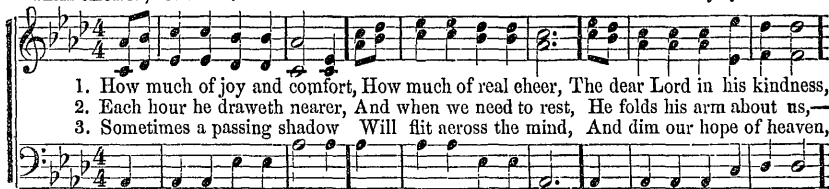
5.
Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky ;
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

THE WAY HE LEADS US.

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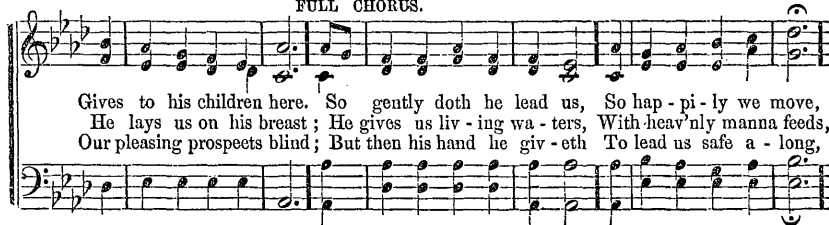
SEMI-CHORUS,—*Moderato*.

Poetry by CHILSON.

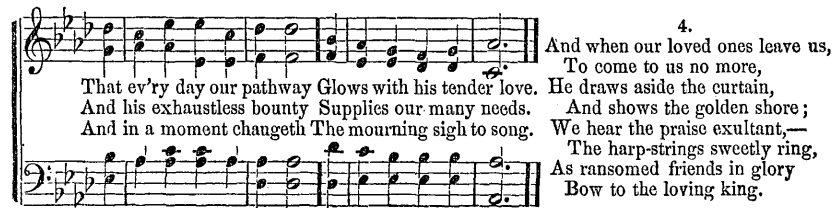


1. How much of joy and comfort, How much of real cheer, The dear Lord in his kindness,
 2. Each hour he draweth nearer, And when we need to rest, He folds his arm about us,—
 3. Sometimes a passing shadow Will flit across the mind, And dim our hope of heaven,

FULL CHORUS.



Gives to his children here. So gently doth he lead us, So hap - pi - ly we move,
 He lays us on his breast ; He gives us liv - ing wa - ters, With heav'nly manna feeds,
 Our pleasing prospects blind ; But then his hand he giv - eth To lead us safe a - long,



4. And when our loved ones leave us,
 To come to us no more, He draws aside the curtain,
 And shows the golden shore ;
 We hear the praise exultant,—
 The harp-strings sweetly ring,
 As ransomed friends in glory
 Bow to the loving king.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Allegretto.

From "Vestry Chimes."

1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is marked 'Allegretto' and is from 'Vestry Chimes'.

CHORUS.

That was slain. Glory, hal-le-lujah! Praise him, hallelujah! Glory, hal-le-lujah, To the Lamb.

The chorus is in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is marked 'Allegretto' and is from 'Vestry Chimes'.

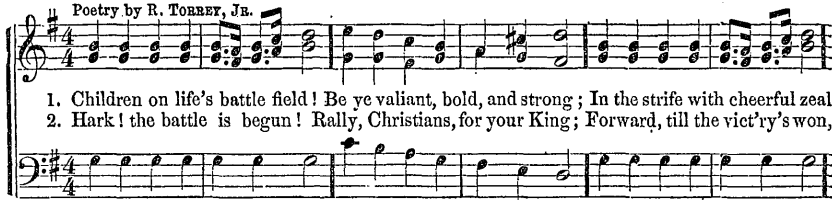
2. Sons of morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise;
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb. *Chorus.*
3. See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb. *Chorus.*
4. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"

- Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb, *Chorus.*
5. Penitents, dry up your tears,
God has heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb. *Chorus.*
6. Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still
Till we all on Zion's hill,
See the Lamb. *Chorus.*

LIFE'S BATTLE FIELD.

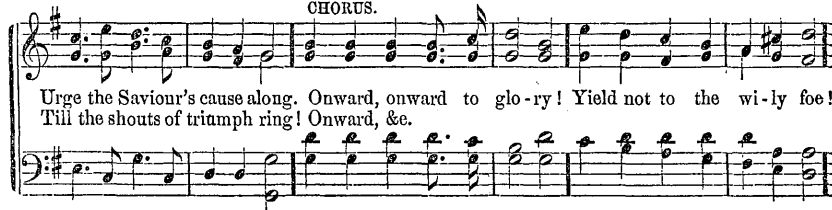
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Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.



1. Children on life's battle field! Be ye valiant, bold, and strong; In the strife with cheerful zeal
2. Hark! the battle is begun! Rally, Christians, for your King; Forward, till the vict'ry's won,

CHORUS.



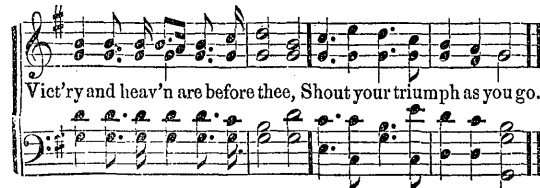
Urge the Saviour's cause along. Onward, onward to glo-ry! Yield not to the wi-ly foe!
Till the shouts of triumph ring! Onward, &c.

3.

Jesus calls us to the field!
He will lead us evermore;
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
Till the mighty conflict's o'er.

4.

Then in yonder world of light
We will lay our armor down;
And mid throngs of angels bright,
Each receive a starry crown.



Vict'ry and heav'n are before thee, Shout your triumph as you go.

LOOK FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Pilgrims on the burning sand, Look away, yes, look away; Yonder is the promised land,
2. If the way seems dark and drear, Look away, yes, look away; Jesus calls thee, never fear,

Look, look a - way. Je - sus bids his followers "come," There you'll find a happy home;
Look, look a - way. By the eye of faith you'll see, Mansions there prepared for thee;

CHORUS.

Should your lot be hard to bear, &c.
Jesus will thy burdens share, &c.
With each trial grace is given,
Grace which points thee up to heaven.
Look away, &c.

Look away, look away, Look for the promised land.
Look away, look away, Look for the promised land.

When the tempest's most severe, &c.
Jesus comes, thy heart to cheer, &c.
Pearly gates you'll soon behold,
Streets all paved with shining gold.
Look away, &c.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

Words by DANIEL WARREN.

1. Our Sabbath School, our Sabbath School, The sweetest place to us on earth:
 Chorus. O Je - sus dear, we will not fear, With heart and soul and all our might,

Repeat Full Chorus.

Where Je - sus meets, and lov - ing greets The lit - tle Pil - grim's birth.
 To love thee here, till thou ap - pear, In realms of glo - ry bright.

2.

Each little one, that's just begun,
 To walk in wisdom's shining road,
 With holy light, he'll guide aright,
 Unto his blest abode.
 O Jesus dear, &c.

3.

This Sabbath morn, we'll travel on,
 Nor leave our glorious King's highway—
 With heart and hand, our little band,
 Will serve him all the day.
 O Jesus dear, &c.

4.

With sweet delight, we'll all unite
 To praise our Saviour ever dear;
 In pleasant lays we'll sing his praise,
 Who loves our praise to hear.
 O Jesus dear, &c.

5.

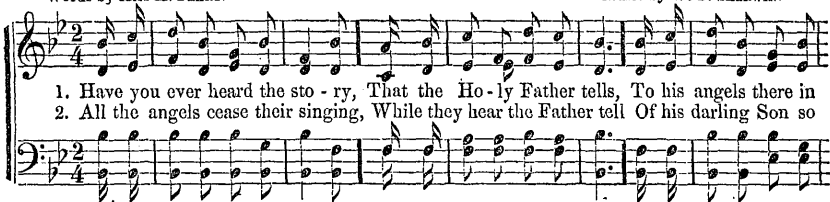
From morning life, to age's strife,
 We'll serve and praise our heavenly King;
 And then on high, above the sky,
 Shall praise eternal ring.
 O Jesus dear, &c.

O! BE GLAD, YE CHILDREN.

Words by Miss M. FEARY.

From "Little Wanderer's Friend," by permission.

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

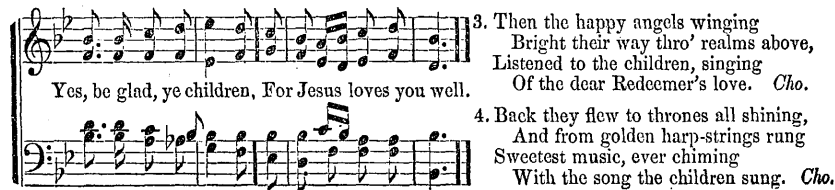


1. Have you ever heard the sto - ry, That the Ho - ly Father tells, To his angels there in
 2. All the angels cease their singing, While they hear the Father tell Of his darling Son so

CHORUS



glory, Of his children, loved so well? O! be glad, ye children, Blessed little children,
 willing To redeem the souls that fell. O! be glad, ye children, Blessed little children,



3. Then the happy angels winging
 Bright their way thro' realms above,
 Listened to the children, singing
 Of the dear Redeemer's love. *Cho.*
 Yes, be glad, ye children, For Jesus loves you well.

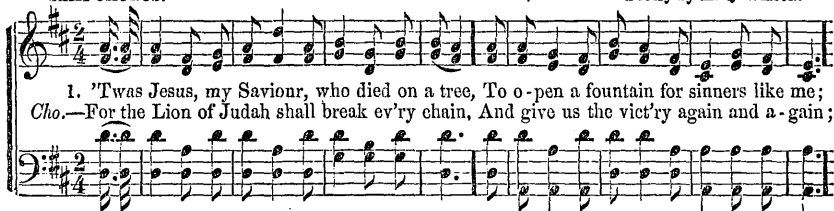
4. Back they flew to thrones all shining,
 And from golden harp-strings rung
 Sweetest music, ever chiming
 With the song the children sung. *Cho.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

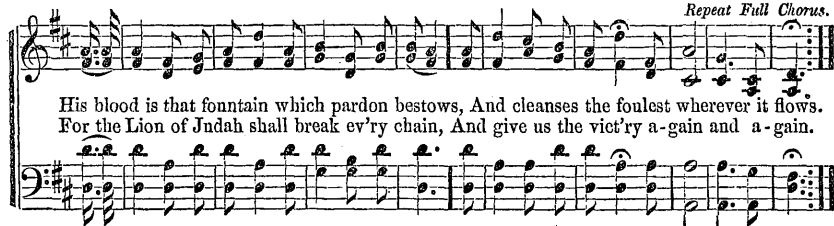
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SEMI-CHORUS.

Poetry by H. Q. WILSON.



1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on a tree, To o-pen a fountain for sinners like me;
Cho.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and a-gain;



Repeat Full Chorus.

His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
 For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry a-gain and a-gain.

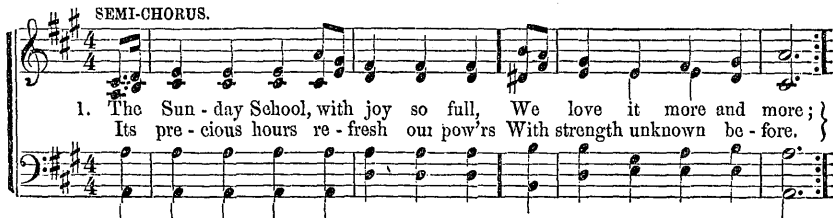
2.
 And when I was willing with all things to part,
 He gave me my bounty his love in my heart;
 So now I am joined with the conquering band,
 Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

3.
 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
 And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
 In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
 My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

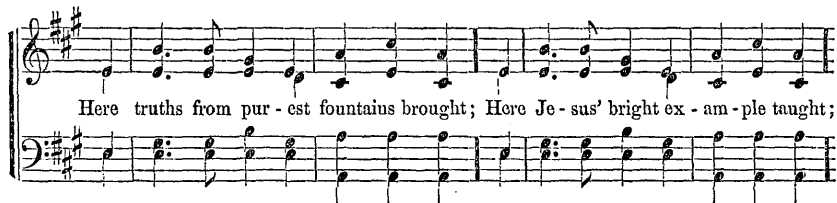
4.
 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound
 And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
 Then, when heav'n and earth shall be melting away
 I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.

5.
 And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,
 From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
 I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
 And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.

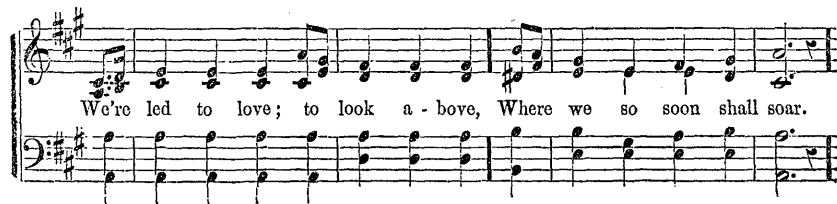
SEMI-CHORUS.



1. The Sun - day School, with joy so full, We love it more and more ;
Its pre - cious hours re - fresh our pow'rs With strength unknown be - fore. }

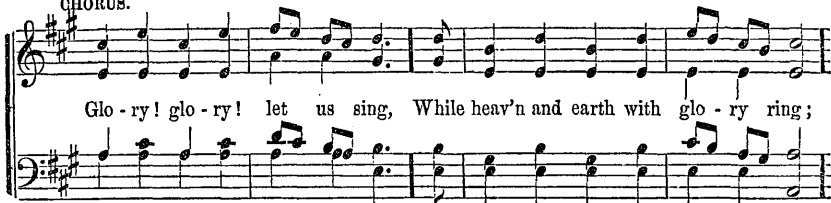


Here truths from pur - est fountains brought ; Here Je - sus' bright ex - am - ple taught ;



We're led to love ; to look a - bove, Where we so soon shall soar.

CHORUS.



2.

Our Teachers true, we turn to you,
 As guides beloved and kind;
 In youth and age, on mem'ry's page,
 Our thanks shall stand enshrined.
 And when 'mid life's gay scenes we stray,
 Where duties call, where passions play,
 Your counsels wise shall ever rise,
 Like guards around the mind.
Cho. Glory! glory! &c.


3.

Our Pastor kind, we're e'er inclined
 To hear your gladsome voice;
 And fondly cling to truths you bring,
 They make our hearts rejoice.
 And when these youthful days are past,
 To riper joys and scenes we'll haste,
 We'll gather where the good appear,
 And make their ways our choice.
Cho. Glory! glory! &c.

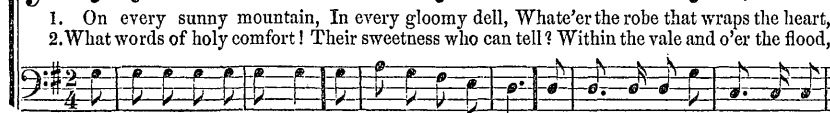
'TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

DUET or TRIO.

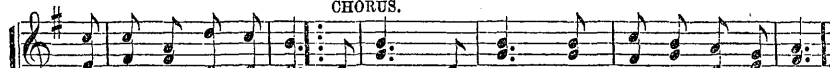
Rev. R. LOWRY.—By permission.



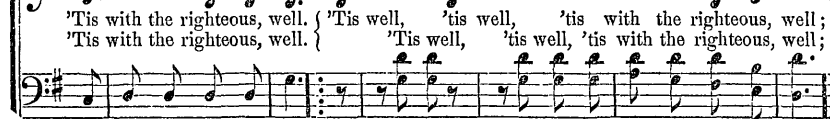

1. On every sunny mountain, In every gloomy dell, Whate'er the robe that wraps the heart,
2. What words of holy comfort! Their sweetness who can tell? Within the vale and o'er the flood,



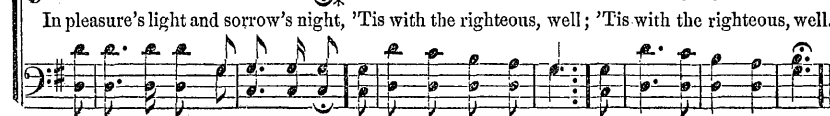
CHORUS.



'Tis with the righteous, well. { 'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well;
'Tis with the righteous, well. { 'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well;

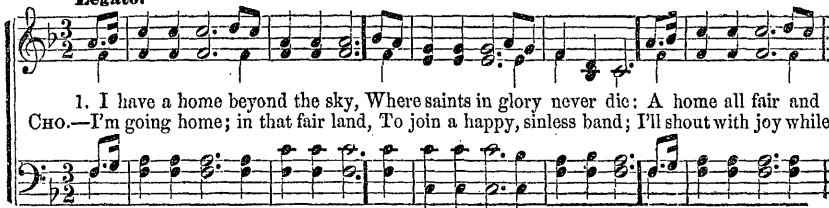



In pleasure's light and sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous, well; 'Tis with the righteous, well.

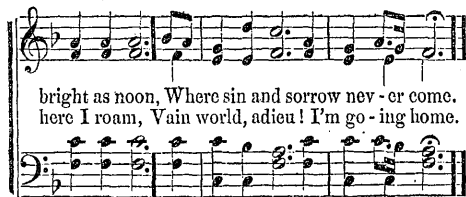


* Use hold only in the repeat.

Legato.



1. I have a home beyond the sky, Where saints in glory never die: A home all fair and
 CHO.—I'm going home; in that fair land, To join a happy, sinless band; I'll shout with joy while



bright as noon, Where sin and sorrow nev - er come.
 here I roam, Vain world, adieu! I'm go - ing home.

"TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

3. Tho' dripping clouds may gather,
 And grief the bosom swell,
 The trusting heart will ever sing,
 'Tis with the righteous, well. *Cho.*

4. And when the strife is over,
 And hushed the solemn knell,
 Within the gates, around the throne,
 'Tis with the righteous, well. *Cho.*

2.
 In that fair land there still is room,
 Where weary pilgrims may get home;
 And join with angels in the song,
 Of praises to our God the Lamb.
 I'm going home, &c.

3.
 When done with earth; its follies past,
 I'll reach my Father-land at last;
 To sit and sing around the throne,
 "Glory to God! I'm safe at home."
 I'm going home, &c.

4.
 When safe at home, in that fair land,
 I'll join the happy sinless band;
 And sing with rapture near the throne,
 "Vain world adieu! I'm safe at home."
 I'm going home, &c.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. The mellow eve is gliding Se - rene - ly down the west ; So, ev' - ry care subsiding,
 2. The evening star has lighted Her crys - tal lamp on high ; So, when in death benighted,

DUET.

My soul would sink to rest. The woodland hum is ring - ing The daylight's gen - tle close ;
 May hope illumine the sky. In gold - en splendor dawning, The morrow's light shall break.

FULL CHORUS.

May angels round me singing, Thus hymn my last repose.
 O! on the last bright morning, May I in glory wake.

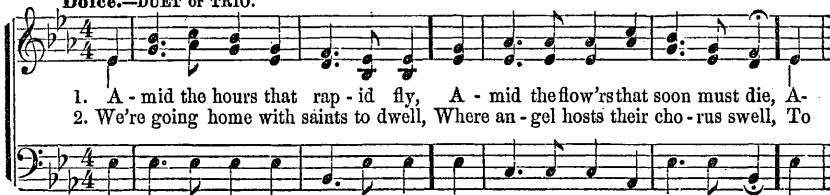
REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

'Remember thy Creator,'
 While youth's fair spring is bright,
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night ;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer,
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

THE GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

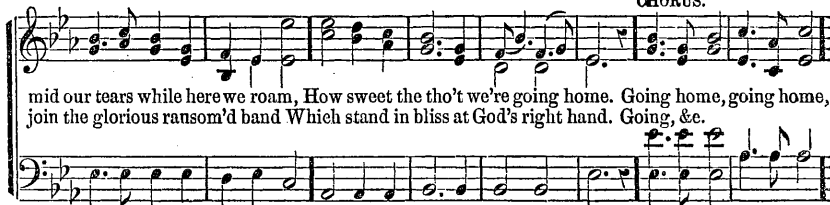
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Dolce.—DUET or TRIO.



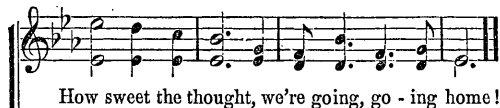
1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die, A -
2. We're going home with saints to dwell, Where an - gel hosts their cho - rus swell, To

CHORUS.



mid our tears while here we roam, How sweet the tho't we're going home. Going home, going home,
join the glorious ransom'd band Which stand in bliss at God's right hand. Going, &c.

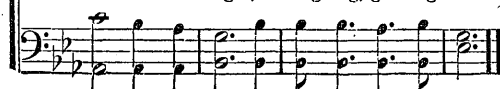
3.



How sweet the thought, we're going, go - ing home!

We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When sin and Satan use their power,
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For by and by we're going home.

4.



No dying groans shall there be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word;
O, sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home.

SWEET THE MOMENTS.

Allegretto.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, marked 'Allegretto'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

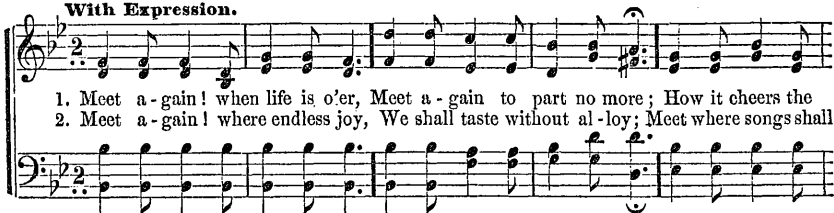
Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.
Still in faith and hope a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE' written above the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

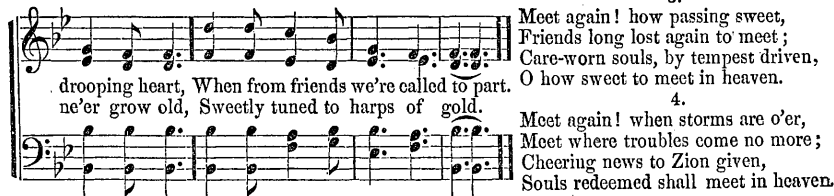
Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It ends with a double bar line and the word 'D. S.' written above the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

With Expression.



1. Meet a - gain! when life is o'er, Meet a - gain to part no more; How it cheers the
2. Meet a - gain! where endless joy, We shall taste without al - loy; Meet where songs shall



- drooping heart, When from friends we're called to part.
ne'er grow old, Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3.
Meet again! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet;
Care-worn souls, by tempest driven,
O how sweet to meet in heaven.

4.
Meet again! when storms are o'er,
Meet where troubles come no more;
Cheering news to Zion given,
Souls redeemed shall meet in heaven.

SWEET THE MOMENTS, *Concluded.*

2.
O how blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his gracious eye.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove each day his blood more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Moderato.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts on a G4 note. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The accompaniment starts on a G3 note. The system contains 16 measures of music.

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known.
And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody starts on a G4 note. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The accompaniment starts on a G3 note. The system contains 16 measures of music. The word 'FINE.' is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody starts on a G4 note. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The accompaniment starts on a G3 note. The system contains 16 measures of music. The word 'D. S.' is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

THE SHIP OF CANAAN.

183

Animato.

Rev. G. W. BALLOU.

1. Lo! the gos-pel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore; All who wish to
2. Thousands she has safe-ly land-ed, Far beyond this mortal shore; Thousands still are

3. Richly laden with provisions,
Want her sailors never know;
Gospel grace, and every blessing,
From her noble pilot flow.
4. Sails well filled with heav'nly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from ev'ry tongue.

sail for glo-ry, Come, and welcome, rich and poor.
sail-ing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER, *Concluded.*

2.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
'Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

GATHER THEM IN.

Lively. SOLO.—Repeat as Duet.

ARRANGED.

1. Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in, in this gos - pel day ; }
 Gather them in from the prai - ries vast, Gather them in, of.... ev' - ry cast. }

CHORUS.

Gather them in, let the house be full; Gather them in - to the Sunday School;

Gather them in, gather them in, Gather them in - to the Sun - day School.

GOD IS LOVE.

185

Lively.

D. H. NORRIS.

1. God is love ; his mercy brightens All the paths in which we rove ; Bliss he wakes, and woe he
 2. Chance and change are busy ev - er ; Man decays, and a - ges move ; But his mercy waneth

lightens, God is wis - dom, God is love.
 nev - er ; God is wis - dom, God is love.

3.
 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4.
 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Ev'rywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

GATHER THEM IN, *Concluded.*

2.
 Gather them in, in numbers bold ;
 Gather them in, both young and old ;
 Gather them in from the widow's home ;
 Gather them in that sigh and groan. *Cho.*

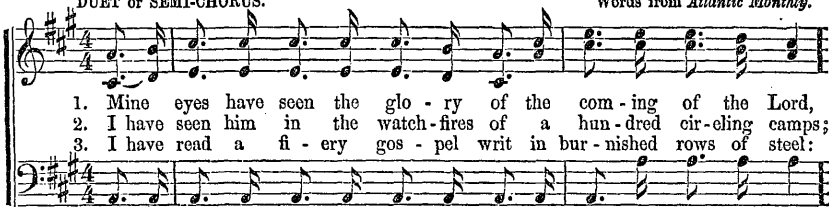
3.
 Gather them in from the street and lane ;
 Gather them in, both halt and lame ;
 Gather the deaf, the poor, the blind,—
 Gather them in with a willing mind. *Cho.*

4.
 Gather them in that seek for rest ;
 Gather them in from East to West ;
 Gather them in that wander about,
 Gather them in from North to South. *Cho.*

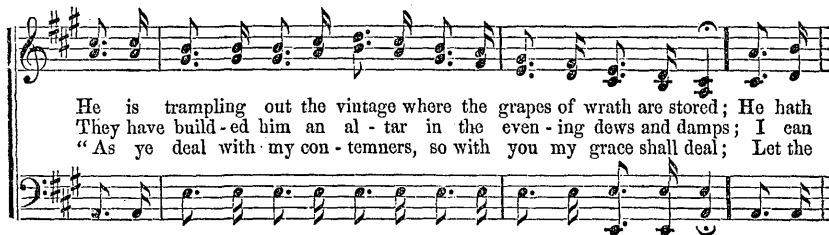
5.
 Gather them in from all the land,
 Gather them into our noble band ;
 Gather them in with Christian love—
 Gather them in for the Church above. *Cho.*

MARCHING ON.

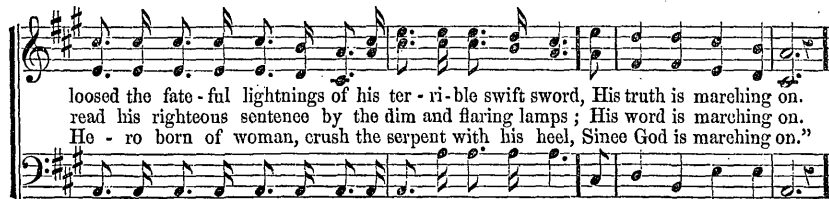
DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

Words from *Atlantic Monthly*.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord,
 2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cing camps;
 3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel:



He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 They have build - ed him an al - tar in the even - ing dews and damps; I can
 "As ye deal with my con - temners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the



loosed the fate - ful lightnings of his ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
 read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His word is marching on.
 He - ro born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on."

MARCHING ON. (Concluded.)

187

FULL CHORUS

Marching, Marching, Marching, His truth is marching on;
 Marching, Marching, Marching, His word is marching on;

Marching, Marching, Marching, His truth is marching on.
 Marching, Marching, Marching, His word is marching on.

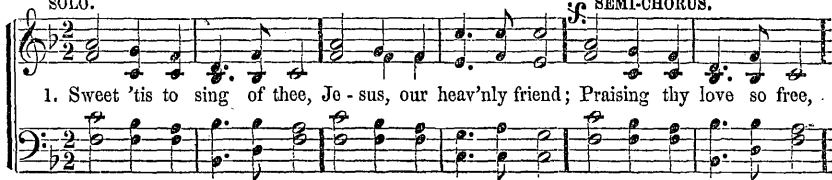
Sra.

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
 O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.
5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

SOLO.

SEMI-CHORUS.

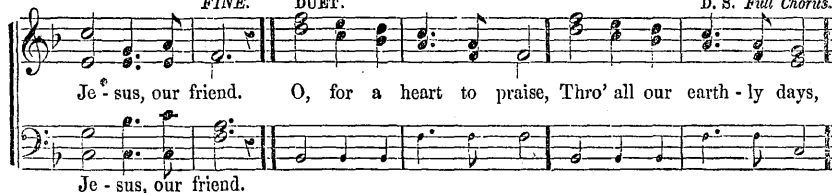


D. S. Thy wond'rous works and ways,

FINE.

DUET.

D. S. Full Chorus.



2.

When thou wert here below,
 Jesus, our heav'nly friend;
 Thou didst our sorrows know,
 Jesus, our friend.
 Grant to each heart to feel,
 That thou hast power to heal,
 And O! thyself reveal,
 Jesus, our friend.

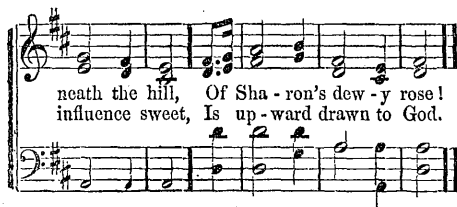
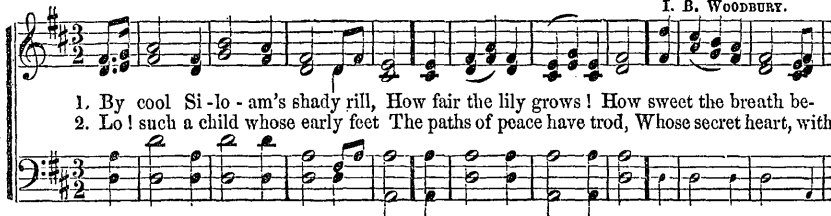
3.

Tender and patient thou,
 Jesus, our heav'nly friend;
 To thy dear love we bow,
 Jesus, our friend.
 O, in thy spirit pure,
 May we our ills endure,
 Trusting thy promise sure,
 Jesus, our friend.

4.

By thy redeeming grace,
 Jesus, our heav'nly friend
 We hope to see thy face,
 Jesus, our friend.
 Then will we joyful praise,
 Throughout eternal days,
 Thy wondrous works and ways,
 Jesus, our friend.

I. B. WOODBURY.



3.
By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

HYMN FOR TUNE "JESUS, OUR FRIEND."

1.
Kind words can never die,
Cherished and ever blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast ;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go thro' all lands and climes,
The heart to cheer.

2.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
Tho' like the vernal flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly,
In wintry hours ;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.

3.
Our souls can never die,
Though in the silent tomb
Our bodies soon shall lie,
Wrapt in its gloom ;
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day,
With Christ above.

LOVED ONES ARE WAITING.

Arranged from JOSEPH A. HANDY.

1. In heaven, bright heaven, the home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown, I am longing to rest;
 2. To heaven, sweet heaven, I'm hoping to go, When I have accomplished my mission below;
 3. For heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er, Till safely I stand on the glittering shore,

To gain its fair portals my efforts shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me—
 The Bi-ble for - ev - er my standard shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me—
 Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea, With loved ones now waiting in heaven for me—

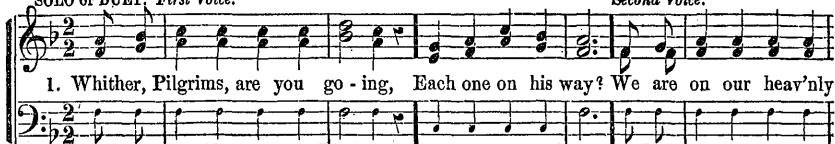
To gain its fair portals my efforts shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me.
 The Bi-ble for - ev - er my standard shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me.
 Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea, With loved ones now waiting in heaven for me.

GOING HOME.

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SOLO or DUET. *First Voice.*

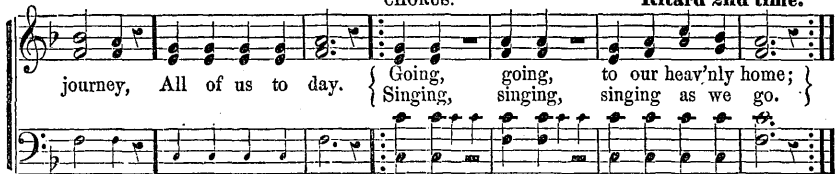
Second Voice.



1. Whither, Pilgrims, are you go - ing, Each one on his way? We are on our heav'nly

CHORUS.

Ritard 2nd time.



journey, All of us to day. { Going, going, to our heav'nly home; }
 { Singing, singing, singing as we go. }

2.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 You a feeble band?
 No, for friends unseen are near us,
 Angels round us stand. Going, &c.

3.

Tell me, Pilgrims, what you hope for,
 In that better land?
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
 From our Saviour's hand. Going, &c.

4.

Will you let me journey with you,
 To that better land?
 Come along, we bid you welcome,
 To our happy band. Going, &c.

THE HEAVENLY JOURNEY.

We are going, going, going,
 To a land of light;
 Where are flowing, flowing, flowing,
 Waters pure and bright. Going, &c.

2.

We are singing, singing, singing,
 As we pass along;
 Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing,
 Of triumphant song. Going, &c.

3.

Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,
 May we faithful prove;
 Then at home with thee forever,
 Gathered be above. Going, &c.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

SOLO or DUET.

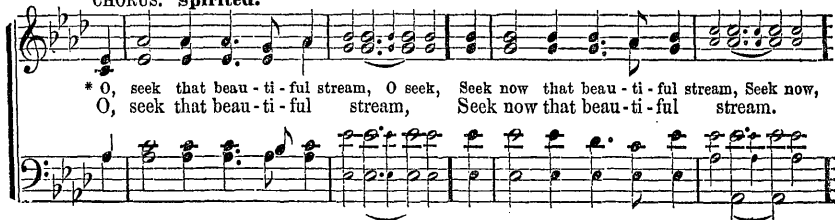
Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.



1. O, have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land?
2. With murmuring sound doth it wan - der a - long, Thro' fields of e - ter - nal green;



Its waters gleam bright in the heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
Where songs of the blest, in their ha - ven of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.

CHORUS. **Spirited.**


* O, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, O seek, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now,
O, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream.

* About half the Choir should sing this line, using the small notes.



3. Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
O, come where its bright waves roll. *Cho.*

A balm for each wound in its water is found;
O, sinner, it flows for thee! *Cho.*

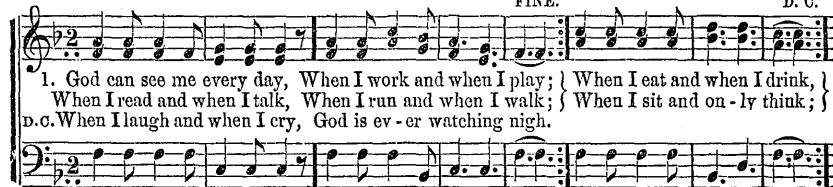
4.
This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
It flows for all nations, free!

5.
O, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more. *Cho.*

MARTYN.

FINE.

D. C.




2 When the sun gives heat and light,
When the stars are twinkling bright,
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;

Night or day, at church or fair,
God is ever, ever near,
Marking all I do or say,
Pointing to the happy way.

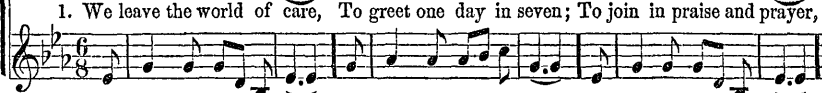
SABBATH BELLS, CHIME ON.

From "S. S. Bell, No. 2," by permission,

Words by AUSTRALIA. Music by REV. R. LOWRY.

DUET.—*Lively.*



1. We leave the world of care, To greet one day in seven; To join in praise and prayer,



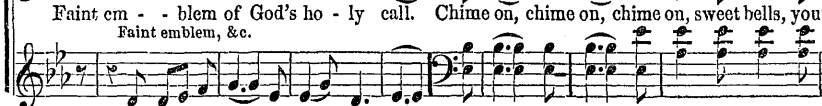

And learn the way to heaven; The Sab - - bath bells in - vite..... us all,
The Sab - bath bells in - vite us all,



CHORUS.



Faint em - - blem of God's ho - ly call. Chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, your
Faint emblem, &c.



2. We leave our books and play,
To read that "Book divine,"
There we are taught the way
To joys that ne'er decline;

The music of those Sabbath bells,
How sweetly on the ear it swells!

3. We leave our earthly home,
To seek that blest abode,

Where loved companions come
To lift their hearts to God;
List to the joyous sound that tells
The music of those Sabbath bells!

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Moderato.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear,
 2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,

Heav'n is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev'-ry hand;
 Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past;

Heav'n is my Fa-ther-land; Heav'n is my home.
 I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

3.
 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There too I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

1. Come, poor pilgrim, sad and weary, Why heaves thy breast; Roaming this wide world so dreary,
2. There is rest for thee in glory, Among the blest; Listen to the joy-ful sto-ry,

SOLI. TUTTI.

Sighing for rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling,
There, there is rest. Rest, rest, &c.


And the wea-ry are at rest.

3. There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.

4. There the golden harps are ringing,
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.
5. And while we on earth are praying,
Jesus, the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.
6. We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest. Rest, &c.

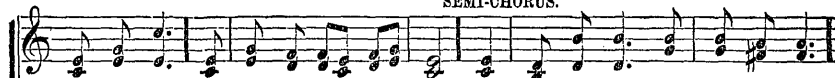
DUET or TRIO.

ARRANGED




1. Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me, Where'er thro' life I roam, My heart will of - ten
2. O, ho - ly place! where first I shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; Where youthful steps are

SEMI-CHORUS.

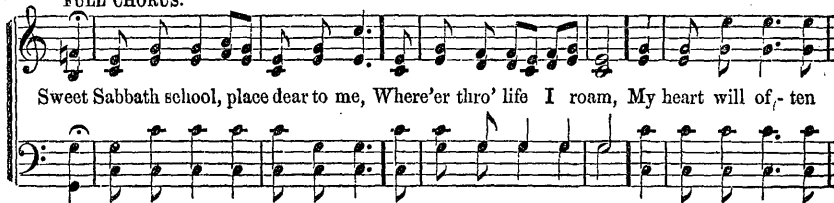


turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home. With - in thy courts of him I've heard,
taught to tread In paths of peace and prayer. When all our wand'rings here shall cease,



Whose birth the angels sung, When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear, The star of glo - ry hung.
And cares of life shall end, In God's e - ter - nal Sabbath place May we our anthems blend.

FULL CHORUS.



3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
And welcome then the Sabbath School,
We'll read and sing and pray
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

LOVE FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1.

I love the Sabbath School—the place
My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace with God.
I love the Sabbath School,—'tis there
The praise of God we sing,—
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

2.

I love the Sabbath School—where we
The Holy Bible read,—
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.
O, that when life's few cares are past
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

THE HAPPY SONG.

Words by MRS. L. BAXTER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro. DUET.—Repeat *Semi-Chorus.*

From the "Golden Shower," by permission.

1. We are now in youth's bright morning, Cheer-i - ly we're pass - ing on;
2. If the charms of earth are fleet - ing, And should quick - ly pass a - way;

The first system of musical notation is for a duet in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains two parts: a melody line and a harmony line. The bass staff contains a single line of accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The system concludes with a repeat sign.

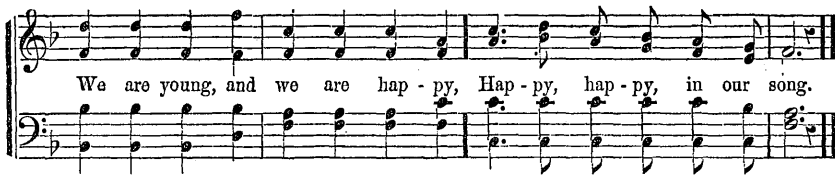
Joys a - round us sweet - ly dawn - ing, Tell us joys may yet be won.
Still the Ho - ly Spi - rit's greet - ing, Shall not with those charms de - cay.

The second system of musical notation continues the duet. It features the same treble and bass staves as the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a repeat sign.

CHORUS.

We are young, and we are hap - py, We are hap - py, hap - py in our song;

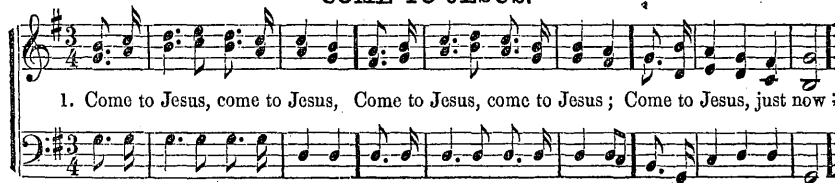
The chorus section begins with a new system of musical notation. It continues with the same duet arrangement. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system concludes with a final chord in the treble staff and a repeat sign in the bass staff.



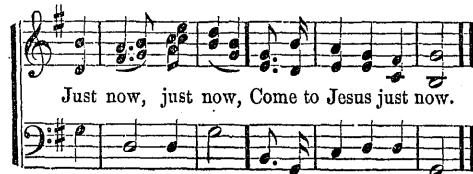
3. Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
To the feast of Jesus' love,
And a foretaste here delights us,
On our way to realms above. We are, &c.

4. When we cross the shining portal,
On the banks of yonder shore,
And are clothed in robes immortal,
We'll be happy evermore. We are, &c.

COME TO JESUS.



1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come to Jesus ; Come to Jesus, just now ;



Just now, just now, Come to Jesus just now.

2.
He will save you, &c. Just now, &c.

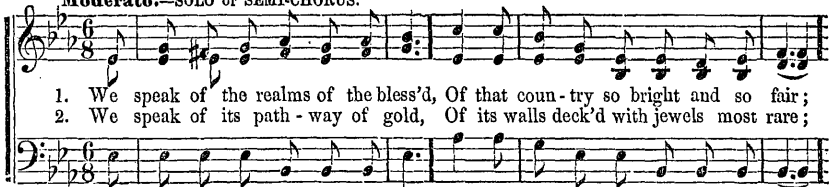
3.
He is able, &c. Just now, &c.

4.
He is ready, &c. Just now, &c.

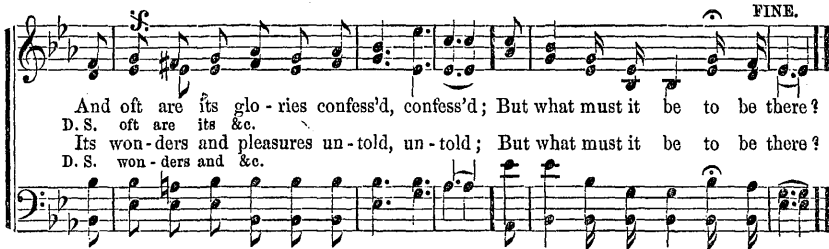
5.
He is waiting, &c. Just now, &c.

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

Moderato.—SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.



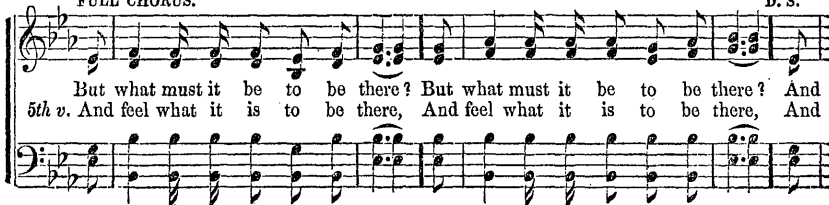
1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, Of that coun-try so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its path-way of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare;



And oft are its glo-ries confess'd, confess'd; But what must it be to be there?
D. S. oft are its &c.
Its won-ders and pleasures un-told, un-told; But what must it be to be there?
D. S. won-ders and &c.

FULL CHORUS.

D. S.



But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there? And
5th v. And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there, And

PASSING AWAY.

203

DUET, or TRIO.

CHORUS.

1. How fleet-ing are our moments here, How soon the day is gone; }
The morning sun soon reaches noon, The night comes hastening on. } We're passing a-

way, we're passing away, We'll soon, we'll soon be gone.

2. O, life how vain, what trials prove,
And all that thou canst give,
But yonder is our home above,
Where we may always live. *Cho.*

3. What music sweet from heav'n I hear
Angelic forms I see,
Of parents, brothers, sisters dear,
They call, they call for me. *Cho.*

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST, *Concluded.*

3.
We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be, &c.

4.
We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;

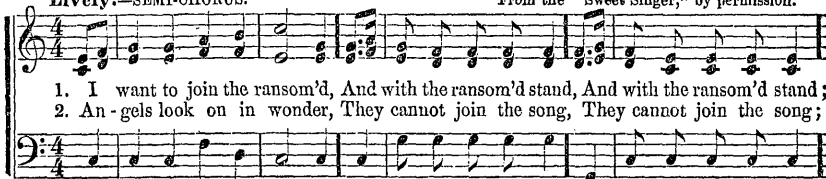
The Church of the first born above, above;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be, &c.

5.
Then let us 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we all shall know, shall know;
And feel what it is to be there.
And feel what it is, &c.

THE JOYOUS CHORUS.

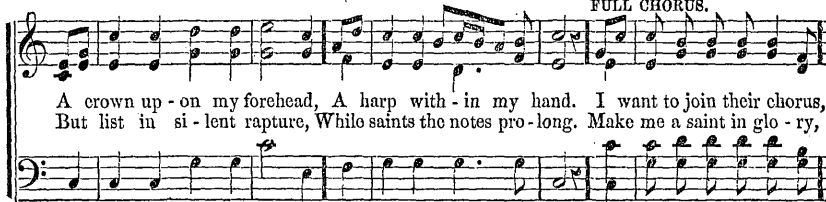
Lively.—SEMI-CHORUS.

From the "Sweet Singer," by permission.

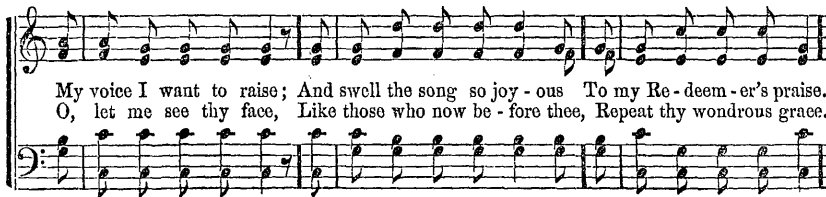


1. I want to join the ransom'd, And with the ransom'd stand, And with the ransom'd stand;
 2. An-gels look on in wonder, They cannot join the song, They cannot join the song;

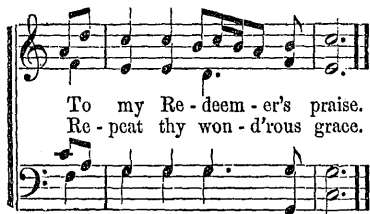
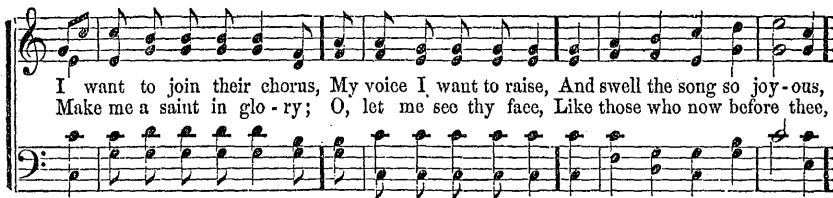
FULL CHORUS.



A crown up-on my forehead, A harp with-in my hand. I want to join their chorus,
 But list in si-lent rapture, While saints the notes pro-long. Make me a saint in glo-ry,



My voice I want to raise; And swell the song so joy-ous To my Re-deem-er's praise.
 O, let me see thy face, Like those who now be-fore thee, Repeat thy wondrous grace.



3.
They cast their crowns before thee,
They hail thee, Saviour, King;
And while they thus adore thee,
New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages
Thy love unchanging flows.

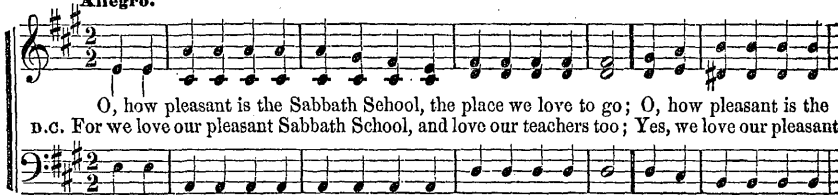
THE UNIVERSAL ANTHEM.

1.
When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And he who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

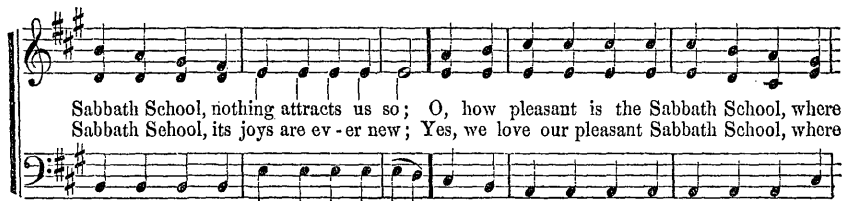
2.
Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound.

THE PLEASANT SABBATH SCHOOL.

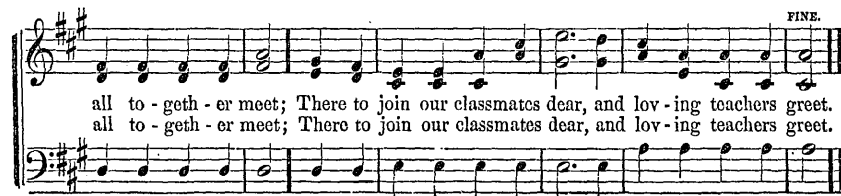
Allegro.



O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, the place we love to go; O, how pleasant is the
D.C. For we love our pleasant Sabbath School, and love our teachers too; Yes, we love our pleasant

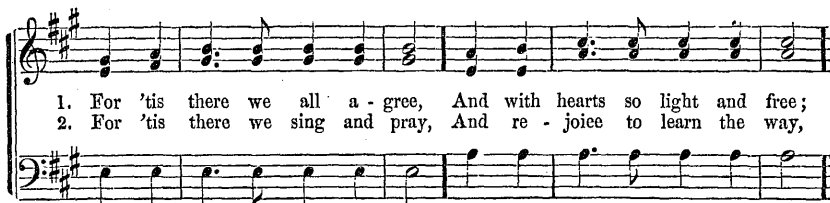


Sabbath School, nothing attracts us so; O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, where
Sabbath School, its joys are ev - er new; Yes, we love our pleasant Sabbath School, where

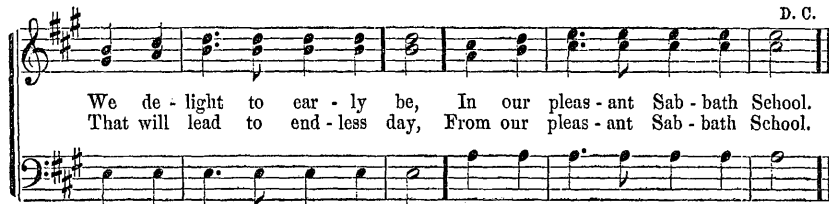


all to - geth - er meet; There to join our classmates dear, and lov - ing teachers greet.
all to - geth - er meet; There to join our classmates dear, and lov - ing teachers greet.

FINE.



1. For 'tis there we all a - gree, And with hearts so light and free;
2. For 'tis there we sing and pray, And re - joice to learn the way,



D. C.

We de - light to ear - ly be, In our pleas - ant Sab - bath School.
That will lead to end - less day, From our pleas - ant Sab - bath School.


3.
O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, &c.
For our friends and parents dear,
All will find a welcome here,
When they come our hearts to cheer,
In our pleasant Sabbath School.
For we love our pleasant Sabbath School, &c.

4.
O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, &c.
Now let all our playmates come,
For we still can find them room,
And a quiet Sabbath home,
In our pleasant Sabbath School.
For we love our pleasant Sabbath


THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Arranged for this work.


O. SNOW.



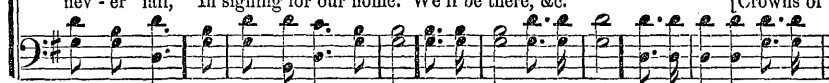
1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and angels sing; A world where peace and
 2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sorrow nev - er comes; A world where tears shall



CHORUS.



pleasure reigns, And heav'nly praises ring. We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry,
 nev - er fall, In sighing for our home. We'll be there, &c. [Crowns of



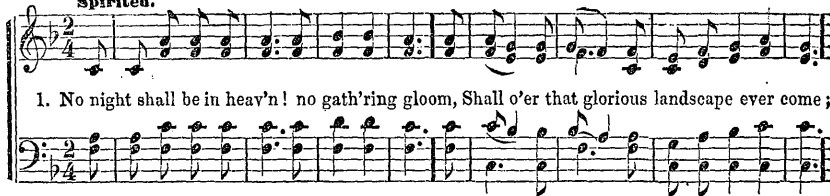

glory, we shall wear, In that beautiful world on high.



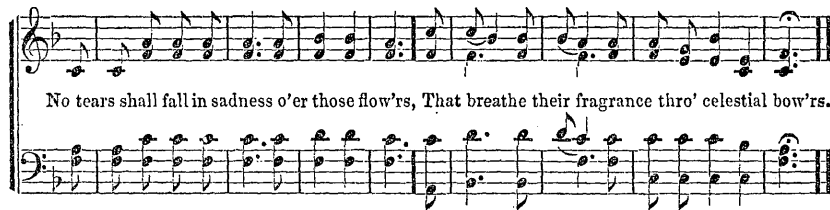
3
 There is a beautiful world,
 Unseen to mortal sight;
 And darkness never enters there;
 That home is fair and bright.

4
 There is a beautiful world,
 Of harmony and love;
 O, may we safely enter there,
 And dwell with God above.

Spirited.



1. No night shall be in heav'n! no gath'ring gloom, Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;



No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs, That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bow'rs.

2.

No night shall be in Heaven—Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

3.

No night shall be in Heaven—No sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

4.

No night shall be in Heaven—but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light;
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

5.

No night shall be in Heaven! O had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith, [flee,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

Allegro.

Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. When the tem - pest ra - ges high, Sail - ing on life's boist'rous sea; Stormy
 2. When mid drift - ing wrecks I'm cast, Darkness set - tling thickly round; Hope shall
 3. When the con - q'ring waves shall close Proud - ly o'er me as I die; O - ver

CHORUS.

bil - lows I de - fy; If I then may on - ly be An - chored to the Rock,
 lift her light at last; If I then be on - ly found Cling - ing to the Rock,
 these brief vic - tor foes, I shall triumph while I cry, Cling - ing to the Rock,

Anchored to the Rock, Shelter for me ev - er, Strength that faileth nev - er—When the
 Clinging to the Rock, Shelter for me ev - er, Strength that faileth nev - er—When the



MISSIONARY HYMN.

1. Far beyond the dark blue sea, Many little children dwell ;
 In a land of mis - e - ry, Where no gentle voices tell } Those glad tidings which impart
 D.C. Those glad tidings which impart Joy and gladness to our heart.

FINE.

D. C.
 Joy and gladness to our heart.

2.
 Neither light of Sabbath day,
 Nor the sounds of music blend,
 Not a voice to lead the way,
 'To the only Saviour, Friend ;
 But they grope thro' life and die,
 Blinded to their destiny.
 But they grope thro' life and die,
 Blinded to their destiny.

3.
 Little child with sparkling eye,
 As thou daily kneel'st in prayer,
 Wilt thou ask the Lord on high,
 That those little ones may share
 In those blessings rich and free,
 Which he kindly gives to thee ?
 In those blessings rich and free,
 Which he kindly gives to thee ?

"WE ARE COMING."

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

From "Golden Censer," by permission.

1. We are coming, blessed Saviour, We hear thy gen-tle voice; We would be thine for-

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour, To meet that happy band, And sing with them for-

CHORUS.

ev - er, And in thy love re - joice. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We are

ev - er, And in thy presence stand. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We are

coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, We hear thy gen - tle voice.

coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, To meet that hap - py band.

BE NOT AFRAID.

213

Spirited.

1st.

2d. FINE.

1. Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear, Above the tem-pest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear? "'Tis I; be not a - - - - - afraid.

D. C.—'Tis I; thy Lord, thy life, thy light: "'Tis I; be not a - - - - - afraid."

CHORUS.

D. C.

'Tis I, who led thy steps a - right; }
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight; }

2. These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me:
'Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

3. Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessings are around thee shed
'Tis I; be not afraid. *Cho.*

4. When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thine ear will greet;
'Tis I; be not afraid. *Cho.*

5. From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently he'll lay his hand on thee,
Whispering, "Beloved, lov'st thou me?
'Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

WE ARE COMING.

Concluded.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house to see—
A glorious mansion ever,
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house to see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

"WE ARE COMING."

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

From "Golden Censer," by permission.

1. We are coming, blessed Saviour, We hear thy gen-tle voice; We would be thine for-

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour, To meet that happy band, And sing with them for-

CHORUS.

ev-er, And in thy love re-joice. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are

ev-er, And in thy presence stand. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are

coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, We hear thy gen-tle voice.

coming, blessed Saviour, We are coming, we are coming, To meet that hap-py band.

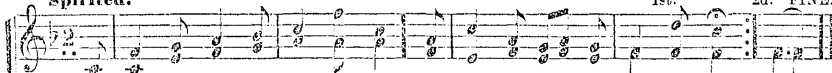
BE NOT AFRAID.

213

Spirited.

1st.

2d. FINE.



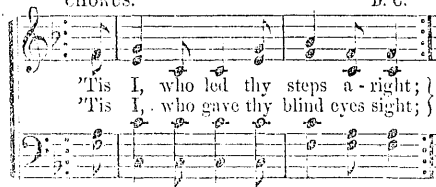
1. Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear, Above the tem - pest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear? " 'Tis I; be not a - - - - - fraid.



D. C.—'Tis I; thy Lord, thy life, thy light: " 'Tis I; be not a - - - - - fraid."

CHORUS.

D. C.



"Tis I, who led thy steps a - right; }
"Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight; }

3. Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head.
My blessings are around thee shed
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4. When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thine ear will greet.
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2. These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me:
"Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

5. From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently he'll lay his hand on thee,
Whispering, "Beloved, lov'st thou me?"
"Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

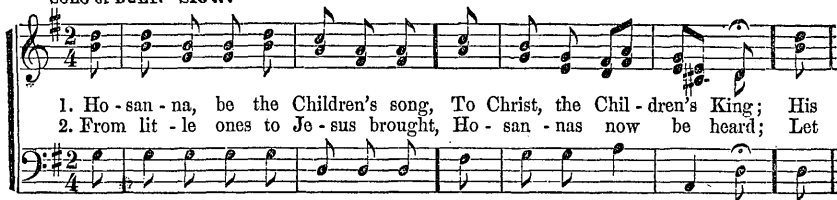
WE ARE COMING.

Concluded.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house to see—
A glorious mansion ever,
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house to see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

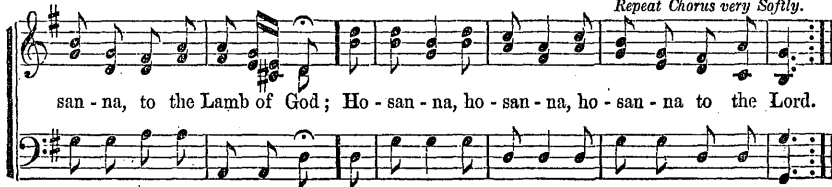
THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

SOLO or DUET. *Slow.*


1. Ho - san - na, be the Children's song, To Christ, the Chil - dren's King; His
 2. From lit - le ones to Je - sus brought, Ho - san - nas now be heard; Let

CHORUS, *Lively.*


praise, to whom our souls belong, Let all the Children sing. Ho - sanna, ho - sanna, ho -
 lit - tle in - fants now be taught To lisp that lovely word. Ho - sanna, ho - sanna, ho -

Repeat Chorus very Softly.


san - na, to the Lamb of God; Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the Lord.

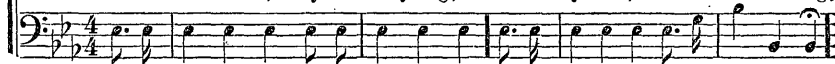
NEVER LATE.

215

Allegretto.



1. I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to doze holy time a - way ;
2. Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing ; None are tardy there, when the woods do ring ;



With my lessons learn'd, this shall be my rule—Never to be late at the Sabbath School.
So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule—Never to be late at the Sabbath School.



3.

When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then ;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

4.

But these Sabbath days will too soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more ;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE, *Concluded.*

3. Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain. *Chorus.*

4. Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,

Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply. *Chorus*

5. Hosanna, then, our song shall be ;
Hosanna to our King ;
This is the children's jubilee ;
Let all the children sing. *Chorus.*

SHALL WE MEET?

DUET or TRIO.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges ne'er shall roll, Where in
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er; Shall we

CHORUS.

all the bright for - ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we
 meet and cast our anchor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore? Shall we meet, shall we

meet, shall we meet? * Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges ne'er shall roll?

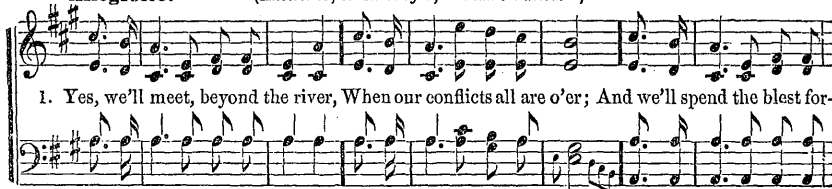
* The last two lines may be omitted and "Yes we'll meet," added as a part of the Chorus for a final ending.

YES, WE'LL MEET.

217

Allegretto.

(Answer to, or Chorus for, "Shall we meet?")



1. Yes, we'll meet, beyond the river, When our conflicts all are o'er; And we'll spend the blest for-



ev - er, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.

2. Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions,
Where our wand'rings all shall cease;
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crown'd with perfect peace.

3. Yes, we'll meet where bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.

4. We shall meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heav'nly King.

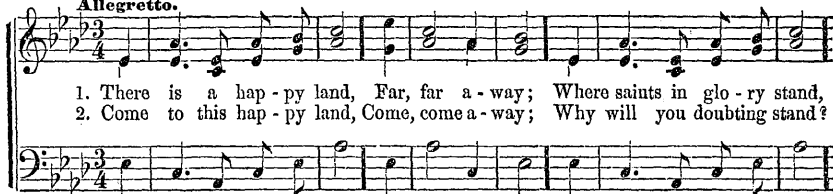
5. We shall meet, O, weary brother,
When the burden we lay down;
We shall change our cross of anguish,
For a bright unfading crown.

SHALL WE MEET? *Concluded.*

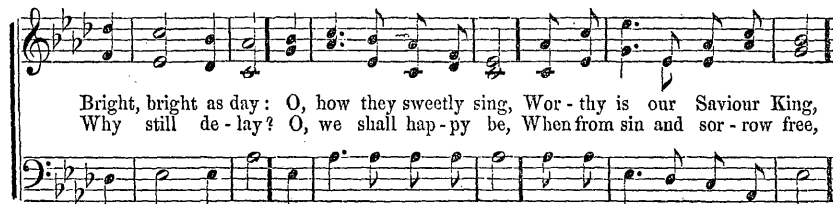
3. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine.

4. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

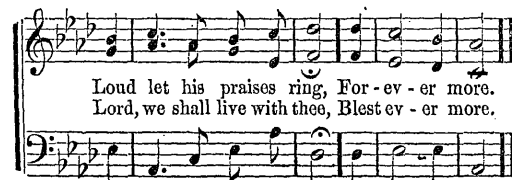
THE HAPPY LAND.

Allegretto.


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand?



Bright, bright as day: O, how they sweetly sing, Wor - thy is our Saviour King,
Why still de - lay? O, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sor - row free,



Loud let his praises ring, For - ev - er more.
Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest ev - er more.

3.
Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
Reign ever more.

PARTING.

219

Moderato. SOLI.

TUTTI.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain,
 2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow,

SOLI.

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows,
 Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill,

TUTTI.

In this dark vale of woes—Never— no, never.
 And fears of parting chill—Never— no, never.

3.

Soon shall we meet again—
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose,
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close,
 Never— no, never!

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

SEMI-CHORUS, *To be used before the first verse only.*

Shout the glad ti-dings ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs Mes-

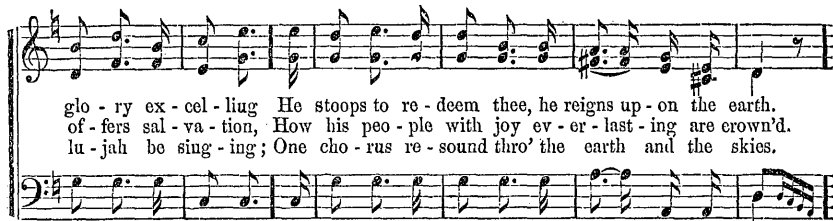
1st time. 2nd time. DUET, *Moderato.*

si-ah is King! (1. Zi-on the mar-velous sto-ry be tell-ing,
 - - (omit) - - - si-ah is King! { 2. Tell how he cometh; from nation to na-tion,
 3. Mortals, your homage be grateful-ly bringing,

The Son of the high-est how low-ly his birth, The brightest arch-an-gel in
 The heart cheering news let the earth ech-o ronnd; How free to the faith-ful he
 And sweet let the gladsome ho-san-na a-rise; Ye an-gels, the full hal-le

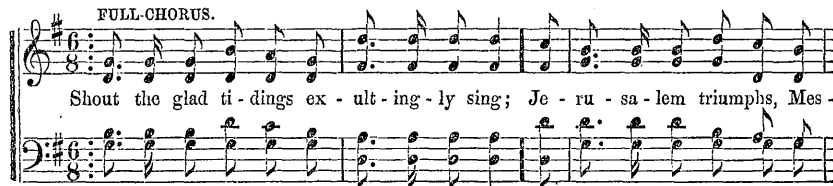
SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS. (Coneluded.)

221



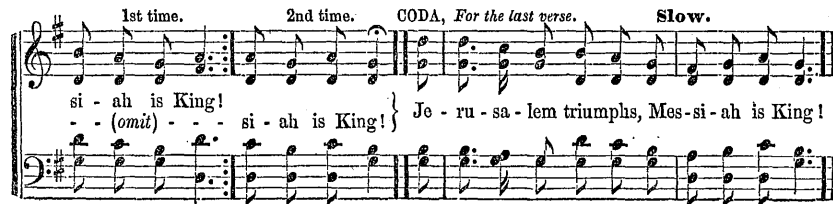
glo - ry ex - cel - liug He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns up - on the earth.
 of - fers sal - va - tion, How his peo - ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd.
 lu - jah be sing - ing; One cho - rus re - sound thro' the earth and the skies.

FULL-CHORUS.



Shout the glad ti - dings ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -

1st time. **2nd time.** **CODA, For the last verse.** **Slow.**



si - ah is King!
 - - (omit) - - si - ah is King! } Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

SABBATH BELLS.

Poetry by Rev. E. H. NEVIN.

* CHORUS. *Lively.*

FINE.

The Sabbath Bell! the Sabbath Bell! I love it well, I love it well; I love its ding, dong, dell.

The musical notation for the chorus is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is lively and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

DUET or TRIO.

1. With morning's dawn I love to hear, Its mellow tones so fresh and clear;
2. It calls me to the house of prayer, It tells of sweet com-mu-nion there;

The musical notation for the duet or trio is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is more melodic and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

D. C.

And when the gold-en sun has set, I love to hear its mu-sic yet.
Of songs of praise that glad-ly rise, Of hopes that reach beyond the skies.

The musical notation for the duet or trio is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is more melodic and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The section ends with a double bar line and a 'D. C.' marking.

* Use Chorus *before* first verse only, but *after* all the verses.

DELAY NOT.

223

Moderato.

1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near; The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
2. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come; For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here; Redemption is purchased, sal-va-tion is free.
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb; Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

3.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

4.

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

SABBATH BELLS, *Concluded.*

It makes the young hearts leap and sing,
With sound of soft and pleasant ring,

For when it falls upon their ear,
They know the Sabbath school is near. *Cho.*

4.

It calls the weary ones to rest,
And calms the sad and troubled breast;
With stirring peals that float abroad,
It makes the careless think of God. *Cho.*

5.

O, may it ring, till everywhere
Its welcome music fills the air,
And earth, now wrapt in gloomy night,
Be crown'd with Sabbath's holy light. *Cho.*

CAROL, CHRISTIANS, CAROL.

W. A. MUELENBERG, D.D.

DUET.

Carol, Christians, carol, carol joy - ful - ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer - ri - ly;

CHORUS.

Carol, Christians, carol, carol joy - ful - ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer - ri - ly; And

FINE.

pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men ; Carol, Christians, carol, Christmas day again.

CAROL, CHRISTIANS, CAROL. *Concluded.*

225

SOLO or DUET. *Andante.*

1. Carol, but with gladness, Not in songs of earth : On the Saviour's birthday Hallowed be our mirth ;
2. At the merry table, Think of those who've none, The orphan and the widow, Hungry and alone.
3. Listening angel music, Discord sure must cease—Who dare hate his brother, On this day of peace ?
4. Let our hearts, responding To the seraph band, Wish this morning's sunshine Bright in every land,

While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day we'll keep, The Feast of charity.
 Bountiful your offerings To the altar bring, Let the poor and needy Christmas carols sing.
 While the heavens are telling To mankind good will, Only love and kindness Every bosom fill.
 Word, and deed and prayer, Speed the grateful sound, Telling merry Christmas All the world around.

SOLI.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love! Beau - ti - ful
 2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beau - ti - ful

TUTTI.

gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,
 strains that never tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir. There shall I join the chorus sweet,

Rit.

O - pens those pearly gates to me, O - pens those pearly gates to me.
 Wor - ship - ing at the Saviour's feet, Wor - ship - ing at the Saviour's feet.

1. A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes

His heart oppress, and with anguish driven, From his home below, to his home in heaven.
To that bright home; what a joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3.
A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4.
A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
To meet them all in our home in heaven.

MOUNT ZION, *Concluded.*

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I go with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see—
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

REST IN HEAVEN.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Should sorrow o'er thy brow, Its darkened shadows fling, And hopes that cheer thee now
Should pleasure at its birth, Fade like the hues of ev'n, Turn thou away from earth,

CHORUS.

Die in their ear - ly spring ; } There's rest, there's rest, there's rest for thee in heav'n ;
There's rest for thee in heav'n. }

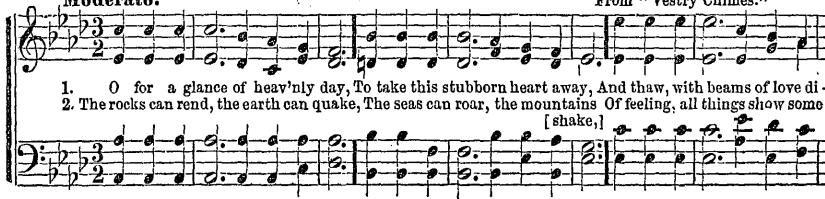
O turn from earth away, There's rest for thee in heav'n.

2.

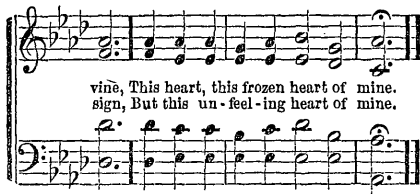
If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way, —
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day ;
If like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless oceans driven ;
Raise thou thine eyes above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

Moderato.

From "Vestry Chimes."



1. O for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stubborn heart away, And thaw, with beams of love di-
 2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake, The seas can roar, the mountains Of feeling, all things show some
 [shake,]



vine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
 sign, But this un-feel-ing heart of mine.

REST IN HEAVEN.

3.
 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 O Lord, an adamant would melt;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.
4.
 But power divine can do the deed,
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

3.
 But O, if thornless flowers
 Throughout thy pathway bloom,—
 And joyfully fleet the hours,
 Unstained by earthly gloom;—
 Still, let not ev'ry thought
 To this poor world be given;
 Nor always be forgot
 Thy better rest in heaven.
 There's rest, &c.

4. *Concluded.*
 When sickness pales thy cheek,
 And dims thy lustrous eye,
 And pulses low and weak,
 Tell of a time to die;—
 Sweet hope will whisper then,
 Though thou from earth be riven,
 There's bliss beyond the ken,
 There's rest for thee in heaven!
 There's rest, &c.

LIFE'S FLOWING RIVER.

Words by J. G. PERCIVAL.

1. Faintly flow, thou fall - ing riv - er, Like a dream, that dies a - way;
2. Ro - ses bloom, and then they with - er, Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;

Down the o - cean glid - ing ev - er, Keep thy calm, un - ruf - fled way;
Shapes of light are waft - ed hith - er, Then like vis - ions hur - ry by;

D. S. To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Burying all its treas - ures there.
D. S. Time is bear - ing us to heav - en, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest.

DUET. D. S.

Time with such a si - lent mo - tion, Floats a - long on wings of air,
Quick as clouds at eve - ning dri - ven, O'er the ma - ny col - ored west;

JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

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1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded spi - rit whole;
 2. How kind is Je - sus, O, how good! 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
 3. When I of - fend, by thought or tongue, O - mit the right, or do the wrong;

My na - ture is by sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
 For children's sake he was re - viled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
 If I re - pent, he's re - con - ciled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.

HYMN FOR "LIFE'S FLOWING RIVER."

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
 Through this gloomy vale of tears;
 Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

2.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

PARTING HYMN.

SEMI-CHORUS.

From "Silver Fountain,"

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Please to watch us, bless - ed Sa - viour, As we leave our Sabbath Home, Guide and keep us
 2. Make each spir - it meek and low - ly, Make us leave the ways of strife, Lead us in the

CHORUS.

from all dan - ger, Till a - gain to thee we come. Tho' we ve - ry oft - en wan - der
 path of du - ty, Lead us to the bet - ter life. Thns we'd served thee, blessed Saviour,

In the path of vice and sin. Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us, Cleanse and make us pure within.
 Till we've crossed life's stormy sea, And with each loved friend and teacher, All are gathered home to thee.

SOLI **TUTTI.**

1. In life's bright morning learn to sing, Sing, sing, sing God's praise; Before thy years their cares do bring;

D. S. And in your bright and youthful days,

FINE. DUET. **D. S. Full Chorus.**

Sing, sing, sing his praise. Ear - ly choose the bet - ter part, While joy now reigns up - on thy heart;

Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

2.
When age appears and shadows come,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise;
And as you near your heavenly home,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
Ever keep his promise near,
And walk with humble godly fear—
And in thy calm and riper days,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

3.
Let all unite to praise the Lord,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise;
For all the blessings of his word,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
Sound aloud your Maker's name,
And all his mercies now proclaim—
Let heart and voice in joyful lays,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

DR. MILLER, Arr'd.

SOLO.

SEMI-CHORUS.

SOLO.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; No pain nor death can
Its glittering towers the sun outshine, We'll be gathered home; That heavenly mansion

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

enter there, We'll be gathered home. }
shall be mine. We'll be gathered home. } We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,

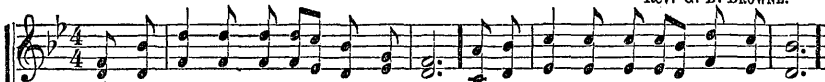
We'll wait till Jesus comes And we'll be gather'd home.

2. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
3. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

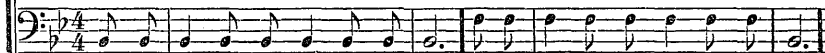
I LONG TO BE THERE.

235

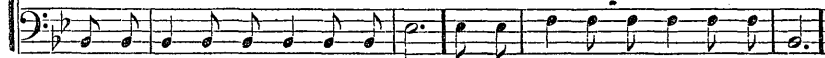
REV. G. D. BROWNE.



1. When I think of that cit - y of light, And of crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear;
2. It is not that I'm wea - ry of pain, Or im - pa - tient in tri - als and cares,
3. To that cit - y my Sa - viour has gone, A rich man - sion and crowns to pre - pare;



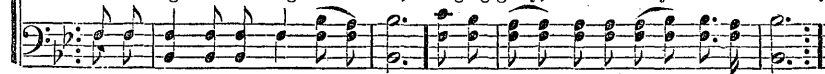
And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.
 For I know that to die would be gain, And I long, O I long to be there.
 For the hosts that are fol - low - ing on, And I long, O I long to be there.




CHORUS.



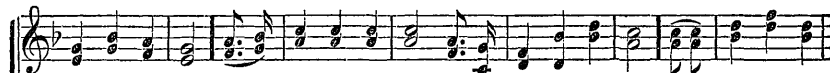
O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed with the gar - ments of white, }
 And in songs with the angels u - nite, Singing glory, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb. }



I WANT TO CROSS OVER.

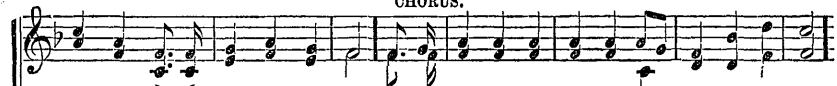
DUET. *Allegretto.*


1. O, have you not heard of that realm of de-light, To which our blest Saviour doth
2. 'Tis a land of rare beau-ty—a realm of de-light, O'er-flow-ing with gladness, re-



each one in-vite; 'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blest, 'Tis o-ver the
ful-gent with light, Its verdure ne'er withers, its flow-ers ne'er die, O, I long to cross

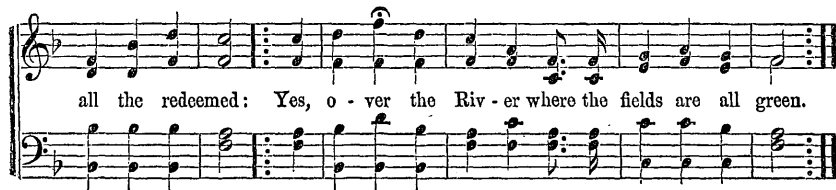
CHORUS.



riv-er where the wea-ry find rest. O, I want to cross o-ver, to dwell where he reigns,
o-ver with Je-sus on high. O, I want to cross o-ver, to dwell where he reigns,



And join the glad an - gels on E - dens fair plains; I want to be gathered with



all the redeemed: Yes, o - ver the Riv - er where the fields are all green.

3.

There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.

O, I want to cross over, &c.

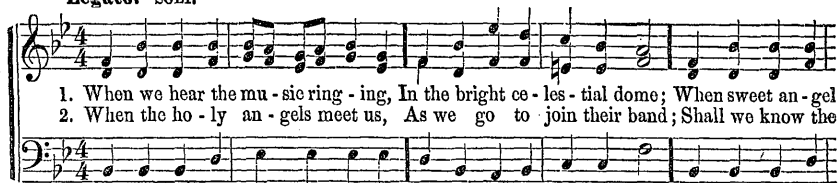
4.

'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever, all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark river,—bright angels will guide.

O, I want to cross over, &c.

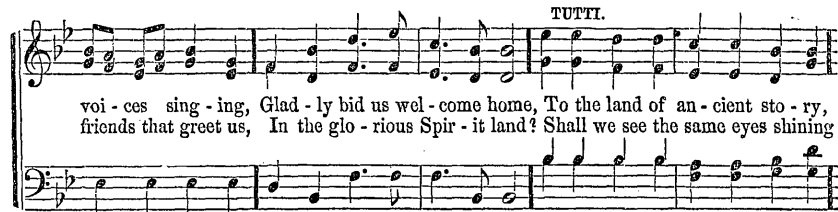
THE SPIRIT LAND.

Legato. SOLI.

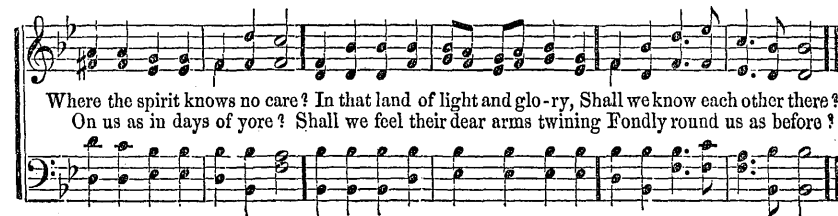


1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing, In the bright ce - les - tial dome; When sweet an - gel
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the

TUTTI.



voi - ces sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel - come home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry,
friends that greet us, In the glo - rious Spir - it land? Shall we see the same eyes shining



Where the spirit knows no care? In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each other there?
On us as in days of yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly round us as before?

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

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DUET, *First time.*

1. There's not a bright and beaming smile, Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to
 2. Though oft - en here my soul is sad, And falls the si - lent tear, There is a world where

CHO. A bliss - ful clime by faith I see, Where partings nev - er come; And end - less a - ges

Repeat Full Chorus.

fu - ture joy, And whispers heaven to me.
 all are glad, And sorrow dwells not there.
 as they roll, Will find us all at home.

3.
 I never clasp a friendly hand
 In greeting or farewell,
 But thoughts of my eternal home
 Within my bosom swell. *Chorus.*

4.
 A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
 No thoughts of parting come,
 But never ending ages still
 Shall find us all at home. *Chorus*

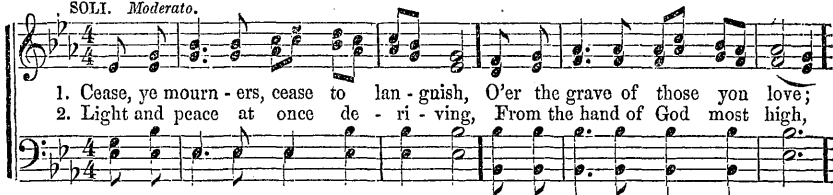
THE SPIRIT LAND

Concluded.

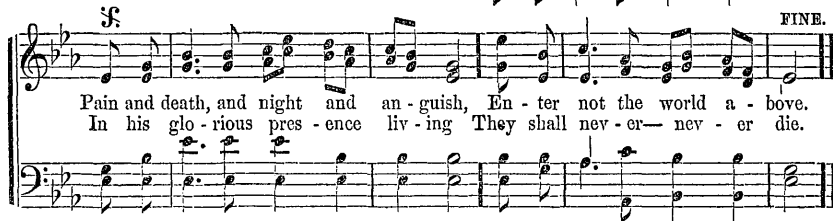
3.
 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light,
 For the thrilling angel voices,
 And the angel faces bright,
 That shall welcome us in heaven,
 Are the loved of long ago;
 And to them 'tis kindly given
 Thus their mortal friends to know.

4.
 O, ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
 Droop not, faint not by the way;
 Ye shall join the lov'd and lost ones
 In the land of perfect day!
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
 Murmured in my raptured ear,
 Evermore their sweet song lingers,
 "We shall know each other there!"

BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

SOLI. *Moderato.*


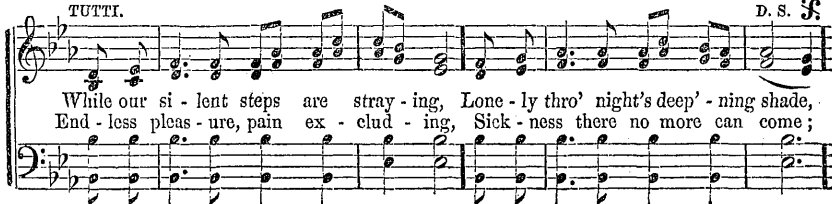
1. Cease, ye mourn - ers, cease to lan - guish, O'er the grave of those you love;
 2. Light and peace at once de - ri - ving, From the hand of God most high,



Pain and death, and night and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.
 In his glo - rious pres - ence liv - ing They shall nev - er—nev - er die.

D. S. Glo - ry's bright - est beams are play - ing Round the im - mor - tal spirit's head.
 D. S. There, no fear of woe in - trud - ing, Sheds o'er heaven a mo - ment's gloom.

TUTTI.

D. S. 


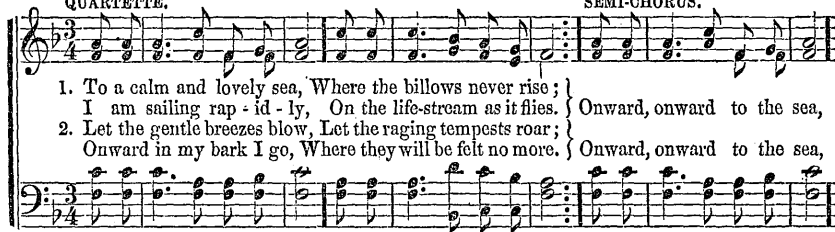
While our si - lent steps are stray - ing, Lone - ly thro' night's deep' - ning shade,
 End - less pleas - ure, pain ex - clud - ing, Sick - ness there no more can come;

ONWARD TO THE SEA.

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QUARTETTE.

Poetry by Rev. E. H. NEVIN.
SEMI-CHORUS.

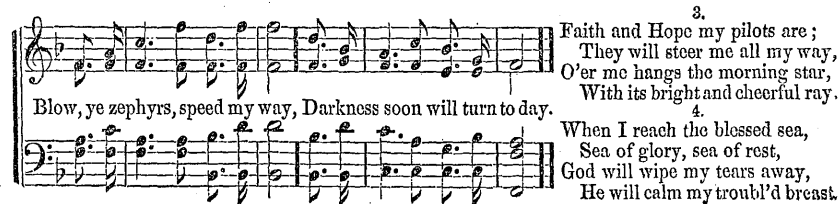


1. To a calm and lovely sea, Where the billows never rise ;
I am sailing rap - id - ly, On the life-stream as it flies. } Onward, onward to the sea,
2. Let the gentle breezes blow, Let the raging tempests roar ;
Onward in my bark I go, Where they will be felt no more. } Onward, onward to the sea,

FULL CHORUS.



Sea of Im - mor - tal - i - ty. Blow, ye zephyrs, speed my way, Darkness soon will turn to day.



3.
Faith and Hope my pilots are ;
They will steer me all my way,
O'er me hangs the morning star,
With its bright and cheerful ray.
4.
Blow, ye zephyrs, speed my way, Darkness soon will turn to day.
When I reach the blessed sea,
Sea of glory, sea of rest,
God will wipe my tears away,
He will calm my troubl'd breast.

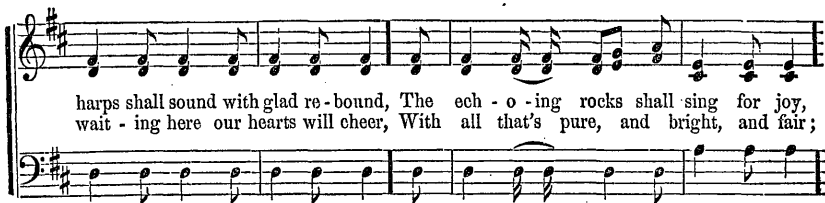
Maestoso.

ARRANGED.

1. When we ar - rive at the dis - tant hills, And en - ter our Fa - ther's house in heav'n,
2. With grate - ful hearts we then will tell Of pleas - ant hours re - mem - bered well,

And wan - der a - long by the crys - tal streams, And taste the joys to ser - aphs given,
Of in - no - cent joys and of harm - less mirth, Of scenes of beau - ty given on earth,

For - ev - er, ev - er more! } And with prais - es, prais - es, prais - es, our
To cheer us on our way. } And we'll praise him, praise him, praise him, while



harp shall sound with glad re-bound, The ech-o-ing rocks shall sing for joy,
wait-ing here our hearts will cheer, With all that's pure, and bright, and fair;

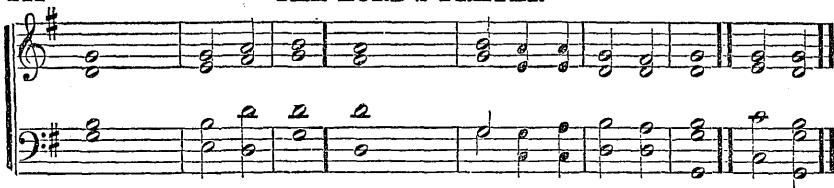


For all that's bright, and fair and pure, Our Fa-ther gives our steps t'al-lure,
And when the heaven-ly land we gain, We'll hymns of praise sing loud-er then,



From fol-ly's e-vil way. }
In blest e-ter-nal day, } In blest e-ter-nal day.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, - as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who | tres-pass a - | gainst - | us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ev - | er. A - | men.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Final Ending.



1. "Thy will be done!" In devious ways the hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, "Thy will be done."
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine a gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun,
This prayer will make it more divine: "Thy will be done."
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er our | path with | gloom,
One comfort - one is ours, - to breathe while we adore, "Thy will be done."

THE ROCK ON WHICH I BUILD.


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1. O, my house is builded upon the Rock, Of Jesus Christ, my Saviour; Not the billow's roar, nor the
 2. While the fool is building upon the sand, And scoffing at his neighbor, Comes the roaring torrent and
 3. What a glorious prospect, what joys I taste, While waiting by the river; On the Rock I rest, far a-

tempest's shock, Can shake my foundation ever. For my Rock is firm, and
 raging wind, And sweeps away all his labor, But my Rock, &c.
 bove the blast, Beyond fair E - den dis - cover, For my Rock, &c.
 My rock is firm, &c.,

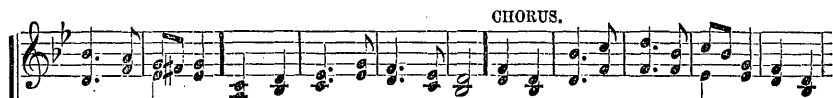
what can shake my calm repose; For my Rock is firm, and what can shake my calm repose.
 My rock is firm, &c.

THE GLORIOUS TREASURE.



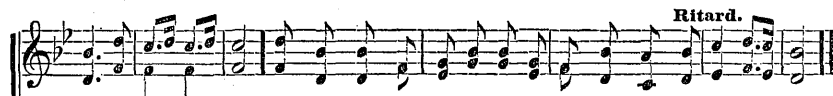
1. Bless - ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it does my bosom cheer! What hath earth like

CHORUS.



this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here! Blessed Bible! blessed Bible! how it

Ritard.



does my bosom cheer! What hath earth like this to covet? O what stores of wealth are here!

2.

Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasure borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.
Blessed Bible, &c.

3.

Yes! I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious word, I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "good cheer!"
Blessed Bible, &c.

4.

Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings:
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
Blessed Bible, &c.

5.

Yes! sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes! deeper in this heart!
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Blessed Bible, &c.

6.

Part in death? No, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
Blessed Bible, &c.

SECOND HYMN.

Book of Grace, and Book of Glory,
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is thy sacred story;
Full of grace and bright with truth.
Blessed Bible, &c.

2.

Book of Love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
Supreme love and praise to thee.
Blessed Bible, &c.

3.

Book of Hope! the spirit sighing,
Consolation finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying
Come ye weary ones to me.
Blessed Bible, &c.

4.

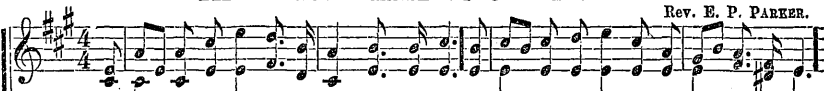
Book of Peace! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us drearily,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full of hope and full of thee.
Blessed Bible, &c.

5.

Book of Life! when we reposing
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us for the life then closing,
Life and joy in realms above.
Blessed Bible, &c.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF CHILDREN.

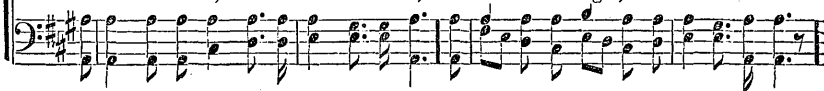
Rev. E. P. PARKER.



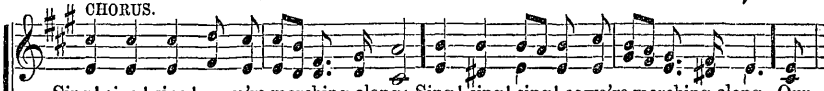
1. The Sunday School army has gather'd once more, Its numbers are greater than ever before ;
2. We fight against evil, and all that is wrong ; Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong ;
3. To Jesus, our Captain, hosanna we raise, And join with the angels in singing his praise ;



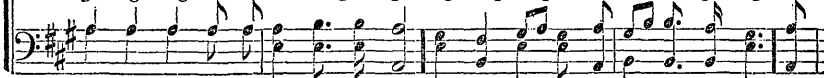
Its banners are spread, and shall never be furled, Till Jesus our Captain has conquer'd the world.
Bright Hope is our helmet, and Faith is our shield, And never, no, never, to foes will we yield.
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be, Till Jesus discharges, or death sets us free.



CHORUS.



Sing! sing! sing! as we're marching along ; Sing! sing! sing! as we're marching along. Our



army is noble, and our Leader is strong, And with a cheerful song we go marching along.

This block contains the musical notation for the first song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

Words by REV. JOHN G. CHAFER.

(From "Musical Leaves," by permission.)

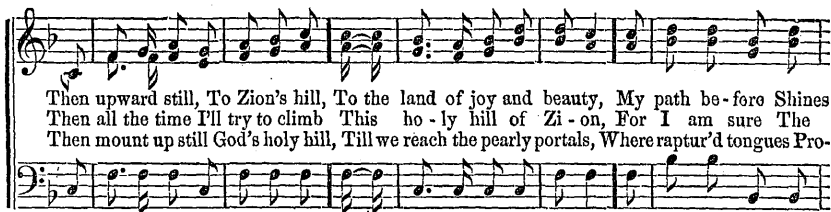
Music by PHILIP PHILIPPS.

1. "I'm try-ing to climb up Zion's hill," For the Sa-viour whispers, "Love me;"
 2. I know I'm but a lit-tle child, My strength will not pro-tect me;
 3. Then come with me, we'll upward go, And climb this hill to-geth-er;

Though all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a-bove me.
 But then I am the Saviour's lamb, And He will not neg-lect me.
 And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk, And sing as we go thith-er.

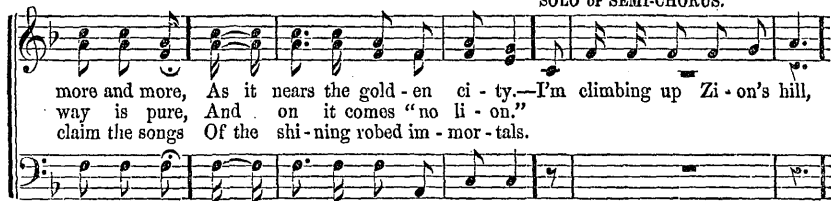
This block contains the musical notation for the second song. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL. (Concluded.)



Then upward still, To Zion's hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path be-fore Shines
 Then all the time I'll try to climb This ho-ly hill of Zi-on, For I am sure The
 Then mount up still God's holy hill, Till we reach the pearly portals, Where raptur'd tongues Pro-

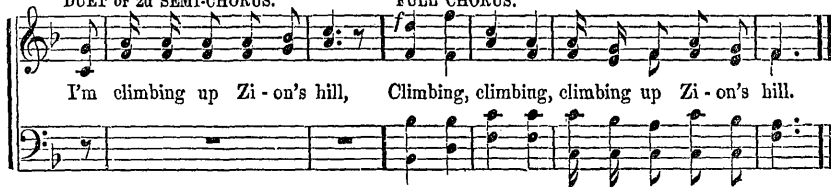
SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.



more and more, As it nears the gold-en ci - ty.—I'm climbing up Zi-on's hill,
 way is pure, And on it comes "no li-on."
 claim the songs Of the shi-ning robed im-mor-tals.

DUET or 2d SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.



I'm climbing up Zi-on's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zi-on's hill.

COME UNTO ME.

251

Poetry by WILLIAM CUTTER.

1. Hark! I hear the Saviour calling: "Little children, come to me; I will bless you, save you, keep you,
 2. "Come," says Jesus, "in the morning Of your bright and tender youth; I will be your guide and helper,
 3. "Come without a moment's waiting, In your want and weakness come; I will take you, I will love you,

CHORUS.

I from sin will set you free,"
 I'm the Way, the Life, the Truth." He calls again: O, let us, then, With one u-nit-ed cry, The
 I will bring you to my home."

call o-bey, and humbly say—"Dear Jesus, here am I,"

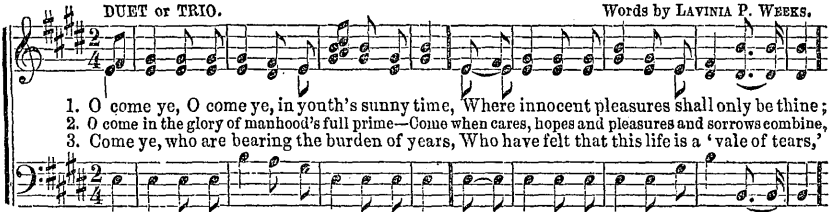
4.
 "Come, for 'twas to seek and save you,
 I to earth from Heaven came down;
 Come, that I may have and hold you
 In my everlasting crown."—*Cho.*

5.
 "Come, there's nothing now to hinder,
 Little child, whoe'er thou art;
 I for thee myself have given;
 Give me back thyself—thy heart."—*Cho.*

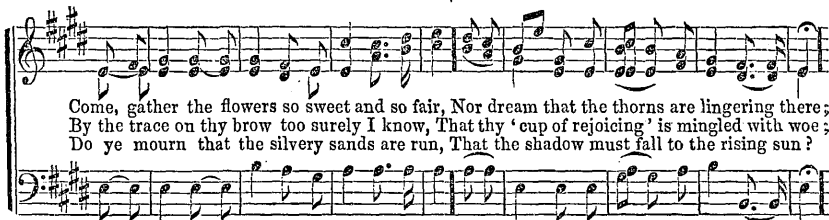
THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

DUET or TRIO.

Words by LAVINIA P. WEEKS.

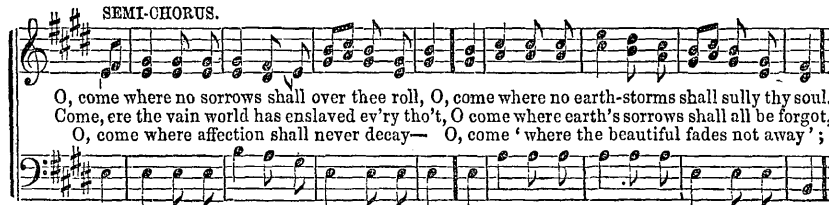


1. O come ye, O come ye, in youth's sunny time, Where innocent pleasures shall only be thine;
 2. O come in the glory of manhood's full prime—Come when cares, hopes and pleasures and sorrows combine,
 3. Come ye, who are bearing the burden of years, Who have felt that this life is a 'vale of tears,'



Come, gather the flowers so sweet and so fair, Nor dream that the thorns are lingering there;
 By the trace on thy brow too surely I know, That thy 'cup of rejoicing' is mingled with woe;
 Do ye mourn that the silvery sands are run, That the shadow must fall to the rising sun?

SEMI-CHORUS.




O, come where no sorrows shall over thee roll, O, come where no earth-storms shall sully thy soul.
 Come, ere the vain world has enslaved ev'ry tho't, O come where earth's sorrows shall all be forgot,
 O, come where affection shall never decay— O, come 'where the beautiful fades not away';

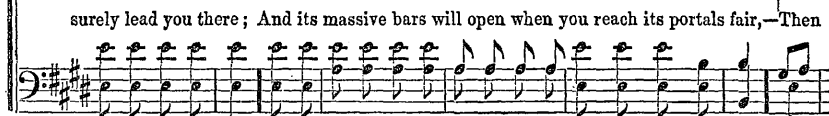
CHORUS.



O come, O come to the beau-ti-ful gate! For the highway of the ransomed will

surely lead you there; And its massive bars will open when you reach its portals fair,—Then




come, O come, to the beautiful gate.



4.

Come ye, who are crossing o'er death's chilling tide,
 And drifting alone where the deep waters glide;
 Do ye fear the waves that are bearing thee o'er—
 That are bearing thee on to the silent shore?
 O, come where are joys in perennial bloom,
 Where 'beauty immortal awakes from the tomb';
 O, come to the beautiful gate!
 For the highway, &c.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.

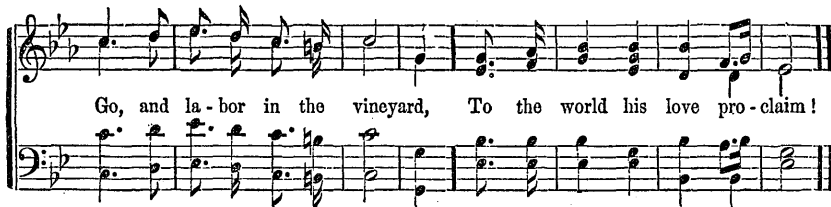
1. { There's a call for faithful lab'ers in the vineyard of the Lord, Where the
'T is a call that must be answered—are you rea- dy to be- gin To

1st time. 2d time.

ruthless hand of Sa- tan has been scatt'ring tares abroad.
spread the glorious gos- pel o'er a (omit) world that's dead in sin?

CHORUS.

Go, and la- bor in the vineyard, Ye that love the Sa- viour's name:



2. Hark! a cry comes o'er the ocean, from the islands of the sea,
From the heathen and the savage in their dark idolatry—
"Come and help us in our blindness—clear the mists of sin away,
Let the lands that lie in darkness see the gospel's glorious ray!" CHO.
3. But the call for help sounds nearer, in the city's noisy street—
From the friendless and the homeless, who with weary aching feet
Tread the ways of death unheeded, save by His all seeing eye
That can count the stars of heaven, and yet marks the sparrow die! CHO.
4. Lo! the field is white for harvest, but the reapers they are few,
And the hand that wields the sickle must be bold and strong and true;
For the fields in which we labor spread far over sea and land,—
"Preach my gospel to all nations," was our Saviour's great command! CHO.
5. All around us and about us there is work for us to do—
We that call the Lord our Saviour must e'en labor for him too:
Till our day of life is over,—then how great is the reward
Of the faithful who have labored in the vineyard of the Lord!

CHORUS.—Go and labor in the vineyard,
Ye that love the Saviour's name!
Go and labor in the vineyard
To the world His love proclaim!

KEEP ME, FATHER.

(SUITABLE FOR A CLOSING PIECE.)

DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Keep me, Fa-ther, safe-ly keep me, Nev-er let my foot-steps stray:
 2. Keep me, Fa-ther, safe-ly keep me, Till in heaven I wake a-bove!

DUET or TRIO.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lead me to the fount e-ter-nal, There my doubts and fears al-lay.
 Make me pure, and good, and ho-ly, Spot-less make me like the dove;

ALTO or BASS SOLO.

DUET.

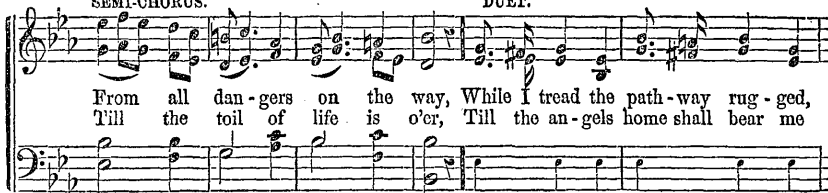
Keep me, Fa-ther, safe-ly keep me, From all dan-gers on the way,
 Keep me, Fa-ther, safe-ly keep me, Till the toil of life is o'er,

KEEP ME, FATHER. (Concluded.)

257

SEMI-CHORUS.

DUET.



From all dan-gers on the way, While I tread the path-way rug-ged,
Till the toil of life is o'er, Till the an-gels home shall bear me

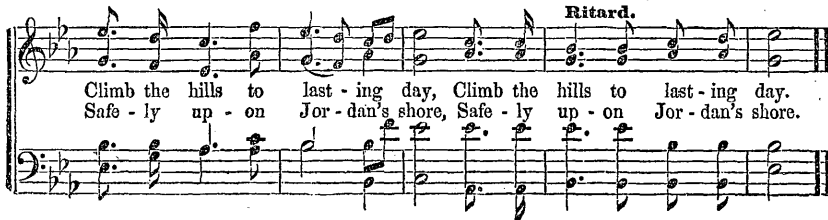
Ad Lib.

FULL CHORUS.—Tempo.



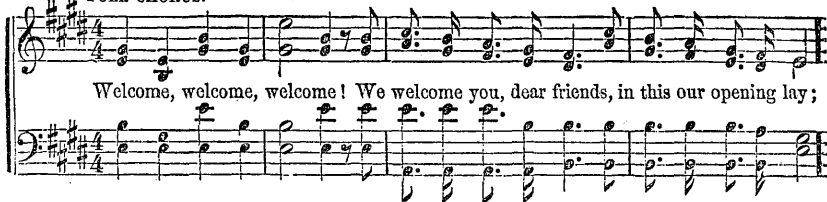
Climb the hills to last-ing day. While I tread the path-way rug-ged,
Safe - ly up - on Jor-dan's shore. Till the an-gels home shall bear me

Ritard.



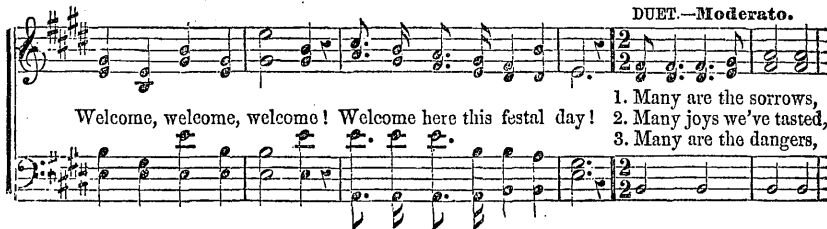
Climb the hills to last-ing day, Climb the hills to last-ing day.
Safe - ly up - on Jor-dan's shore, Safe - ly up - on Jor-dan's shore.

FULL CHORUS.



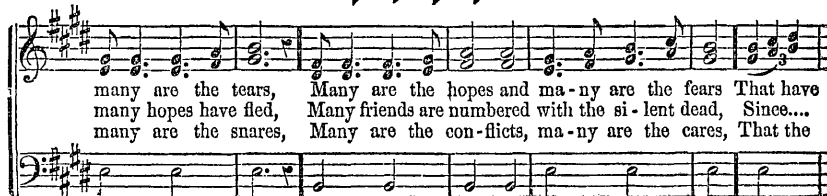
Welcome, welcome, welcome! We welcome you, dear friends, in this our opening lay;

DUET.—Moderato.



Welcome, welcome, welcome! Welcome here this festal day!

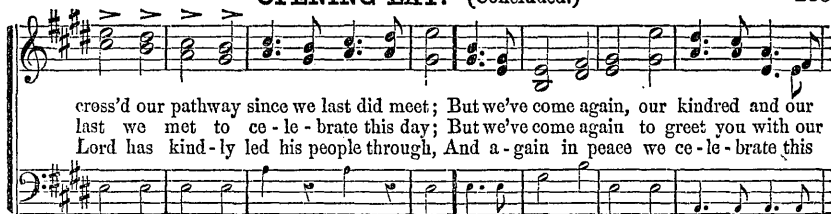
1. Many are the sorrows,
2. Many joys we've tasted,
3. Many are the dangers,



many are the tears, Many are the hopes and ma-ny are the fears That have
many hopes have fled, Many friends are numbered with the si-lent dead, Since....
many are the snares, Many are the con-flicts, ma-ny are the cares, That the

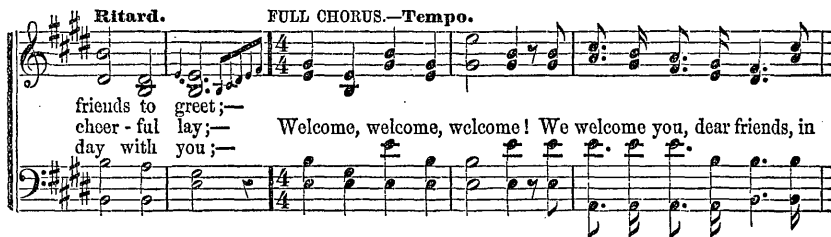
OPENING LAY. (Concluded.)

259



cross'd our pathway since we last did meet; But we've come again, our kindred and our
last we met to ce - le - brate this day; But we've come again to greet you with our
Lord has kind - ly led his people through, And a - gain in peace we ce - le - brate this

Ritard. **FULL CHORUS.—Tempo.**



friends to greet;—
cheer - ful lay;— Welcome, welcome, welcome! We welcome you, dear friends, in
day with you;—



this our opening lay; Welcome, welcome, welcome! Welcome here this festal day!

Moderato.

Words and Music by A. HULL.

1 Good-night to all; we soon must part; Good-night brings sorrow to our heart;
 2 We part with you in health to-night; Our hearts are free, our hopes are bright.

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, then a quarter rest, and continues with various intervals. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Good-night! is all that's left to say, Good-night! dear friends, and then we go our way.
 Although our parting gives us pain, We'll say good-night, and hope to meet a - gain.

The second system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The melody concludes with a half-note G and a final cadence. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

SOLO. Allegro.*
 With joy we came for you to sing, Where all in love their off'rings bring;

The third system is marked 'SOLO.* Allegro.' and features a more active melody. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature change to A major (two sharps). The piano accompaniment on the bass clef staff uses a complex, rhythmic pattern of chords and eighth notes.

* Omit Solo second time, and close with the CODA.

So pleasantly the time has flown, That quite too soon our parting song has come.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, lyrical style with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in the left hand.

D. C. to 2d verse.

INSTR.

The second system is an instrumental interlude. It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp. The tempo and dynamics are indicated as *And.* (Andante) and *pp* (pianissimo).

And. *Rall.* *p* *pp*

Good-night, we now must say, good-night! Good-night, we now must say, good-night!-----

The third system continues the instrumental interlude. It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp. The tempo and dynamics are indicated as *And.* (Andante), *Rall.* (Ritardando), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo).

Words by J. J. READ, Esq.

From "Buds of Promise."

Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1 The waters that most refresh the soul, And flood the heart with feeling, Distil from the "Rock that is
2 They freely come forth, unstain'd and pure, The boon of life bestowing, And gladden the soul that is

CHORUS.

higher than I," And are sweetest drank when kneeling. Dear Saviour, dear Saviour, oh, give us to
seeking for rest From the holy Fountain flowing. Dear Saviour, dear Saviour, etc.

drink of the Water of Life, To the spirit so refreshing, That is sweetest drank when kneeling.

3 When sorrows oppress, and days are dark, And hope
seems almost dying, Then forth from the Rock flow
the waters of bliss, In the gloom our wants supplying.

4 The spirit that drinks shall thirst no more, Nor
faint nor sigh for ever, But soar to the Rock on the
glorified shore, And rest by the crystal river.—*Cho.*

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

263

Arranged by J. C. MIDDLETON.

1 "Land ahead!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; } Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 And the living waters laving [Omit] }
 2 Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; See, the blessed wave their hands; } From the bright, immortal bands;
 Hear the harps of God resounding—[Omit] }

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ternal shore. Drop the anchor! furl the

sail! I am safe within the veil!

3 There let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silv'ry bay;
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
 All the storms of life are past;
 Praise the Rock of our salvation!
 We are safe at home at last!—*Cho.*

LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

From "Buds of Promise."

Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1 { 'Tis the Saviour who would claim Entrance to your heart; } He will all your tri-als share
 { Will you send your Lord a-way? Will you say "De-part?" }

CHORUS.

He will cleanse you from all sin. 'Tis your Saviour, 'tis your Saviour standing there, Let him in

Rit.
 Haste and let him in, Let him in, Let him in, Lest he turn a-way, Let him in, Let him in.

2 No one like the Saviour knocks At the sinner's door;
 'Tis no stranger that implores, He has knock'd before:
 He has often sought your heart; Shall he cleanse it now
 from sin?—*Cho.*

3 Oh, how can you bid him wait Till another day?
 When already Jesus weeps At the long delay;
 'Twas for you that Jesus died And 'tis you he longs to
 win.—*Cho.*

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

265

From the "Song Garden," by permission.

Dr. L. MASON.

Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours, Work while the dew is sparkling,
2 Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor,

Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
Rest comes sure and soon: Give ev'ry fly-ing min-ute Something to keep in store;

3.
Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

GALES OF GRACE.

Moderato.

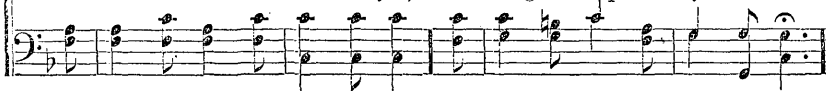
A. HULL.



1 Sweetly let us join our morning pray'r, And give to the winds all worldly care;
 2 Tho' the night is dark in which we sail, Our Pilot's on board—we can not fail;



We'll sing and row o'er life's rough sea; We're sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty.
 The winds and waves his voice obeyed, And the great deep was by him made.

**CHORUS.** *Lively.*

1st



Blow, breez - es, blow, ye gales of grace! The ha - ven of glo - ry's our rest - ing -



2d. Rall.

place,----- The ha-ven of glo-ry's our rest-ing - place.
our rest - ing - place.

3 Blessed Jesus, ever be our Guide,
And pilot us over the swelling tide;
We'll dread no ill while thou art near,—
Thy presence will dispel all fear.—*Cho.*

4 We will take our chart, God's holy word,
And steer for the kingdom of our Lord;
We'll dare the tempest's rudest blast,
For heav'n's our resting-place at last.—*Cho.*

5 We will make the port, the tide runs high
Unfurl the white sails, the hav'n is nigh;
The hills and dales of life look dim;
We'll sing our friends the farewell hymn.—*Cho.*

6 When the port of glory we have gained,
And final redemption we've obtained,
With saints and angels we will sing
The wonders of our God and King.—*Cho.*

LOVE AT HOME.

By permission.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.

1 There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound
2 In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy

When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on ev'ry side,
When there's love at home. Roses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet,

Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home, Love at home, love at home,
Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home, Love at home, love at home,

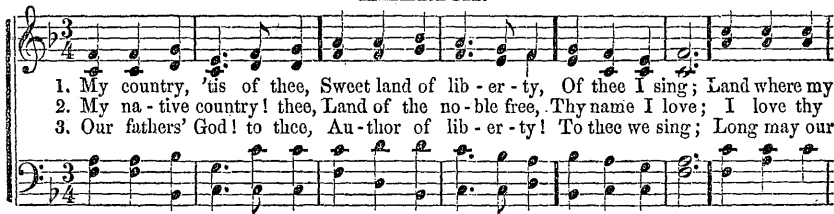
Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.

3.
Jesus, show thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper, I am thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun, so bright,—
Can dispel the gloom of night,
Then there's love at home, etc.

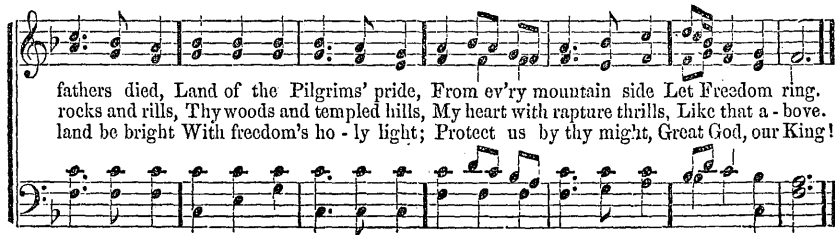
OCCASIONAL PIECES,

SUITABLE FOR ANNIVERSARIES AND WEEK-DAY CONCERTS.

AMERICA.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Our fathers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our



fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let Freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

ROCK OF LIBERTY.

J. G. CLARK.

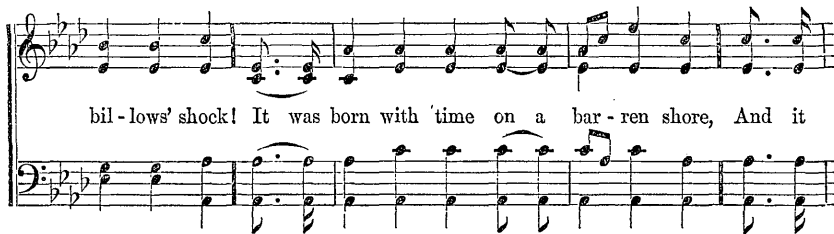
From "Spiritual Harp."



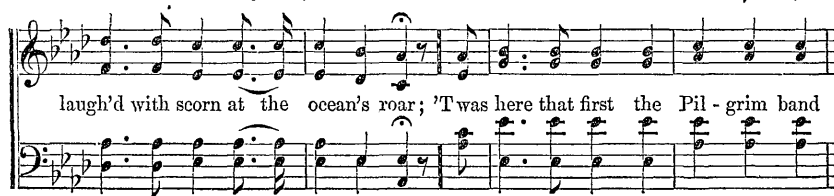
1 Oh, the firm old Rock, tow'ring, wave-worn Rock, That brav'd the blast and the



bil-lows' shock! It was born with 'time on a bar-ren shore, And it



laugh'd with scorn at the ocean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pil-grim band



Came wea - ry up to the foaming strand; And the tree they rear'd in the

days gone by, It lives, it lives, it lives, It lives, and ne'er shall die.

2 O thou stern old Rock, in the ages past
 Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast,
 But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,
 And the billows beat thy base no more;
 Yet countless as thy sands, old Rock,
 Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock;
 And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
 It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

3 Ever rest, old Rock, on the sea-beat shore;
 Thy sires are lull'd by the breakers' roar;
 'Twas here that first their hymns were heard,
 O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird;
 'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died;
 Their forms repose on the green hill's side;
 But the tree they reared in the days gone by,
 It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

AWAY WITH THE WINE-CUP.

Words by MARY P. GRIFFIN.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Allegro.*

1 A-way with the wine-cup, For danger is there; Away with its sorrow, Its
 2 A-way with the wine-cup, The bane of our joy, Of earth's varied pleasures The

FULL CHORUS.*

blight and its care; Away with the wine-cup, Our motto shall be, From its thralldom for
 bit-ter al-loy; 'Mid duties and pastimes, In grief or in glee, From the thrall of the

ev - er We're pledged to be free!
 wine-cup We're pledged to be free!

- 3 But give us bright water,
 With its sparkle and glow,—
 There's life, health and gladness
 In its musical flow;
 Then water, bright water,
 Our song still shall be;
 From the thrall of the wine-cup
 We're pledged to be free.
 Away with the wine-cup, etc.

* Repeat last four lines of first as Chorus to each verse.

SHUN THE CUP.

273

Animato.

1. O, bright is the wine, the ru - by wine, That spar - kles in the cup;

F.

FINE.

But dim are the eyes, the blood-shot eyes, Of him who.. quaffs it up.
D. S. And drink the.. draught, the cooling draught, That comes from the crys - tal well.

CHORUS.

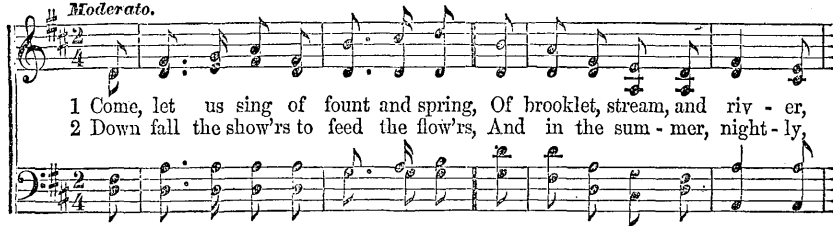
D. S.

Then shun the cup, the death-fraught cup, That dooms the soul to hell;

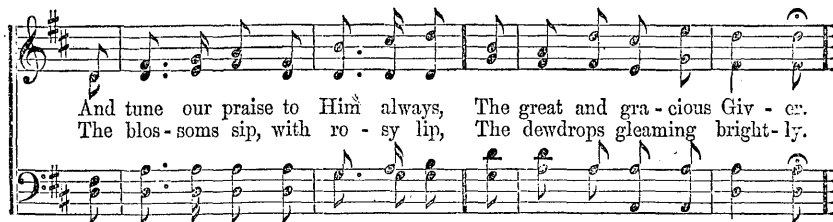
2. Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow,
As on the eye it gleams;
But pure is the light, the diamond light,
Of nature's crystral streams. Then shun, &c.

3. Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end,
Of him who heedeth not;
To shun the cup, the treach'rous cup,
So full of danger fraught. Then shun, &c.

SPARKLING WATER.

Moderato.

1 Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brooklet, stream, and riv - er,
2 Down fall the show'rs to feed the flow'rs, And in the sum - mer, night - ly,



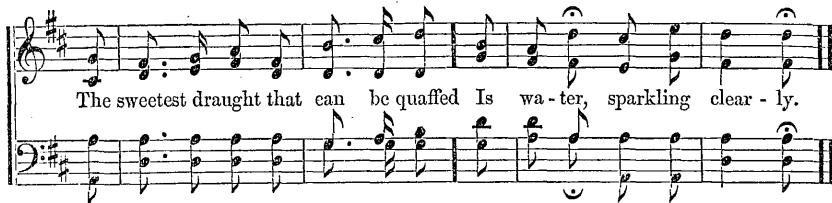
And tune our praise to Him always, The great and gra - cious Giv - er.
The blos - soms sip, with ro - sy lip, The dewdrops gleaming bright - ly.

CHORUS.

What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That Na - ture loves so dear - ly?

SPARKLING WATER. *Concluded.*

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The sweetest draught that can be quaffed Is wa-ter, sparkling clear-ly.

3 Each little bird whose song is heard
Through grove and meadow ringing,
At streamlet's brink will blithely drink,
To tune its voice to singing.—*Cho.*

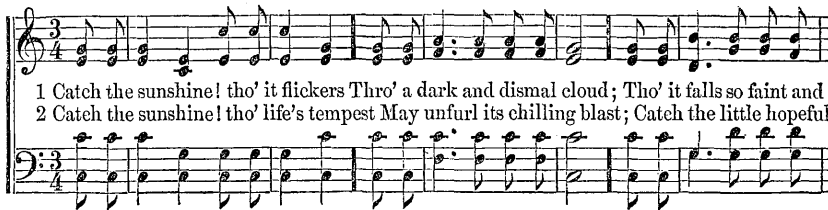
4 The sheep and kine in fallow fields,
The deer on mountains lonely,
The neighing steed, in sorest need,
Will drink of water only.—*Cho.*

5 Away, all drink that man distils,
So fraught with sin and sadness!
We'll drain the cup that brings no ills—
The draught of health and gladness.

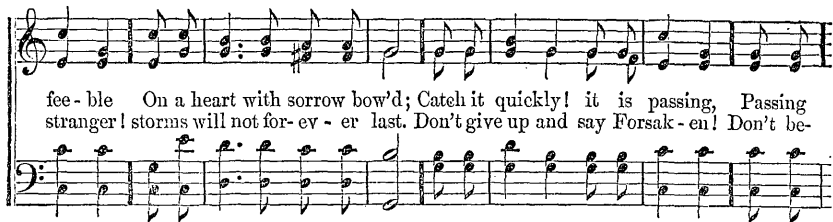
Cho.—Then welcome water everywhere,
In fountain, well, or river!
And, as we drink, still let us think
Upon the gracious Giver.

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

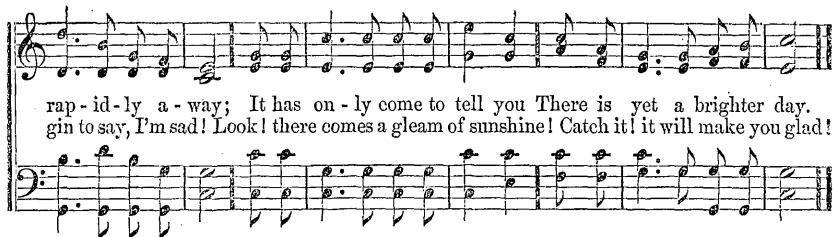
Allegretto.



1 Catch the sunshine! tho' it flickers Thro' a dark and dismal cloud; Tho' it falls so faint and
2 Catch the sunshine! tho' life's tempest May unfurl its chilling blast; Catch the little hopeful



fee - ble On a heart with sorrow bow'd; Catch it quickly! it is passing, Passing stranger! storms will not for - ev - er last. Don't give up and say Forsak - en! Don't be-



rap - id - ly a - way; It has on - ly come to tell you There is yet a brighter day. gin to say, I'm sad! Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine! Catch it! it will make you glad!

3 Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving;
 O'er thy sorrows ne'er despair;
 Life's a sea of stormy billows—
 We must meet them everywhere;
 Pass right through them! do not tarry;
 Overcome the heaving tide;
 There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
 Waiting on the other side.

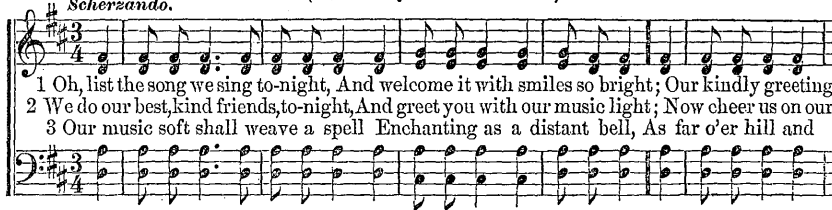
4 Catch the sunshine, catch it gladly;
 Messenger in hope's employ,
 Sent thro' clouds, thro' storms and billows,
 Bringing you a cup of joy.
 Up and doing, do not trifle!
 Life, you know, will soon be o'er;
 In a world of glorious sunshine
 You may dwell for evermore.

OH, LIST THE SONG WE SING TO-NIGHT.

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(Introductory Chorus and Refrain.)

Scherzando.



1 Oh, list the song we sing to-night, And welcome it with smiles so bright; Our kindly greeting
2 We do our best, kind friends, to-night, And greet you with our music light; Now cheer us on our
3 Our music soft shall weave a spell Enchanting as a distant bell, As far o'er hill and

SOLO OBL.



don't disdain, But lis-ten to our glad refrain. La la
happy way; And lis-ten to our merry lay. La la la la la la la
dell it floats, Enchanting as the sweet birds' notes. La la, etc.



la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Allegretto.

ARRANGED.

1. Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flow'rs that now in

2. Who'll press for gold the crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who worship God with

3. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come: No liv - ing soul for

beau - ty spring A hundred years to come? The ro - sy lip, the lof - ty brow, The
will - ing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and fie - ry youth, And
us will weep A hundred years to come: But oth - er men our lands will till, And

heart that beats so gai - ly now, O, where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile and
childhood with its heart of truth, The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty
others then our streets will fill, While other birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine

sorrow's sigh, A hundred years to come?
 millions be, A hundred years to come?
 as to - day, A hundred years to come. } Where, O, where? a hundred years to come.

EVENING SHADES.

Gently.

D. E. JONES.

1. Silent - ly the shades of evening, Gather round my lonely door; Silent - ly they bring be-
 2. O, the lost, the unforgotten, 'Tho' the world be oft for - got; O, the shrouded and the

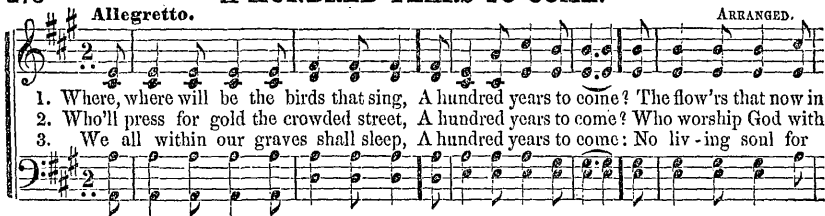
fore me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 lone - ly, In our hearts they perish not.

3. Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend;
 They unlinked from earthly trouble,
 We still hoping for its end.
4. How such holy mem'ries cluster,
 Like the stars when storms are past;
 Pointing up to that fair haven,
 We may hope to gain at last.

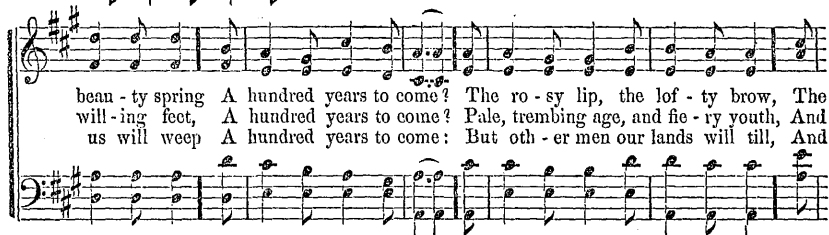
A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Allegretto.

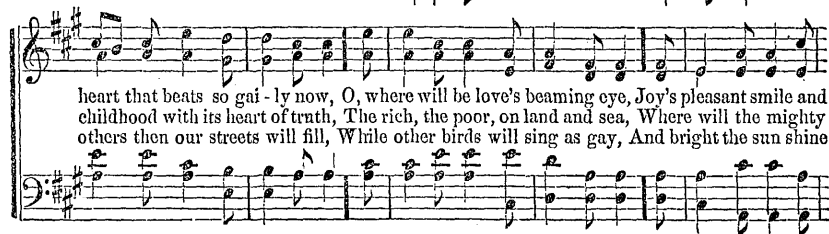
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EVENING SHADES.

Gently.

D. E. JONES.

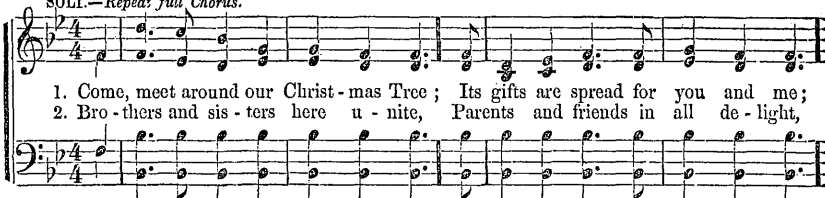
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3. Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend;
 They unlinked from earthly trouble,
 We still hoping for its end.
4. How such holy mem'ries cluster,
 Like the stars when storms are past;
 Pointing up to that fair haven,
 We may hope to gain at last.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

SOLI.—Repeat full Chorus.



1. Come, meet around our Christ-mas Tree ; Its gifts are spread for you and me ;
 2. Bro - thers and sis - ters here u - nite, Parents and friends in all de - light,

CHO.—Come, meet a - round our Christ-mas Tree: Our Christmas Tree, our Christ-mas Tree:

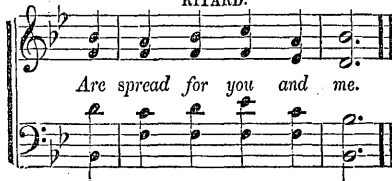
Repeat for Chorus.



With cu - rious art and skill that prove Each lit - tle work, a work of love.
 Each se - cret kept with faith - ful care, Till all the gifts of love may share.

Its gifts are spread for you and me, - (omit) - - - -

RITARD.



Are spread for you and me.

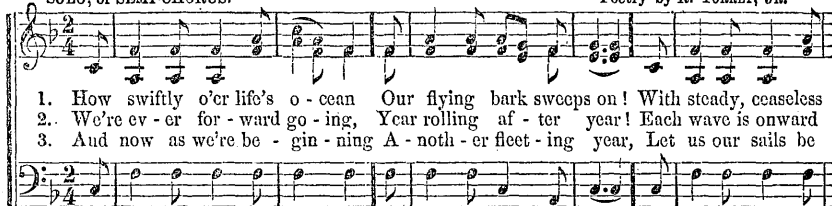
3. Why do we prize our Christmas Tree ?
 Why do we press its light to see ?
 We know there's more than meets the eye
 In its outward form of harmony.
4. We prize the blessings Christmas brought,
 The precious things past human thought;
 For then in love divine were given,
 Good will and peace to Earth from Heaven.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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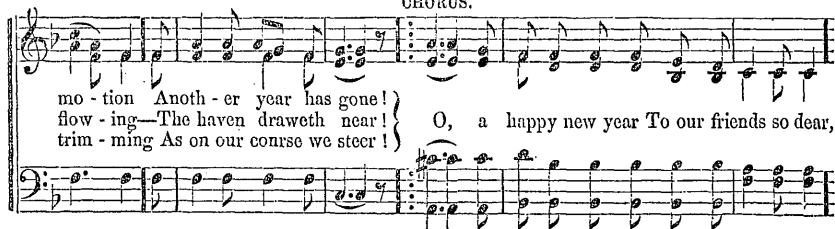
SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.



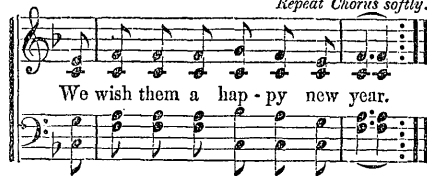
1. How swiftly o'er life's o - cean Our flying bark sweeps on! With steady, ceaseless
 2. We're ev - er for - ward go - ing, Year rolling af - ter year! Each wave is onward
 3. And now as we're be - gin - ning A - noth - er fleet - ing year, Let us our sails be

CHORUS.



mo - tion Anoth - er year has gone!
 flow - ing—The haven draweth near!
 trim - ming As on our course we steer! } O, a happy new year To our friends so dear,

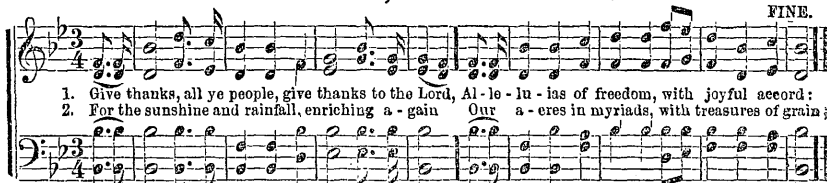
Repeat Chorus softly.



We wish them a hap - py new year.

4. We'll spread our chart before us,
 Our Father's word, our guide,
 And though rude storms sweep o'er us,
 We'll safely stem the tide. *Chorus.*
5. And when our barks are stranded
 Upon the distant shore,
 May we in heav'n be landed,
 To dwell there evermore. *Chorus.*

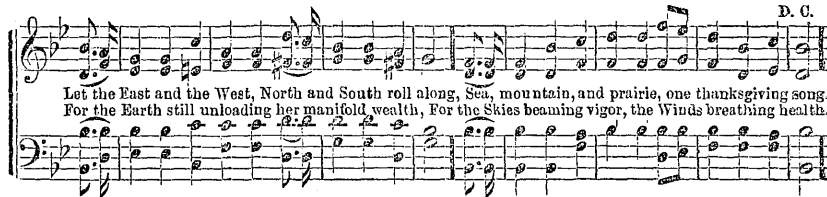
FINE.



1. Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord, Al-le-lu-ias of freedom, with joyful accord:
2. For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching a - gain Our a - cres in myriads, with treasures of grain;

Chorus.—Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord, Al-le-lu-ias of freedom, with joyful ac - cord.

D. C.



Let the East and the West, North and South roll along, Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song.
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth, For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health.


- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3 For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage their God-given rights to enthrall,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all:
Give thanks—</p> <p>4 In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales,
On His Ocean domain chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks—</p> <p>5 Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coats,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—</p> | <p>6 Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead in the joy have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—</p> <p>7 In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Union to keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—</p> <p>8 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, as Thy gift we adore,
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the Land. :
Give thanks—</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M GONE?

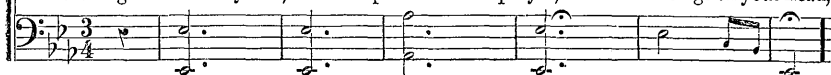
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Words partly by D. C. B.


Music by D. C. BRICK.



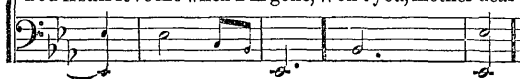
1 I am dying, mother dear, I'm hastening a-way, From a land of doubt and fear,
2 I am going, mother, now, I feel the sweat of death; It dis-tills up-on my brow,
3 Kneel again beside my bed; Let's clasp our hands in pray'r; Now be blessings on your head,




To a home of brightest day; I must tread that path alone—You can not lead me there—
And it clogs my lab'ring breath; I must leave you mother dear, I can not lin-ger now—
And heav'nly joys your share; We have many seasons known Of love and truth sincere—

4 I am cold, now, mother, cold;
There's dimness in my eye;
Yet you'll love me when I'm gone, Won't you, mother dear? Oh, let me your face behold
Yet you'll love me when I'm gone, Won't you, mother dear? Once more before I lie.
You'll still love me when I'm gone, Won't you, mother dear? Now the angels from the throne
Are come, their steps I hear—
But you'll love me when I'm gone,
Won't you, mother dear?



THE STARRY CROWN.

SOLO.

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.—Music by VON WEBER.
1st. 2nd.

1. A star - ry crown awaits for thee, A crown of matchless glo - ry;
More fair than pearls from India's sea, Or gems of fa - bled (omit) sto - ry! }
2. No earth - ly mine its gold ere bore, Its stars are gems im - mor - tal;
And when this life's dark days are o'er, 'Tis won at Heav'n's bright (omit) por - tal! }

CHORUS.

May repeat softly.

Seek, O seek, that starry, that starry crown, Seek, O seek, that starry, that starry crown!

3. No mortal eye hath ever seen
Its matchless splendor shining,
Its pearly light, its starry sheen—
Its gold needs no refining!—Seek &c.

4. If you this starry crown would wear
Beyond death's darksome river,
The cross of Christ you here must bear—
Then it is yours forever!—Seek &c.

THE ROSY CROWN.

1. A rosy crown we twine for thee,
Of Flora's richest treasure;
We lead thee on with joy and glee,
To mirth and youthful pleasure.
Cho. Take, O take, the rosy, the rosy crown, &c.
2. We bade the fairest flowers that blow,

Their varied tributes render;
To shine above that brow of snow,
With soft and lovely splendor. *Cho.*
3. Then wear, dear maid, the wreath we twine,
Thy fairy ringlets shading;
And be its charms the type of thine,
In all except in fading. *Cho.*

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Cease, ye mourners, cease to	240	How much of joy and comfort	167	Meet again! meet again	106
Children on life's battle-field	169	How pleasant it is to hear the	112	Meet again! when life is o'er	181
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Come, poor pilgrims, sad and	197	I have entered the valley of	10	My soul, be on thy guard	149
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Come to Jesus just now	201	I know her walls are jasper	92	Nearer, my God, to thee	166
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Dare to be right! dare to be	146	If we cannot plant our cottage	46	No night shall be in heaven	209
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Faintly flow, thou falling river	230	In heaven, bright heaven	190	O'er the hills the sun is setting	162
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Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, in	252	Sweet the moments, rich in	180	To-day the Saviour calls	13
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Oh, how pleasaut is the	206	The home where changes	45	We are coming, blessed	21
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Oh, the glorious time is	82	The Sunday-School army has	248	We have gladly met together	3
Oh, very far off from all trial	14	The Sunday-School is my	88	We leave the world of care	19
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Shall hymns of grateful love	52	There is a tender Shepherd	116	When we arrive at the distant	24
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Should sorrow o'er thy brow	228	There's not a bright and	239	Where, where will be the birds	27
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Silently the shades of evening	279	These are the crowns that we	16	While on life's stormy sea	15
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Sweet is the song of heaven	160	Thy will be done	244	Ye soldiers of the cross in the	7
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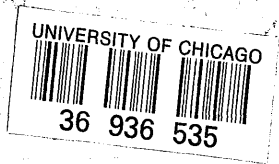
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